

REV. BURCHARD VILLIGER

OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS



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FATHER VILLIGER IN VIGOROUS OLD AGE.

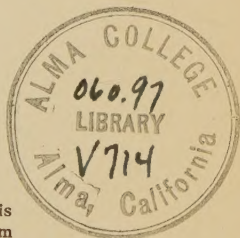
MEMOIR
of the
LIFE OF
REV. BURCHARD VILLIGER
OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

by
REV. JOHN J. RYAN, S. J.

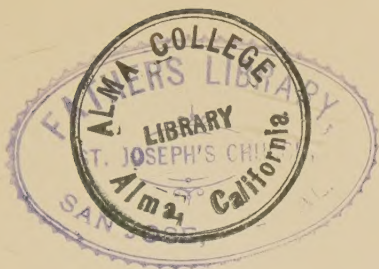
"Mementote Praepositorum vestrorum, qui vobis locuti sunt verbum Dei: quorum intuentes exitum conversationis, imitamini fidem."

"Remember your Pastors who have spoken to you the word of God: whose faith may you imitate, considering the end of their course."

—(Hebr. XIII., 7)



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Rev. John J. Ryan, S. J.

My dear Father Ryan:

I congratulate you on having been selected to write the biography of good Father Villiger. Your aptitude for the work and your intimate knowledge of this able and holy priest rendered your success a certainty. Philadelphia is the deepest debtor to the deceased Jesuit. The splendid church of the Gesu and the great college of St. Joseph in this city testify to his ability and great zeal. Similar buildings in San Francisco and Santa Clara will perpetuate his name in the far west. But as he spent most of his time with us and the works, visible to the Divine eye alone, were chiefly wrought here, his memory should be perpetuated, and this your admirable biography will serve to accomplish. The members of the great order to which he belonged and was the Superior in this city have ever acted in harmony with the secular clergy here. I shall be most happy to recommend your book to the clergy and laity of the Diocese.

Yours very faithfully in Christ,

*P. J. Ryan,
Archbishop of Philadelphia.*

PREFACE

Father Villiger died recently after a long and active life of more than four-score years. Those who enjoyed the precious benefit of his sacred ministry are legion. Philadelphia was the chief scene of his labors, saw the end of his life and is the resting place of his remains; and his many friends here cherish his memory with special veneration. It is to gratify them, and indeed to satisfy an apparent want and demand on their part, that the following sketch of his edifying and somewhat romantic life has been written. He has left written records of the earlier part of his life in his native land and in this country, also of his visit to Europe and the Holy Land during his last decade of years. In 1896, at the wish of his Superior, he wrote an account of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland in 1847, including himself, and of the events that led to his coming to the United States—a thrilling narrative. And of his work in the Gesu Parish, Philadelphia, ample records are contained in the diaries of the house. On all these accounts, to say nothing of other sources of information, great reliance has been placed in the preparation of the following Memoir. In conclusion, it is only due to Rev. Cornelius Gillespie, his successor as Rector of the Church and College and his Superior the last sixteen months of his life, to say that by Father Gillespie's inspiration and with his assistance the Memoir has been begun and brought to completion.

LOYOLA COLLEGE, BALTIMORE, July, 1905.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
FATHER VILLIGER'S LIFE UNTIL HIS ARRIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES.—1819-1848	15
Expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland, and with them Mr. Villiger	26
Sailing for America	48

CHAPTER II.

FROM FATHER VILLIGER'S ARRIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES UNTIL HIS APPOINTMENT AS PROVINCIAL.—1848-1858	51
Father Villiger Rector of the Church and College at Frederick, Maryland	55
Sent to Washington to be Rector of the College there	64

CHAPTER III.

FATHER VILLIGER'S LIFE AS PROVINCIAL, AS SUPERIOR OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSION, AND UNTIL SENT TO ESTABLISH THE GESU PARISH IN PHILADELPHIA.—1858-1868	72
Father Villiger Superior of the Jesuit Mission in California	82
Father Villiger Pastor at Conewago, in Pennsylvania	92

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER VILLIGER FOUNDER OF THE GESU PARISH AND PRESIDENT OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.—1868-1892	95
Old St. Joseph's Church and College	95
Father Villiger comes to Philadelphia	101
His Enterprise in Procuring Noteworthy Paintings . .	120
Laying of the Corner-Stone and Building of the Church of the Gesu	125
Opening of the Grand Church of the Gesu for Divine Worship	143
Opening of the New St. Joseph's College	157

CONTENTS—Continued

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
FATHER VILLIGER CALLED TO TAKE PART IN THE ELECTION OF A NEW JESUIT GENERAL IN SPAIN. HIS VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND.—1892-1893 . . .	163
Starting for the Holy Land	183
Farewell to Jerusalem	223
Back Once More to Philadelphia	240

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER VILLIGER, INSTRUCTOR OF THE THIRD PROBATION AT FREDERICK, MARYLAND. RECTOR OF WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, MARYLAND.—1893-1901 . .	248
Appointed Rector of the Scholasticate or House of Higher Studies of Philosophy and Theology . .	269

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA AND LAST DAYS AT THE GESU. THE SUNSET OF A LONG LIFE.—1901-1902	290
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CHAPTER I.

Father Villiger's Life until His Arrival in the United States.

1819—1848.



FATHER VILLIGER claimed Switzerland as his native land. He belonged to the canton of Aargau in the extreme north, in which the majority were Protestant; but a few districts had remained faith-

ful to the Church, and in one of these, the district of Muri, and at the village of Auw he was born on Friday, the fourteenth of May, 1819. His birth-place is within a few miles of the picturesque lake and city of Lucerne. His father was Ulrich Villiger, the possessor of a large farm and a man of wealth, and his mother was Catherine Frey; her sister Elizabeth also was the wife of Father Villiger's Uncle John, one of his father's four brothers.

The infant was baptized in the parish church of Auw by the Pastor, a Benedictine, and received the name of Joseph Burchard; and after

Baptism he was offered up to the Blessed Mother of God at the main altar, which was a shrine in her honor.

When he was but a year and a half old, he was taken to a town six miles distant on the occasion of a visit of the Apostolic Nuncio, at whose hands he received the sacrament of Confirmation, according to the old custom still prevailing in some places of confirming in infancy. Although of so infantile an age, he said in his old age that he always remembered the event and its surroundings.

He was sent to the parish school before he was six years of age; and when he was nine he had already been allowed to make his first Communion, having been sent to confession regularly from his seventh year.

There is a celebrated shrine of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of "Our Lady of the Hermits" at Einsiedeln in a neighboring canton, which was reputed of great antiquity and much venerated by pious Catholics, and at which many miracles were believed to have been wrought. Saint Charles Borromeo, Archbishop and Cardinal, wrote of it in the sixteenth century: "I have been to Our Lady's of the Hermits. I felt penetrated with a deep

respect for this holy place. In the centre of the great church there is a chapel much venerated, and said to have been consecrated by Jesus Christ; and I can assure you that I have never been so moved by so tender devotion, or seen so holy a chapel, if I except that of our Lady of Loretto." Father Villiger had the same belief as Saint Charles, that it was miraculously consecrated by our Lord Himself. At the time of his youth it was frequented by twenty thousand pious pilgrims annually.

When he was in the tenth year of his age he was told by his mother that he was to go there with her and her sister on a pious pilgrimage. He said afterward that it was a pretty hard trial, as the journey of twenty-seven miles had to be made on foot, and a great part of the time was spent in pious exercises, especially in reciting the Rosary aloud; indeed it must have been specially severe on young Villiger if, as is probable, he had the liveliness and love of fun natural to a boy of ten. Yet perhaps many of the blessings of his future life were due in great measure to this journey of faith and devotion, and to the prayers and interior sacrifices of his pious mother. She and her son and sister arrived at Einsiedeln on the eve of the festival

of the Holy Rosary in October, 1828, at three o'clock in the afternoon, when the numerous bells were sounding a loud and joyous peal in anticipation of the feast. Our trio went to confession that evening and received Communion the next day; then spent a great part of the day in the church before the various altars and the relics of different saints. In the afternoon there was a great and impressive procession from the church to an altar forty feet high, with a platform, erected on an open space. There were triumphal arches on the way and many large banners in the procession, in which was an immense number of people. All the bells rang, cannons boomed from time to time, and there was a splendid orchestra and admirable singing to aid devotion. Father Villiger wrote afterward that on this day he was so impressed in his heart and so drawn toward a religious life that he would not have returned home if his mother had not obliged him.

In one of his note-books is pasted a picture of the buildings at Einsiedeln, and under it the following words written by him: "The miraculous chapel was dedicated by our Lord Himself; its anniversary takes place on the fourteenth of September yearly with extraordinary pomp and a great concourse of people. It is there I got my

vocation when a boy, at my first pilgrimage to the sacred shrine on Holy Rosary Sunday."

In the sequel his desire of a religious life continued and he often expressed it in words, saying that he never would be contented unless in the religious state and five thousand miles from home. With such sentiments he was sent in his twelfth year as a boarder to the Benedictine monastery a few miles away, to pursue his classical studies. There a little prayer-book fell into his hands in which he read about Saint Aloysius, and what blessings attended the devotion of six Sundays in his honor. He began this devotion that he might become a holy Benedictine; for up to this time he had never heard of the Jesuits.

When, after three years, the government forbade the Benedictines to teach, he went to pursue his studies at a college nine miles from his home, conducted by secular priests of piety and learning. There after a year he heard that the Jesuits were coming from Freiburg to open a college at Schwitz, twenty or thirty miles distant; and all his friends, including priests and the Benedictines, his old teachers, advised him to enter the Jesuit college. He did not wish to do so, as he felt a vague fear of the members of this celebrated order; but he took the advice of his friends.

On approaching the town of Schwitz he met a woman, apparently of the strong-minded class, but a staunch Catholic, and he stopped to speak to her and asked her many questions about the Jesuits, and whether she could direct him to a boarding-house. She answered his questions and said she herself could receive three or four students as boarders, but doubted whether her house would suit his taste.

After entering the town he went first to her house, and seeing that her accommodations and terms suited him, he became her boarder, and then went to see the famous Jesuits at their temporary college. He observed them carefully, their dress and manners; and while they were grave, he found them also friendly, cordial and cheerful. At the end of the first month, as he says in his written reminiscences, all the difficulties had vanished which he might have felt about the Jesuits.

At his boarding-house, the first evening when supper was over, his masculine landlady, as he calls her, said to all that it was the custom that those who were in her house should say the Beads together; and the same decisive and pious announcement was made on the following evenings. Four students besides himself were boarders in the house, and all of them eventually became

secular priests. As for young Villiger, before the end of his second year at the college of the Jesuits, he had resolved to become one of them; and he applied just when he had finished Rhetoric, the class next to the graduating class, and at nineteen years of age.

Seven young men were received into the Society of Jesus at the same time with him, in the summer of 1838; one of whom, Antony M. Anderledy, in later years became Superior-General of the Society, dying in 1892,—and two others, Fathers Bernardine Wiget and George Villiger, spent many years of zealous sacerdotal ministry here in the Eastern portion of the United States.

The journey of this party of young men to the Jesuit novitiate showed it was with a cheerful spirit they left the world and its attractions, to bind themselves by the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. They first assembled at Auw in the north of Switzerland, at the home of Father Villiger's family, which was a home of comfort and affluence, his father being the possessor of the largest real estate in the village; and thence they went by way of Muri, Soleure, Berne and other towns to Freiburg, an important city of twelve thousand inhabitants. Here they put up at the largest hotel and remained long enough to see

all the objects of interest and to visit the college and church of the Jesuit Fathers, by whom they were entertained at dinner. Then they went to Lausanne and Geneva, crossing the well-known lake, and travelling west to Sion and Leuk. At this last place they met a young man who, like themselves, had been received as a Jesuit; and they pressed him to come along with them, and thus made it easier for him to part from his family to whom he had a very strong attachment. After another day they reached their journey's end, the town of Brieg, on the Rhone, westerly about fifty miles from the lake of Geneva, at the commencement of the Simplon Pass. Instead of going at once to the novitiate, the merry and light-hearted party went to one of the hotels, where they enjoyed a good supper, passed a merry evening and rested over night. The next morning, the fourth of October, 1838, at ten o'clock they rang the bell at the door of the novitiate; and though their hearts were beating high with awe and apprehension, the cordial reception they met with soon made them feel at home.

Mr. Villiger pronounced the three simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience at the end of two years of noviceship, passed in pious exercises, instructions on the life of a Jesuit and its obliga-

tions, and in various trials intended to test the vocation and prepare the candidate for the special duties of the future. Then he passed two years in the study of classics and rhetoric, with Father Joseph Kleutgen as teacher, an eminent man, author of valuable books on rhetoric and philosophy.

The next step in his life was a two-years' course of mental and natural philosophy in the college at Freiburg; after which for two years he was professor of mathematics and prefect of discipline in the boarding college at Schwitz, twenty or thirty miles from his native place.

Young Jesuit scholastics generally have a period of four or five years of teaching before studying theology; and this provision not only secures young and energetic teachers for the colleges of the order, but also gives a valuable part of the education and training of its young members. These years were curtailed to two in the case of Mr. Villiger, no doubt for special reasons; and then he was sent to Freiburg to pursue his course of theology, in the second year of which tragic and thrilling events occurred. Bitter persecution, so often the heritage of the Jesuits as of their Master, came upon him and his brethren, and changed the whole course of his future life.

In the Swiss diet or parliament at Berne in 1847, the representatives of the fourteen non-Catholic cantons of Switzerland, being actuated by a radical and intolerant spirit, demanded the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Republic, while the seven Catholic cantons resented the demand earnestly and positively; and the result was war.

The populous Catholic canton of Freiburg, whose chief city of the same name contained a large Jesuit college with eighty members of the order and seven hundred students, being surrounded by Protestant cantons, was strongly attacked by their soldiers; while the other Catholic cantons were besieged by other bodies of troops and prevented from giving it assistance. When Freiburg should be once taken by the revolutionists, it was believed the other Catholic cantons would be an easy prey to them and would soon fall under their mastery. And here the candid reader may wonder why Switzerland should be so bitterly opposed to the Jesuits, the same who here in the United States are doing so high and beneficent a work. The explanation is best given in Father Villiger's own words. "Why should the Swiss government," he says, "drive away the Jesuits? They had no reason for doing so; on the contrary, many reasons for retaining them.

What, then, was the cause of their expulsion? In the first place, the Jesuits were influential teachers of youth, excellent educators, solid teachers, and eminent in piety as well as in learning. A radical anti-Catholic government, influenced by Freemasonry, hated all that kind of thing; and the object was to remodel all the cantonal governments, by ways and means right or wrong, just or unjust, no matter how. This, they thought, could not be effected as long as the Jesuits with their friends, loving order and submissive to lawful authority, were tolerated; hence their objection and hatred.

“Besides, the establishments or buildings of the Jesuits in Freiburg as well as in Schwitz, Lucerne, Estavayet, Sion and Brieg were all on conspicuous elevations—the first objects your eye perceived upon approaching those cities; hence you would think that the Jesuits possessed and occupied all that was important. Hence opposition, hate and jealousy. Where wealth or money is suspected to be, there is also a great attraction for low and avaricious minds. Now it was a notorious fact that the churches of the Jesuits were generally very rich, and gorgeously decorated on feast days; and people, seeing it, said: ‘how rich these Jesuits are!’ Though in reality they lived in plain rooms,

with plain furniture, in plain lodgings and had a plain table, such as becomes genteel poor people."

And so war was on. Father Villiger, in telling of it, quotes our Lord's words in the Gospel of Saint Matthew: "But pray that your flight be not in the winter or on the Sabbath; for there shall be then great tribulation." His enforced flight took place in reality in the winter and on a Sunday, and he says that there was tribulation indeed, such as made a deep and lasting impression on the mind.

Expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland, and with them Mr. Villiger.

In the city of Freiburg, by arrangement, no bell was rung either as a call to Mass or for any other purpose, during ten days; in order that the first ringing should be the well-understood warning that the hostile army was known to be near. At length on the ninth of November, 1847, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the great bell in the tower of St. Nicholas, as a tocsin, sounded a solemn alarm, startling all with foreboding and dread. There were eighty Jesuits in the college, including priests, scholastics, or young men preparing for the priesthood, and lay-brothers. Father Villiger says that they were not alarmed,

but calm and composed, on account of their trust in God's providence. Bands of four or five scholastics, accompanied by one or two priests, distributed themselves among the different portions of the Catholic army stationed at various important points in and out of the city. They were to give their services to the sick and wounded, having been previously instructed in these matters at the college by army surgeons; and they were also to minister to the spiritual needs of the soldiers before battle.

They returned to the college each night, and the next morning went forth again for their duties among the soldiers. As they passed along in the city or the neighboring country, numbers of people, their scholars and other friends, gave them friendly recognition and with sorrowful faces beckoned to them as if in inevitable farewell. One of Mr. Villiger's party was Father Francis Rothenflue, a distinguished philosopher, whose text-book in that branch was of world-wide fame and use fifty years ago, though now superseded. One day Mr. Villiger met a fellow-scholastic, Mr. Wiget, afterward, during our Civil War, Rector of St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, who told him that he had seen for the first time the General in com-

mand of all the Catholic forces. He was a venerable old man with white hair, tall in stature and robust in constitution, who now seemed gloomy and sad beyond measure. The reason was, he saw with his keen and experienced eye that his soldiers could not resist the overwhelming forces of the enemy.

Sure enough toward evening the drums of the approaching army of aggression are heard. Many a soldier slipped from the ranks to the nearest priest, of whom there were many with the army, to make his confession and be reconciled to God; and soon after, as the battle was expected to begin, a priest addressed the soldiers, exhorted them to sorrow for their sins, and finally all fell on their knees and received absolution, the young Jesuits as well as the soldiers. Father Villiger says that he and his companions had taken a vow to observe a special fast-day and to perform certain other good works if they should pass with safety through the war, and if their flight in case of necessity should be without harm; and they obtained what they prayed for.

It was on the thirteenth of November, 1847, toward evening, that the hostile army succeeded in occupying high ground near the city from which it could be bombarded and reduced to

ashes if the inhabitants refused to surrender. This demand was in fact made and the alternative threatened. The local government spent the night in deliberating on the matter, and surrendered to the enemy toward Sunday morning as a necessity, to avoid greater evils. About two o'clock Sunday morning the Jesuits at the college arose, heard Mass and received Communion for the last time there; then in disguise, by twos, they dispersed among friends through the city.

The Catholics were requested to give up their arms and return home. Some delivered up their guns in great distress and despair; others dashed them to pieces in their grief; and others would have preferred to die rather than see their enemies victorious in so impious and godless a cause. The Bishop was seen addressing his lamenting people and begging them to submit quietly to the evils that could not be avoided.

And now Mr. Villiger is to be a homeless wanderer for many months, with many thrilling adventures and escapes. Soon after four o'clock in the afternoon, twenty thousand soldiers with their guns and cannon, their bands playing stirring music, entered the city in triumphal style. Thousands of these were lodged in the buildings of the Jesuits; whose cassocks only they found

and in their fury pierced them with their bayonets. Many of the soldiers were quartered with the citizens, and some of them entered a house where Mr. Villiger and a companion had taken refuge; who, feeling unsafe, then left and went to the Bishop's house, hoping to find some of the Fathers who would advise them what to do. They found two of them, it seems, in the rear part of the house, with about twenty students who were to be sent into France in a day or two. Mattresses were spread on the floor for the night, and finding accommodation for themselves, they stayed over night with the party, with the intention of making their escape on the following day. Snow fell during the night; and the next morning about nine o'clock Mr. Villiger and his companion succeeded in getting out of the city by one of the gates.

After a walk of three miles they came to a village and called at the Pastor's residence, where they dined. In the afternoon, while walking through the snow and slush, they came on a company of soldiers, some of whom, suspecting them to be friends of the Jesuits, pointed their bayonets at their throats and cried out: "You are the cause of all this war and trouble; where are the Jesuits? What became of all

their wine? We found none in the cellars.” Mr. Villiger, during his painful wanderings, seems to have had great courage, presence of mind and adroitness. On this occasion he asked the soldiers not to trouble him and his companion, saying that they had been students at the Jesuit college, and had to leave at the same time with the Jesuits. As for the wine, it had already been distributed among the soldiers who came first. Then he demanded to be taken before the captain for an explanation. Upon this both were conducted to the next town, and when the captain was found, Mr. Villiger took off his broadbrimmed white felt hat and bowing respectfully said to him: “Captain, I am sorry to trouble you, but some of your soldiers here disturbed us as if we were spies. I candidly tell you we are students and attended the college of the Jesuits. I am from the canton of Aargau, and some of my brothers are in your army against the Jesuits. We are going out into the country, and we hope you will let us pass in peace.” The captain answered gently that he was sorry they were troubled, and allowed them to continue their journey unmolested. They bowed, thanked him and proceeded, with thankfulness in their hearts to God for their success so far.

Mr. Villiger had told his companion not to say what canton he came from, as it was a Catholic one; he mentioned his own, as it was on the hostile side; and though his brothers were to be in the army against the Jesuits, he found out afterward that they had left the country rather than fight in such a cause.

Toward evening the two pedestrians reached the mansion of a distinguished French family whom they knew to be friendly and they called on them, to see if they might remain over night. Fortunately they found there a companion of theirs, another scholastic in flight, through whom they were identified and cordially admitted to hospitality.

The next day the three young Jesuits continued their flight, soon passing near the town of La Roche, the home of Father John Bapst, S. J., that worthy and apostolic priest who for many years, before and after the Civil War, was known and loved by so many in Boston and New England. This day Mr. Villiger's two companions concluded it would not be safe for so many to travel together, and that it would be better for them to go on separately from him; to which proposal he readily agreed, and then proceeded alone southward toward the Lake of Geneva. The two com-

panions were afterward worthy Jesuit priests in the United States, one in the West and the other in the South.

Our fugitive now tried to avoid the public highway, when it was beset with soldiers, and to follow by-ways and footpaths. Part of his course was along the foot of Mount Moleson; and after a snowstorm he found himself near the large town of Chatel Saint Denis, twenty-three miles from Freiburg and a few miles from the historic Lake of Geneva. He could see a large crowd of people, including many soldiers, near the entrance to the town, and finding no side road or path by which to avoid them and the town, he began to be alarmed, and walked more slowly, praying earnestly in his heart. Just then he saw a young lady about his own age coming toward him, and he stopped and asked her if there were many people in the town; to which she replied that there was a great crowd there and many soldiers stationed in the place. Knowing that it was a very Catholic neighborhood, he then asked her if she knew where the house of the parish priest was; and she, with a smile, said that she did. Then telling her that he was a stranger, he asked her if she would not come along with him and show him the house. "You need not be

afraid," he said, "you can just come along, and when we are in front of the house, point it out, and then you may go home." She looked at him with a searching glance and consented to go along.

They walked on in silence as if brother and sister, and when they came to the crowd and the soldiers, the fair young lady drew all the attention, and Mr. Villiger was allowed to pass on comparatively unnoticed. At length she told him they had arrived at the priest's house and pointed it out to him, and after he had thanked her courteously, she started for her home. When he met the priest in the parlor, he told him in a whisper that he was a fugitive Jesuit from Freiburg trying to get to Savoy, and asked if he might stay over night. His host with a few words led him to a room up-stairs and asked him to remain there quietly for a while; because, he said, some officers of the victorious army were visiting him, and to avoid suspicion he must keep them company until they go.

Our traveller was wet, hungry and fatigued. About ten o'clock when all was quiet, the priest returned to him, presented some welcome refreshments, and tried to learn from him the news from Freiburg and about things in general. Then he told him he was glad he came,

on account of a Redemptorist novice who had taken refuge with him and was crying in great distress; he had been in flight with two Swiss Redemptorist Fathers, who were arrested and imprisoned, while he was set free because he was a Frenchman and had a passport. Mr. Villiger asked to see him at once, and when the innocent novice came, he greeted him cordially, mentioned some Redemptorists whom he knew; and as both wished to go to Savoy, he said he would take him as his companion the next day, and they would be a help to each other.

Our fugitive had no passport like his companion, and one was required in those times to pass even from one canton to another; but he placed his trust in God, and next day both started with prayer and courage for Vevay on the Lake of Geneva, eleven miles from the noted city of Lausanne. As they were near the town, they could see detachments of soldiers moving, and they avoided them by quietly turning into a by-path leading through the vineyards for some miles. When they had turned into the main road again and were advancing toward Lausanne, a wagon full of soldiers quickly passed by them. The novice looked back after them and then rushed in terror to his companion, say-

ing: "He is going to shoot us!" Mr. Villiger, more inured to danger, calmed his excitement, and they proceeded without harm.

By sunset they were near Lausanne, where our traveller had the address of a friend who would provide for his safety over night. Seeing great crowds on the streets, he told his companion to walk behind him at a short distance, in order to cause less suspicion, but to keep his eyes on him and by no means to be parted from him. They were separated for a time, and the novice was very much alarmed; but they were again united and easily found the friendly house, where, as they were tired, they slept very soundly.

The next day they learned that the stage-coach would start for Geneva at ten o'clock, arriving there about seven in the evening; and as the weather was cold and there was much snow on the ground, they were advised to take passage on the stage, and they accordingly procured tickets. A little before ten, while waiting for the vehicle to start, Mr. Villiger noticed among the passengers a Jesuit Father and scholastic, one of whom gave him a smile of recognition and seemed disposed to speak to him; but he frowned sternly and turned his back, as

a sign that it would be decidedly safer for them to travel as strangers to each other. About one o'clock in the afternoon, while looking out from the stage, he saw a fellow Jesuit scholastic in disguise walking along through the snow, who seemed absorbed in thought and did not look up; he was afterward Pastor of St. Mary's Church in Boston during our Civil War, and died in that city—Rev. John Barrister, S. J. Just before the stage entered the canton of Geneva, it was customary to stop in order that the officers might examine the passports of the passengers. Accordingly a voice demanded the passports of those near Mr. Villiger, which all presented at once except himself, because he had none. He was hoping he might perhaps be overlooked, but he was mistaken, for presently an officer said to him directly: "Your passport, sir." Putting on a bold face, he answered: "My dear sir, this is the first time in my life I have been asked for a passport here; I come from Lausanne, and am going on important business to Geneva, and I shall be there only a day or so." His answer was satisfactory and gained him liberty to pass on.

What he said was strictly true although he aimed at misleading his challenger, in order to escape unjust persecution. He was thinking at the

same time what the result might be if it were known that he was not only from Lausanne but from Freiburg, and was a fugitive Jesuit on his way to escape into Savoy; and he was grateful to a kind Providence that this truth was withheld. His position in the stage was in a corner, and between him and his companion sat an enormously large and stout woman, opposite whom were three members of her family with a child. And he was amused afterward at thinking how this environment saved him from some trouble. Before entering Geneva, a demand was made again for passports, and none would be allowed to enter who was without one. As it was dark night already, the officers had lanterns, one of which being held up near the stout lady, cast her shadow over Mr. Villiger and concealed him. At the same time the husband, it would seem, of the stout lady presented passports for himself and family, and the young Redemptorist presented his; thus our wayfarer was thankful that for the time he was one of the family. When the passports were brought back from the office, he took special care to remain in the shadow of the portly lady.

In Geneva he went to the house of the priest, whose assistant was a former friend of his; and he and his companion were entertained hospitably for

the night. The next morning about nine o'clock the priest, his friend, accompanied him beyond the limits of Geneva into Savoy. There the officers are very strict in examining the passengers and their baggage, even prying into their pockets; but as the priest was known to them, and as our two wayfarers declared that they carried nothing against the law, they were allowed to pass unmolested. When the stage-coach came along, ready to start on its course, they quietly took their seats in it; the man who had taken the passports to be examined brought them back, looked at Mr. Villiger and said it was all right; the driver gave a vigorous crack of his whip, the horses started at a lively pace and all were off rejoicing.

The young Redemptorist got off first, to go to a house of his order, and Mr. Villiger left the stage at Cluse, whence he went to the Jesuit novitiate of the Province of Turin. Here he met several of the Swiss Fathers who had arrived before him, and he learned that the scholastics studying theology, of whom he was one, were to be given facilities to continue their studies in the city of Chambéry in Savoy. Accordingly the next day he with eight or nine other scholastics started on foot for La Roche in

Savoy; it being now the latter part of November, 1847, the weather very cold, and mountain and valley alike covered with a mantle of snow.

At this place they engaged an omnibus which should take them in one day to their destination. They passed the quaint city of Annecy on their way, the former home of the amiable and learned bishop, Saint Francis of Sales; and in the evening they arrived in Chambery, where they received a cordial welcome in the College Royal, which was in charge of the Jesuits. Here with four or five professors from Freiburg, about thirty scholastics, including Mr. Villiger, resumed their study of theology which had been so rudely interrupted by the war. But they were not to be left long in peace. To use Father Villiger's own words, "no sooner had the radicals and freemasons succeeded in driving away the Jesuits from Switzerland, than they went efficaciously to work for their expulsion from Savoy, Turin, Rome and Naples, and other places."

And on a day of public rejoicing in January, 1848, on account of the new Constitution granted in Savoy and parts of Italy, a revolutionary mob came before the college in Chambery, dancing in the snow, singing and shouting: "Hurrah for the Constitution! Hurrah for the King! Hurrah for

Pius the Ninth!"—but adding: "Down with the Jesuits!" The good Fathers of Savoy were dreadfully frightened; but Mr. Villiger and his fellow-refugees from Switzerland were cooler and more composed, because they had experienced such insults before, had known the smell of gunpowder, had looked into the fierce faces of revolutionists, and were expecting to be expelled again. In fact they were allowed to remain in this chief city of Savoy only during the months of December and January and until the tenth of February, when all received orders from the government to leave the college in twenty-four hours.

Then there was trouble and sadness and lamentation, and the Superiors did not know what to do, nor whither to send their young men. Finally all were directed to save themselves as best they could, or to return to their homes and families until further notice. The Duke of Savoy, in sympathy with the Jesuits in their distress, gave to all who were departing passports as citizens of Savoy, in order as much as possible to save them from being molested or persecuted in their travels. Mr. Villiger was made, by a fiction, a citizen of a village situated in the most inaccessible mountains of Savoy, and received a

passport accordingly; and with this voucher he started on his travels anew. This was one of the many amusing things which, with his sanguine and cheerful disposition, he seemed to recall with a laugh when they were long past; though it may be doubted whether at the time he was able to enjoy their ludicrous aspect.

We shall soon see how at length his troubled wanderings became a very serious matter for him, of which he thought he had enough and roused himself in God's name to take proper measures to put an end to them. The Jesuits who were under ban of exile from Chambery were entertained for four days by the Capuchin monks of that city; then they scattered in various directions, many returning to their families.

Mr. Villiger passed into France and had journeyed onward for three days toward the Jesuit college in Toulouse, when the revolution broke out where he was; and the same night the report was that the whole of France was in a turmoil, similar to what he had already witnessed in Savoy and Switzerland. The serious and tragic question with him then was, whither he should go; and after praying and seriously reflecting, he resolved to go straight back to Switzerland and support himself by begging until better fortune would

smile on him. He had no encumbrance of baggage, no clothing except what he wore, and very little money in his pocket of that which had been given him by his superiors to pay his expenses as far as it would last. He returned then directly to Geneva in order to ascertain at a certain house there the address of his Provincial Superior, to whom he wished to write, and to whom the letter was to be addressed under an assumed name.

Between the tenth of February and the eighth of May, 1848, he wrote to him three times for advice and direction, but received none. Meanwhile he crossed the Lake of Geneva by steamer, and then travelled northward to the town of Chatel Saint Denis, where he had been helped a few months before by the young lady who accompanied him to the house of the parish priest. He remained at this place nearly a fortnight, waiting for a letter from the Provincial. One Sunday morning he went to Mass at five o'clock and received holy Communion. On his return to his temporary lodging, when approaching the house he saw a policeman at the door; and being sure that he himself was sought as an offender, he passed the house in a seemingly negligent manner and walked about the town till the end of half an

hour, when he thought the odious visitor would have gone.

As soon as he entered the house, the servant-maid, pale as death, told him the policeman had been there to arrest him, and not finding him, had gone. By and by he bethought himself to go to Freiburg, twenty-three miles northward, his former home, where he had his first taste of persecution, that he might see how things looked there. At a stage of his journey thither he saw that the police were in search of him, and to avoid them he was obliged to leave the main road and take to by-paths through the woods. And now the whole day serious thoughts filled his mind, and solemn questionings of himself.

He asked himself in thought why he was the victim of so much persecution; how it happened that he was tossed from one country to another and found peace and security nowhere; why would he not return to his home and family and enjoy the goods of life? Was that sort of existence his vocation? Did not all that happen to him, he queried with himself, because he was a Jesuit? And if he gave up the life of a Jesuit, would not all those troubles be at an end? But then the counter-question came, whether he was to renounce all his trust in God's benign Provi-

dence. He glanced briefly in thought at his past life—his birth of pious Catholic parents—his baptism, immediately after which he was offered to the Blessed Mother of God—his First Communion before he was nine years—his pilgrimage as a little boy with his mother to our Lady's shrine at Einsiedeln—his years of classical study—his reception into the Society of Jesus when nineteen years old, though in delicate health—then his submission with contented will for ten years to all the obligations of a Jesuit's life. With these thoughts, not doubting of his vocation and confident of the Lord's grace to follow it to the end, he recognized the demon tempter in the suggestions against continuing in the life of a Jesuit, and cast him off as Our Saviour Himself had done; and he took the heroic resolution not to return to his home and his relations, but to follow his vocation at any cost.

He continued his journey then, by way of Freiburg and Berne to Solothurn, a Swiss city, forty miles west of his native place; where he intended to stay until receiving definite orders from his Provincial. He seems to have been for a time private tutor to the children of a family at this place. From here he wrote to his parents, requesting that they would send him a passport of his

own canton. At length the eighth of May, the festival of the Apparition of Saint Michael, the Archangel, brought him joyful news in response to his desires and, no doubt, to his fervent prayers; for on that day a scholastic, a former companion of his, arrived, bringing him a passport from his parents, and an order from the Provincial to start at once for Antwerp, in Belgium, and be ready for his future mission in America. The same day he and the bearer of the message went together to Berne, the capital of Switzerland, to have their passports signed as travellers for America.

After returning to Solothurn, they travelled through Germany, by way of Strasburg, Frankfurt, Cologne and other towns, to Belgium and to its great seaport, Antwerp, where they were to embark in the good ship, "Providence," for New York. In the Jesuit college in this Belgian city was kept a large blank-book, in which every member of the order going to a foreign mission was expected to write a motto or sentiment most applicable to his past life. Mr. Villiger wrote the two following from Holy Scripture: "Thy providence, O Father, governeth all things," (Wisdom XIV, 3), and "The Lord ruleth me, and I shall want nothing," (Ps. XXII, 1). He gave renewed expression of his belief the last

years of his life that these words of the Holy Spirit had been verified in his career as a Jesuit.

He is now about to leave his native land as he has already left his family and his Father's house, and he seems to have renounced his attachment to home and country once and forever. He had in his family twenty-five brothers and sisters of either full blood relationship or partial, of whom three brothers and one sister were living in 1904; and it was a good and upright family. He probably thought they did not need him and that it would interfere with his work for God in the New World to keep communication with them; and he did not correspond with them except at rare intervals.

When he was in Europe in 1892 and 1893, the only visits he paid there since his first departure, he did not go to his native place or the homes of his family. This does not argue want of affection in him, but was from the spirit of Christian perfection which actuates those who follow the evangelical counsels of our Lord, among which is that of leaving home and kindred for God's sake. He remembered how Christ when twelve years of age left his holy Mother and Saint Joseph to go among the Doctors in the temple and enlighten them, and how when re-

proached by them for having caused them the pain of his loss, he answered that he must be about his Father's concerns. He remembered also how Saint Francis Xavier, who certainly had a true human heart, when on his way to the distant Indies passed not far from his mother's home and yet did not go to visit her—and this from a pure spirit of self-denial and religious detachment.

An elder sister of Father Villiger's was a nun in Switzerland, a nephew of his is a Benedictine priest in Missouri, a niece of his is a nun in the western part of the United States, and another nephew is a member of the Society in Europe—and in these he probably took special interest.

Sailing for America.

On the first day of June, 1848, which was Ascension Day, forty-four Jesuits sailed from Antwerp on the ship "Providence" for the United States of America; among them with Mr. Villiger was Antony M. Anderledy, the future General of the Society of Jesus, who was already a deacon, and Father J. B. Mieke, who was afterward made bishop of Leavenworth in Kansas,

though in the last years of his life, with the Pope's permission he returned to the life of a simple Jesuit and now rests in the Jesuit cemetery at Woodstock, Maryland.

The ship was to arrive in New York after four weeks and provisions were laid in for that interval of time, but the voyage in reality consumed seven weeks, so that the provisions had to be spun out accordingly and the passengers subjected to the rigors of Lent.

There were many storms, the accommodations of our travellers were bad, and the allowance of food and drink so meagre that when they arrived at quarantine in New York and had the luxury of boiled potatoes, they thought they were enjoying a great feast. During the voyage their Superior would often say to them: "Courage! After what we have endured on this passage, we need not fear anything. Death alone would be equal to it."

On arriving in New York, the party was divided into two portions, one of which went to the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus; the other portion, including Mr. Villiger, were kept in the Maryland Province and sent to Georgetown College, District of Columbia. Father Villiger said long years afterward that

when he and his companions arrived at Georgetown, July nineteenth, 1848, they soon forgot all their sufferings and buffetings on experiencing the truly paternal care of the Superiors and the kindly and cordial welcome given them by all the members of the community, Fathers, scholastics and lay-brothers.





GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHAPTER II.

From Father Villiger's Arrival in the United States until His Appointment as Provincial.

1848—1858.



GEORGETOWN College is situated on a commanding height, overlooking the city of Washington. It is the oldest Catholic college in our country, having been founded as an academy in 1789 by Archbishop Carroll, just before he was made the first bishop of the United States. Since then the city of Washington has come into existence and grown, and when seen from the tower of the college on a bright day, especially when the rows of trees among its edifices are in bloom, seems an ideal vision of beauty. The view from this spot also includes the broad and majestic Potomac with Maryland on one side and Virginia on the other; while a few miles down the river are seen the spires of the little city of Alexandria, with its memories of the Father of his Country, who resorted thither from Mount Vernon, a few miles away, to procure the commodities of life.

The college was chartered and empowered to confer degrees by the Congress of the United States in 1815; and in 1848 when Mr. Villiger arrived there it was a famous college, ranking very high among educational institutions on account of its superior and sterling course of studies and the number of distinguished men who looked up to it as their *Alma Mater*. It was also the seminary where the scholastics of the Society of Jesus pursued their higher studies of philosophy and theology; and it received from the Pope in 1833 the high power to confer the degrees of Doctor in Philosophy and Theology. Mr. Villiger continued his course of theology to completion at the college; he was also prefect of discipline over the students for a time, before his ordination. One of the professors of theology there at that time was Rev. John Baptist Pianciani, S. J., the distinguished Roman professor of natural science, also an able writer on scientific subjects; he had been driven from Rome by the revolution and returned afterward.

Though when Father Villiger came to the Gesu parish in Philadelphia at middle age; and for many years afterward he is remembered to have been in robust health, with great endurance and capacity for labor, still he was not in strong

health the year he came to the United States. That year he was obliged to interrupt his theological studies and was sent by his Superior to the old Jesuit mission at Conewago in Pennsylvania, about a dozen miles from Gettysburg, in order to rest and recuperate. Here he preached his first sermon in English when he had been but six months in the country.

In May, 1849, he resumed his studies at Georgetown. It is the custom that Jesuit scholastics who make a four years' course of theology should be admitted to Sacred Orders at the end of the third year; and accordingly Mr. Villiger was ordained priest in the chapel of the Visitation Convent at Georgetown, by Archbishop Eccleston of Baltimore, on Sunday, August the eleventh, 1850, in company with Mr. Bernardine Wiget, afterward so well known in Washington. He said his first Mass in the same convent chapel on the fifteenth of August, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. Then he made his fourth year of theological study at Georgetown, occasionally exercising the functions of the Ministry in the neighborhood, especially at Alexandria.

In September, 1851, he was transferred to Philadelphia, and as director of studies he re-

ceived the first students of St. Joseph's College, at Willing's Alley, in this its first year; he was also assistant Superior and teacher of classics and other branches in the college. This was the first of his many years of zealous labor in the City of Brotherly Love. With him that year at St. Joseph's Church, the old shrine still so dear to many, were Father Barbelin, the Apostle of Philadelphia, and Father James Ryder, shedding the brilliant light of his attractive eloquence and clear demonstration of the truths of our Religion.

This year was to be but a prelude to Father Villiger's great work in Philadelphia, which was to be deferred to the distant future; as the next year he was sent to Frederick in Maryland for his third year of probation. This was in accordance with a special provision of the Institute of the Society of Jesus, that the young priests after their studies are to spend a year in prayer and meditation and in receiving instructions on the vocation of a Jesuit and its various duties, besides preparing for the exercise of the priestly ministry; during this year also the retreat of a month is made for the second and last time.

In the summer of 1853 Father Villiger is back at Georgetown College as assistant Superior to Father Bernard Maguire, the President of the

institution, whose captivating eloquence, especially during his missions, is still remembered in Philadelphia and many other parts of the country. In the community this year were also Father Joseph Ardia, afterward known so well and esteemed so much in Philadelphia, and Fathers James Curley and Benedict Sestini, distinguished astronomers and mathematicians, besides others who were afterward prominent and esteemed Fathers.

Among his papers after his death were found his credentials as an American citizen, which he had obtained this year from the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

*Father Villiger Rector of the Church and College
at Frederick, Maryland.*

On August fifteenth, 1854, Father Villiger became Rector of St. John's Church and College in Frederick. This is a pretty town in Frederick County, Maryland, about fifty miles west of Baltimore and in the valley of the Catoctin Mountains, which are three or four miles west of it.

It is of no little historic interest. A hundred years ago its legal bar was of very high standing. At that time, in his declining years, Thomas Johnson lived there, the first Governor of Mary-

land after the Declaration of Independence, the man who first named Washington commander-in-chief in the Continental Congress; who afterward when appealed to as Governor by him in time of disaster raised a large detachment of soldiers and accompanied them to the field; who, when Washington was President, was offered by him the position of Chief Justice, which he declined. And Chief Justice R. B. Taney, who first practised law for a score of years at Frederick, often met the veteran statesman and learned wisdom and history and law from his lips. It was the home of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," to whose memory a handsome monument has been erected in its cemetery. In later years the place has been given wide-spread fame by the pretty poem, "Barbara Freitchie," the heroine of which was indeed a real person, though she was far from ever figuring as the poet has told. And yet so strong is the power of fancy that her Bible, according to the newspapers, is now considered a relic and treasured as such.

This interesting place is now to be the scene of Father Villiger's zealous labors for three years. A chapel and house were built there by a Jesuit priest a dozen years before the Revolution, and

he and his successors had a parish which included western Maryland and Virginia. The pastor of Frederick therefore in the eighteenth century needed to be a good horseman; and on one occasion after visiting a Catholic family in Virginia, he was saved by the fleetness of his horse from the bullets of some one actuated by insane bigotry.

In 1829 a handsome college building was erected in Frederick, and for many years there was a well-known and flourishing college there, with many young men from a distance as boarders. A new church also was completed in 1837 and consecrated immediately, as no debt remained on it to be paid. This is the Church of St. John the Evangelist, a very beautiful structure, which indeed any large city might be pleased to possess.

Father Villiger was sent to Frederick as Rector of the church and college in the summer of 1854. The college had lost its former prestige, having ceased a few years before to be a boarding-school, and its only students now being boys from Frederick. He gave all due attention to it, as he was always a friend of education; but he devoted himself with special zeal to the church and the congregation. The steeple of the church was not completed, and by direction of his Superiors he set to work to complete it.

A sum of from six to seven thousand dollars was required for this, which was to be collected from only twelve hundred Catholics of moderate means in a population of eight thousand. Yet he was much gratified to find that they responded to his appeal with liberality and cheerfulness. He not only completed the steeple but placed in it an excellent town-clock, striking the hours and quarters with clear and pleasant sound. In addition to the two bells already possessed, Father Villiger procured a larger one in Baltimore which he named *Ave Maria Immaculata*, as it was the year 1854 of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. He recalled in later years the many hours he had spent in the steeple with the good Brother mechanic, to adjust the bells in proper position for the striking of the clock and for giving out a sonorous peal for any religious call.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Father Villiger labored with great zeal for the spiritual welfare of his people. He established a Sunday-school for the white and colored children, and found a great many good and willing teachers among the ladies and gentlemen of the parish. For many years the Sunday-school for the colored children and grown persons, divided into

many classes, was conducted by the young members of the Society of Jesus from the Novitiate across the street. Our Father in his duty as Pastor made the beautiful devotions of the month of May a special instrument of good for the profit of the people. They were held daily, with brief, animated and interesting instructions, good singing and elegant decoration and lighting of the altar; and they proved such an attraction that the attendance of devout people increased each day, and at the end of the month the church was scarcely large enough for the number who came. Many non-Catholics came to see and hear, but the preacher acted as if there were only Catholics in the world, and explained Catholic doctrine clearly and directly, without bitterness toward any opponent. This method pleased non-Catholics, who took no offense, were not shy or ashamed, and in one year there were more than forty converts. Father Villiger had other devotions also, in which he followed the same method, and took care that they should be brief, spirited and attractive. He found that there was a great dread of long sermons at late Mass; accordingly he saw to it that the discourses on that occasion were only from twenty to twenty-five minutes in length, but, to use his own words, "clear, fiery,

and to the point," and in a short time he was gratified by seeing large numbers at late Mass on Sunday.

There were three other churches in the vicinity of Frederick, at distances of eight, ten or more miles, under the charge of the Pastor of St. John's, to be attended regularly by him or one of his assistants.

All the time Father Villiger was here, he had with him Father Samuel Barber, S. J., a member of the family who form so conspicuous and edifying a chapter in the history of the Church in the United States. His father, Mr. Virgil Barber, was an Episcopal clergyman near Utica, New York, when in 1817 he formed the acquaintance of Father Benedict Fenwick, S. J., the future bishop of Boston, then living in New York, by whom he was received into the Church. He had a wife, four daughters and one son, who all like him became Catholics. By a special dispensation he was soon received into the Society of Jesus and sent to Rome for his noviceship, and his wife was received as a Visitation nun at Georgetown; the daughters, after having been pupils in the convent with their mother, became nuns in different places. The son, Samuel Barber, was a student at Georgetown College, afterward entered the

Society and was sent to Rome for his higher studies.

After holding for five years the important position of Rector of the Jesuit novitiate, we find him now assistant to Father Villiger in the college and church. He was a scholarly man and the possessor of moving and effective eloquence. Father P. A. Jordan, who was so many years at old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, wrote that in the year 1845 a mission was given in that church in which Father Samuel Barber had a leading part. And his eloquence was such, he says, as was seldom heard even in that venerable church. At the concluding discourse on Palm Sunday morning, the congregation was so carried away by his pathetic eloquence that they fell on their knees spontaneously, and tears of penitence and joy were in every eye. From this it can be seen how apt an assistant he was to Father Villiger in carrying out his plan of judicious and attractive and effective sermons at Frederick.

At this time the Know-Nothing wave of excitement against Catholics and foreigners may be said to have been at its height in the United States and particularly in Maryland. A great majority of the people of Frederick were not Catholics, and for a time the Know-Nothing

spirit was bitter there. It made trouble for Father Villiger, which, however, he succeeded in dealing with and settling by his characteristic prudence and diplomacy. This and other things relating to his pastorate at Frederick are told in the following interesting communication from a worthy Catholic gentleman of that city, who at the period in question was a parishioner of Father Villiger's:

Rev. Father Villiger came here in 1854, and his first care was to take up the work left unfinished by Rev. Father McElroy, the completing of St. John's Church, the building of the steeple, the procuring of the chimes and the building of the altars. He called a meeting at St. John's Rectory of all the prominent members of the Church, and those responding were General James M. Cole, Colonel James McSherry, father of the present Chief Justice of Maryland, Governor Enoch Louis Lowe, Michael Burns, Hugh McAleer, Patrick Taylor and many others. He explained to them the object of the meeting, saying that it was his desire to raise money to finish this church to completion. General Cole responded with a donation of one thousand dollars, and others followed with large sums, which gave him encouragement, and he began the work at once. John Tehan was selected as architect, and he at once set to work. One hundred and twenty feet of the steeple had to be rough-cast, and he gave out the specifications and asked for bids for the work. This call for bids was responded to by Mr. Brenner, a Catholic, and a Mr. Arnold, who was a great supporter of the Know-Nothing party. Arnold underbid Brenner and procured the job; and it raised quite a commotion in the

congregation that a Know-Nothing should be preferred to a Catholic. Father Villiger justified himself in giving the work to Arnold by saying that he was the lower bidder; and this settled the matter.

After the steeple was about completed, the beautiful chimes arrived. The bells were blessed by Archbishop Francis Patrick Kenrick one Sunday evening amid a great concourse of people of this community. Immediately after being placed in the belfry, and on the eve of the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, they were rung for the first time; a large mass of people congregated in front of the church when they were pealing out their first salutation to the citizens of Frederick; and just then the Germans present sang in their own language the hymn, "Great God, we praise Thee!" It was one of the most impressive incidents that had ever taken place in this city.

After this Father Villiger's trouble began. The Know-Nothing party at that time was very strong and bitter in this city. Threats were openly made that the Convent of the Visitation, the Novitiate and the Church would be burned; and for weeks the male members of St. John's Church congregated at night, to protect the property of the church, as well as the convent and the novitiate. At last Father Villiger appealed to a number of men of the Know-Nothing party, and among the number was Mr. Arnold, the plasterer. He met those gentlemen and appealed to them, and he asked them to select five men and he would take them into the novitiate and into the convent, and he would show them that there was no such thing as an underground passage between both institutions. He also told them he would take them to the convent to examine the cells, and if any of the Sisters should be found not willing to stay there, they should be at liberty to go. Mr. Arnold then came forward and said to those gentlemen, "I know Father Villiger, I have worked for him, he is a

man of honor and reliability, and what he has told you is true, and I think you ought to drop all this matter;" and in deference to his advice the whole matter was dropped.

After this Father Villiger began to finish the interior of the church by building that beautiful high altar which is still an ornament to St. John's Church, and also the side altars. After the whole work was completed, he was sent to another field of labor.

Sent to Washington to be Rector of the College there.

After three years our Father was removed from this field of labor to a more important one, being appointed Rector of the College in Washington, August fifteenth, 1857. This college was situated on F Street between Ninth and Tenth, northwest, and was then known as the Washington Seminary, its name being afterward changed to Gonzaga College. It was founded about 1820, and had quite a distinguished history; when Georgetown was a distinct town and somewhat distant from Washington, long before the public schools and the present private schools and colleges of our capital city, the "Seminary" was the chief educator of the youth of Washington and a powerful instrument for forming the public mind. An examination of its old records will show among its former pupils a galaxy of the most prominent business and professional men of the city. On account of the necessities of the

times, the Fathers of the Society were obliged to give up care of it in 1827, but in 1848 they returned to it again, to the great joy of its many friends; and now our Father is placed at its head.

As the Fathers there had no place for the exercise of the priestly ministry but the small chapel of the college, he was directed by his Superiors to take measures immediately for the erection of a new church. The Washington of that day was primitive in comparison with the city of to-day, so greatly enlarged and beautified.

President Buchanan was the occupant of the White House, and the dark and rumbling cloud of Civil War had not yet appeared above the visible horizon. Father Villiger set to work at once to gain the facilities for the accomplishment of his desire of a new church; and he found that the people responded to his efforts willingly. He was not a beggar, as an old parishioner of his in Philadelphia remarked; that is, he was not offensive or unseemly in harassing his people for money, though the buildings erected by him and the improvements made in his lifetime cost vast sums of money, which he had most wonderful success in obtaining.

He procured a large lot of ground in Washing-

ton, north of the capitol, in a section then sparsely peopled, and considered by some as unworthy of his selection; but time has justified him, and now it cannot but be considered an admirable location. Months passed away and he was having a bazaar to procure funds for the church, in which he was admirably seconded by the people, when in April, 1858, he received from Rome his appointment by his Superior-General, to be Provincial of the Province of Maryland.

The people were disappointed and displeased that he should be so soon taken from them, and indeed he was pained himself at being taken from his zealous work; but, as he said, there was no help for it.

He appointed as his temporary successor, Father Charles Stonestreet, who had just preceded him as Provincial, as he was a Marylander and well and favorably known in Washington. He himself also frequently came over from Georgetown, the residence of the Provincial, to give help and encouragement in the matter of the bazaar, which required careful and prudent management. It was a great success; and all his efforts had a propitious result when in the autumn of 1859 the beautiful Church of St. Aloysius was completed and dedicated.

The solemnity of dedication took place on Sunday, October sixteenth of that year; and as Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore was prevented from coming, Father Villiger at his wish and appointment performed the ceremony and said the prayers, also sang the Solemn High Mass. Archbishop Hughes of New York preached in the morning and Father James Ryder, S. J., at Vespers in the evening, and the church was thronged with people.

The *Star* newspaper of the city announced the next day as its estimate that fully five thousand persons had been crowded within the edifice and as many more perhaps had sought admission unsuccessfully. President Buchanan was present on this opening day in the morning, as were many other distinguished persons of Washington, some of whom rented pews at once.

Father Bernard Maguire, S. J., was Pastor of the church; he had been a distinguished President of Georgetown College, and was afterward widely known as a very eloquent missionary preacher. He was familiarly acquainted with President Buchanan, who, though a Presbyterian, was too enlightened for bigotry. He once met the President at a private dinner and mentioned his intention of inviting Archbishop Hughes to

come and preach at the dedication of the new church. "Tell the Archbishop," said he, "that the White House is at his disposal, and that I shall be happy to have him as my guest while he stays in the District." A short time afterward Father Maguire informed him that the Archbishop had written and consented to deliver the sermon, but asked to be excused from staying as a guest at the White House, no doubt for good reasons. "Then," said the President, "I will at least give him a Cabinet dinner. I wish you, Father Maguire, to give me a list of your clerical friends, that I may also invite them to dine with Doctor Hughes. I should, however, have been much better pleased had he accepted my invitation to remain with me. I am not afraid to have nor to acknowledge such friends." Mr. Buchanan had been on terms of close intimacy with the Archbishop, probably since 1846, when as Secretary of State he had summoned him to Washington for consultation on the aspect of affairs between the United States and Mexico.

The following brief extracts from Father Ryder's eloquent sermon in the evening, will no doubt be read with interest:

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

“Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world. Amen.”—Matthew, XXVIII.

To-day, beloved brethren, has been a happy jubilee for the Catholic Church. To-day the eye has feasted on the productions of architecture and genius, on the beauties of painting, with its varied and mellow tints; and the ear has drunk in the sweet melody of song; and to-day, for the first time within these sacred walls, has the voice of one of the most illustrious of the American hierarchy been heard from this chair of truth. To-day, for the first time, has the altar of this Catholic Church been consecrated not merely with the unction of sacerdotal authority, but by the presence of the adorable Victim of man's salvation, the immaculate Sacrifice offered thereon under semblance of bread and wine. The Catholic heart under these influences has expanded; and from the contemplation of the material perfections of this earthly structure, easy is the transition to the contemplation of that more magnificent and glorious structure, which is not the workmanship of human hands nor the conception of human intellect, but is the production of the Great Architect of the universe. I mean the Church of God, which the Saviour of the world has established upon earth, and whose perfection, whose admirable beauties are well worthy the contemplation of the noblest mind. This divine structure of the Church of God upon earth was, in virtue of the words that I have cited for your consideration this evening, my beloved brethren, founded more than eighteen hundred years ago; and the conception of that glorious production is such that it could only have entered into the mind or the ideas of a madman or a God-man. That Church, established by the Saviour of the world, is one calculated to gather within its folds the entire congregation of the world. While universal, it is to be a unit in its doctrines; to be apostolic, having the

same teachers who, from the very commencement, were commissioned to gather together that Church; and this Church, one, universal and apostolic, is to be perpetual and unchangeable. And I have said with reason that such a conception could have entered into the mind of a madman, but it would have been merely the reverie of a madman. It would have been a structure based on the fabric of a vision; but in the conception of a God-man, it is a splendid and glorious reality. It is to-day as glorious as it was eighteen hundred years ago, and possesses to-day all the developments of the bright characteristics with which it came into the world—a fuller and more glorious development, so that at the present day the Church is emphatically and literally one, universal, apostolic and unchangeable.

During the forty years and more of its existence St. Aloysius' Church has had many worshippers at its altars; it has been well known in the city, and on festival days its services have attracted many of other religious denominations and of the elite of society and those high in the government. And it has been the scene of many notable religious ceremonies. Within its precincts, in October, 1874, took place the wedding of the daughter of General W. T. Sherman,—one of the most brilliant and impressive ceremonies ever witnessed in the National Capital. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati had come East to perform the marriage, and was attended at the altar by distinguished priests. Admission to the

edifice was by card, and President Grant and members of his Cabinet, high officers of the army and navy, senators and representatives, judges, foreign ministers, and many other prominent men and women were part of the large assemblage in the body of the Church. In 1896 when the funeral services over the remains of Commodore Richard Meade, U. S. N., took place in St. Aloysius', among those occupying the first pews might be remarked Commodore George Dewey, not yet aware of his future glory as the hero of Manila Bay.

The Church in recent years has been renovated and beautified in exquisite taste, at great expense; and if it is not interiorly the handsomest of the churches in Washington, it may well contest the palm with any of them for the beauty of its interior. Father Villiger in building it had as his architect another Jesuit, Father Benedict Sestini.

CHAPTER III.

Father Villiger's Life as Provincial, as Superior of the California Mission, and until Sent to Establish the Gesu Parish in Philadelphia.

1858—1868.



FATHER VILLIGER was now Provincial of the Province of Maryland, his appointment dating from April twenty-fifth, 1858. The various large divisions of the Society of Jesus throughout the world are called Provinces; any portions not yet sufficiently important in numbers or other respects, are Missions or Vice-Provinces. The Provincial is Superior over all the priests, scholastics and lay-brothers in a Province, for a term of three years or longer, according to the will of the Superior-General, by whom he is appointed. The office is thus a prelacy of considerable jurisdiction and responsibility.

The Society of Jesus was first established in the United States at Georgetown College, in 1805, at the instance of Bishops Carroll and Neale, who

both had been Jesuits,—and by the authority of the General in Russia as well as with the sanction of Pope Pius the Seventh. This was after a general disbandment of the Society for over thirty years, except in Russia where it continued of right to exist,—and nearly ten years before it was publicly and universally restored by the Pope. The little band of American Jesuits were first styled *Mission of the Society of Jesus of Federal America*, and had their own Superior. Their numbers gradually increased, their organization became more perfect and their work for the good of souls expanded, so that in 1833 they were constituted a full Province, that of Maryland, with Father William McSherry, a Virginian by birth, as the first Provincial.

When Father Villiger was placed in charge, the Province had houses and members in Massachusetts, Maine, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the District of Columbia and Virginia, and it numbered two hundred and thirty-two Jesuits. Since then, in 1879, New York and New Jersey have been added to it; and on this account as well as through the natural increase everywhere, it numbers now more than six hundred and fifty members.

Father Villiger, then, in his new position

had the care of two hundred and thirty-two Jesuits, the duty of assigning to each one his location and employment, of seeing to it that the duties of the religious state were fulfilled, and of standing in the relation of a Father to each one, as all had left father and mother and everything of the world, to follow the evangelical counsels. He was to see that his subjects should do the special work of the Society of Jesus according to its constitution, and that they should have due fitness and due training for that purpose. He had the power to receive new applicants for admission into the order and to dismiss any who were found to be unsuitable. It may be remarked that during his term of office a far larger number of new members were received into the novitiate than during any equal interval in the previous history of the Province. To him appeals were made from any quarter in which the help of the Jesuits under his charge was wanted for the performance of any services or functions within their sphere. On one or two occasions the offer was made him of large college buildings, with the request that he would take possession of them and put them in active charge of members of his Society; and he was obliged to give a negative answer, either on account of the distance or

of the limited number of his subjects. The following letter to him from Right Rev. Bishop Carrell, of Covington, Kentucky, will prove interesting, especially as the eloquent Father James Ryder, whom it concerns, was, during his lifetime, well known in Philadelphia and indeed all along the States of the Atlantic coast—at the time of the letter he was stationed at Alexandria, near Washington:

COVINGTON, KY., August 16, 1858.

Very Rev. Dear Father Provincial: I have a favor to beg of you—not one that regards me personally—but one that will, if granted, promote the glory of God and good of souls—*ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*—the motto of the Society. The conversion of a distinguished physician of this place has made quite a stir among the intelligent and better portion of the citizens. They begin to think there must be something good in Catholicity; they would at this time listen with great avidity to a course of lectures on the doctrines of the Church. I would like to afford them an opportunity, and in looking around for some distinguished lecturer, I know no one who would do better than Father Ryder. He is favorably remembered in our city, having lectured here some years ago, with the consent of the then Provincial, Very Rev. Father Stonestreet. Now, dear Father Provincial, will you not permit him to come here to deliver a course of lectures, during the months of September and October? You don't know how many souls you will be the means of enlightening and saving. I suppose there are two Fathers at Alexandria—and if any extra help be needed on a Sunday, it will be a recreation for one of

the Fathers of the College to go there. I beg of you not to refuse me—we will not put Father Ryder to any expense for the journey here and back. I pray and beseech—don't refuse.

Yours in our Lord,

GEORGE A. CARRELL,

Bishop of Covington.

Very Rev. Father Villiger, S. J.

It was the duty of the Provincial to pay a special visit each year to every one of the houses and churches under his care, during which he was to make a minute examination of everything pertaining to them; if there were any need, he could visit any of them oftener.

Just as we have seen how he pushed to completion the handsome church of St. Aloysius in Washington, so also during his term of office he pushed to completion a greater work in a distant city, Boston. Father John McElroy, who had been there since 1848 and had won non-Catholics as well as Catholics by his uprightness, zeal and goodness, had already been commissioned by his Superior, Father Villiger's predecessor, to procure ground for the erection of a new church and college. The lot which he first bought had to be relinquished, on account of the bigotry which was aroused when the character of the buildings to be

erected on it was made known. A more suitable lot, however, was obtained in the south end of Boston, and on it, about the time Father Villiger became Provincial, the corner-stone of the new church was laid, and near it the college was to be built.

Both buildings were completed in less than three years, and during Father Villiger's term of office; and they were the greatest work undertaken in the line of building by the Society of Jesus until this time in the United States, and gave the example and stimulus for other structures since erected in the East and West.

The church was unquestionably the finest in New England, and its opening and dedication was an important event in Boston. The city had never beheld a religious celebration so well attended. The new church, its dimensions, architecture, decorations, etc., were the common topic of conversation; and a constant stream of visitors poured in whenever the doors were open.

A very heavy debt was contracted which for a time made the Fathers feel alarmed; but it was paid in the course of some years with wonderful success through the efforts of Fathers McElroy, Bapst and Welch, aided by the cheerfulness and generosity of the people, and no

doubt by God's benign Providence. Even non-Catholics concurred, and a Protestant gentleman signified his desire that the debt on the church should be paid, and offered to lead with a subscription of a thousand dollars. When the college building was completed, in the summer of 1860, Father Villiger was unable to apply it to its proper purpose, the education of the secular youth of Boston, and this for various reasons, particularly because he had not sufficient Fathers and scholastics. Thus he accomplished one of his most important works by establishing there for a few years a seminary in which the young men of the Society of Jesus from the whole of the United States and Canada might pursue their higher studies of philosophy and theology.

The Society has as one of its prominent functions that of conducting colleges for the higher education of youth; and to fulfil this function it must be a body of learned men. Accordingly, the young Jesuit goes through a long and thorough course of studies, which, when it is followed in its fulness, includes three years of philosophy, natural science and mathematics, and four years of theology.

For three years Boston College was occupied by nearly fifty scholastics, engaged in various

parts of their course of study, under the direction of learned Fathers of the order as professors. One of the professors of theology there for a while was Right Rev. Michael O'Connor, S. J., a very learned man, who had been Bishop of Pittsburg, but just before the Civil War, with the Pope's permission, laid down his mitre and became a simple Jesuit priest, during Father Villiger's term of office.

People who know Boston and remember the opening of Boston College as a temporary Jesuit seminary, together with the completion of the adjacent Church of the Immaculate Conception and the beginning of divine service in it, will perhaps see that a new era of progress in Catholicity was introduced in the New England Metropolis by those works in which Father Villiger had a prominent share.

Before that time the standing of Catholics there was not high; they were poor in worldly means, had much prejudice against them to contend with, and could not hold their heads high nor assert themselves sufficiently to command the respect of the cultivated people of the Athens of America. They had not many churches, and these were for the most part unattractive. The bishop's congregation of the cathe-

dral had not even a temporary church edifice, but were obliged on Sunday to hear Mass in a small theatre on the fashionable business street.

At this time sprung up this Jesuit university; and the talent and culture of its young men, the profound learning of the professors and the blameless life of all could not fail to shed a light to which the keen eyes of the people of Boston would not be shut. Then, in the church, the services through the year and all its various festivals were conducted with all the beauty and dignity of the Catholic ritual; and the truths of religion were explained and preached in a becoming and able manner from the pulpit. On great feasts such as Easter and Christmas, the Church was crowded to repletion, half of those present being probably non-Catholics, who were respectful, and no doubt went away edified. Soon a mission was given in the large and handsome Church, conducted especially by Father Bernard Maguire; and during his discourse each evening a vast audience, of those outside of our Faith as well as Catholics, were captivated and swayed by his peerless eloquence.

This Jesuit seminary lasted three years; now it has successors in different parts of the country, the chief of which is Woodstock College

in Maryland. And thoughtful onlookers, we say, would be convinced that the work in that Boston Jesuit seminary and the adjoining Church of the Immaculate Conception gave the impulse which hastened very much the present prosperous condition of Catholicity in Boston, which is so immeasurably in advance of that of 1860.

The college was opened for secular students in 1864, has grown to be a great college, with more than three hundred students in 1904, and during the forty years of its life has filled Boston with its educated and cultivated alumni.

Father Villiger, during the first year of the work which he had inaugurated in Boston as Provincial, was relieved of the responsibility of this office; but a new responsibility was immediately laid on his shoulders by his Superior General, that of Superior of the Jesuits in California.

He resigned his power into the hands of his successor, Father Angelo Paresce, April the nineteenth, 1861, at Loyola College, Baltimore, to which he had moved the residence of the Provincial one or two years previously. It was the day on which, by a singular coincidence, the first blood of the Civil War was shed, and in that same city.

*Father Villiger Superior of the Jesuit Mission
in California.*

Immediately after resigning his office of Provincial, he started for California. By a providential inspiration he took the last train from Baltimore to New York that proceeded North for some time, as great excitement prevailed on account of the beginning of war, railroad bridges were destroyed, the tracks torn up and the trains recently coming South had been fiercely assailed. As there was no railroad across the continent at that time, he was obliged to go by steamer from New York to Colon on the Isthmus of Panama.

There were nearly a thousand passengers on board; and Father Villiger told how, in passing the stormy waters near Cape Hatteras, the greater number became sea-sick. He did not say whether he had to bear the painful affliction himself; but it is to be presumed that he had, as on other occasions he took care to state his exemption. The steamer arrived at Colon on the first of May, 1861, and the passengers were immediately transported forty-seven miles across the Isthmus to the Pacific. The steamer which was to bear them to San Francisco was anchored two miles from

the shore, and the rain fell in torrents while they were taken to it in boats.

The human freight which was being borne on the Pacific to the land of Eldorado, as California was then considered to be in the vividness of fancy, was very miscellaneous. There were many officers of the Government, there were merchants, and there were many hoping to amass fortunes in the gold mines; they were of every religion and of no religion.

A man such as Father Villiger would naturally attract attention among this floating assemblage; and in fact some of the prominent gentlemen, non-Catholics, came to him and requested him to preach to them on Sundays. He at first excused himself, as he said he feared his religious convictions were not acceptable to many on board. They then went around among the passengers, and returned to him with the announcement that all wished to hear him; so he consented to address them. On one Sunday he preached to them on the importance of saving one's soul even in California. On another Sunday he preached on the need of practising patience, and the advantages attendant on it; and this sermon singularly furnished an illustration of the adage of pouring oil on troubled waters. Many complaints had

been made about the fare furnished the passengers, and the natural moral of the sermon would be that this trouble should be borne with patience. The cooks, however, took it to themselves and the kitchen gave better satisfaction afterward, as some of the gentlemen with a laugh announced to Father Villiger. Then there was a death on board, and on a Sunday after it he preached on the certainty of death, as he could do in an impressive manner. Finally he was asked to give a lecture to the passengers on the Jesuits, and he did so—explaining what the Jesuits were and what they were not, and describing the lengthy training they underwent.

An incident of this voyage on the Pacific illustrates Father Villiger's keen observation of men and things, also his perception of the ludicrous and his readiness for humor. There was a number of Jews on board, and once he saw one of them of some distinction, with his wife, seated opposite to him at table. Between him and them was a dish of excellent sliced ham, very tempting. As the Jews consider this a forbidden dish, in accordance with the Old Testament, he was watching with interest the action of the couple opposite. After an interval of suspense, the fork of the husband was advanced toward the ham, and he

helped himself and his lady; and both of them partook of it with a relish. Father Villiger also partook of it with enjoyment. After dinner, when on deck, he met the Hebrew gentleman and addressed him with the remark: "Was not that excellent ham we had at table to-day?" To which he replied that it was very fine indeed. Then our Father told him he was very glad to see that he partook of it freely and enjoyed it without any scruple. It was true, he said, that it was forbidden by the law of Israel; but that was for the time of the Old Testament, and was no longer binding in our day. Pork was considered unhealthy in the Eastern countries, but not in this country, and good ham is very wholesome food. "I am very glad to hear that from you," said the gentleman addressed, as if it relieved him of trouble and lifted a great weight from his conscience; and he became very friendly and pleasant. Father Villiger afterward met him in San Francisco and always received a friendly and warm greeting with an invitation to dinner; and he believed that it was through this gentleman's influence a number of Jewish students subsequently came to Santa Clara College of which he had charge.

The Jesuit Mission in California dates back to

1849, when Fathers Accolti and Nobili, Italians, arrived in San Francisco; it was formally established in 1854 as a Mission dependent on the Italian Province of Turin. Santa Clara College, with a church adjoining, was begun in March, 1851. In San Francisco a frame church was completed and dedicated, and a school opened in connection with it, in 1855.

Father Villiger arrived in San Francisco on the nineteenth of May, 1861, the eve of Whitsunday, after a voyage of less than three weeks on the Pacific. He took great interest in observing this romantic chief city of the Golden State, built as it was upon a number of steep hills which afforded a variety of beautiful views, and from the highest of which the booming of the waves of the sea could be heard during the whole day on account of the landward breezes.

After remaining long enough to satisfy his desire of seeing the city, he started for Santa Clara College, forty-seven miles south of San Francisco, of which he was to be Rector, and where his residence was to be. As there was then no railroad to that place, he went forty-one miles by steamboat and the remaining six miles by carriage over a road covered by five or six inches

of dust, as he recalled afterward, on account of the entire dearth of rain from April to November.

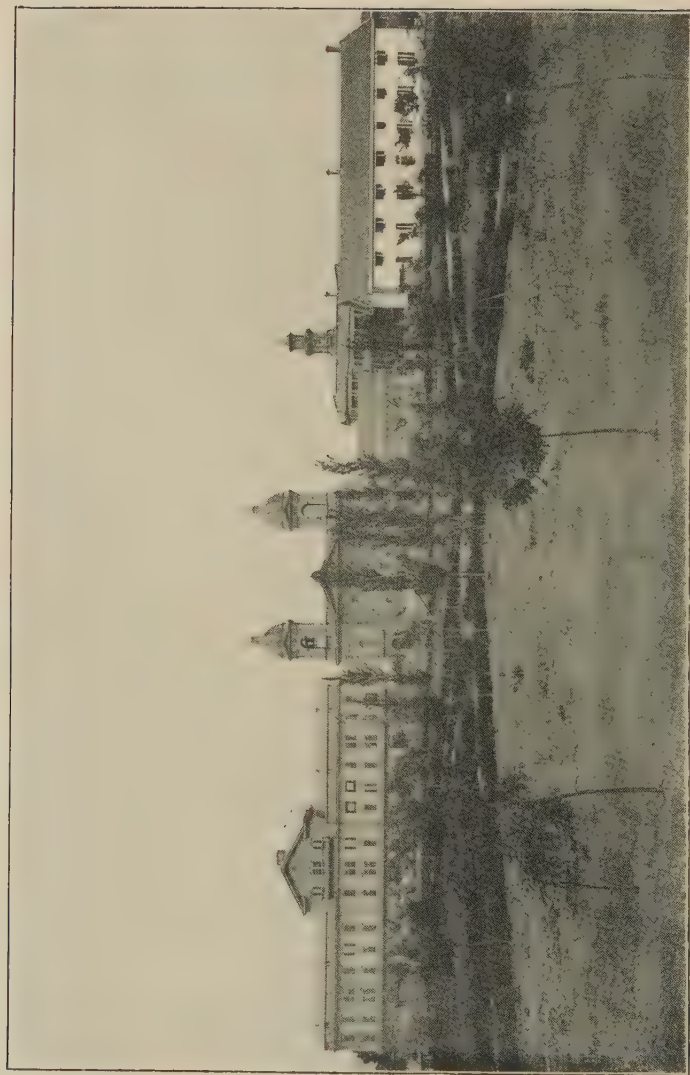
When he entered the college gate and passed the high fence in front of it, he was surprised to see two companies of college cadets, on the right and the left, in their neat uniform and with their guns, waiting to salute him on arriving; and before he could recover from his surprise, their band thundered forth a lively musical welcome. After listening to a brief address and receiving the usual greetings from the faculty and students, he gave all a holiday; and the Fathers told him afterward of the verdict passed on him by the boys, that if his interior was as good as his external appearance and action, he was all right!

The college was an old decaying Francisco monastery, built of adobe or sun-dried bricks, one story in height and having a tiled roof. However, it had won considerable favor and attracted students, because the Jesuit Fathers were known to be upright, pious and exemplary in their lives, and at the same time eminent in learning, even in the up-to-date natural sciences, particularly in the chemistry so much demanded then in California for the exact analysis of gold or silver ores or any valuable mineral.

Father Villiger found, however, that they were

burdened with a debt of thirty-five thousand dollars, whose interest they were barely able to pay, while they were entirely helpless as to reducing in the least the principal. He took some time to find out the true state of things and all the circumstances, and the admirable fitness of the location for a great college; and having learned that two new railroads would soon pass within three or four blocks of the place, which would serve to carry its fame afar, he one day said to the Fathers in his peculiar spirit of bold enterprise: "We shall never be able to pay our debts, unless we first run deeper into debt and give the College a becoming external appearance." They all agreed with him, without a dissent, and immediately plans for buildings were called for and contracts entered into. A great number of workmen were employed, and the work of construction was pushed on as rapidly as possible. When the buildings were completed, they astonished the people of the town of Santa Clara and attracted the attention of travellers by the railroads, who advertised the College far and wide.

The first building erected by Father Villiger was two hundred feet in length and over forty feet in width, three stories in height, with a central portion of four stories containing an elegant



SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA.

clock. He then erected another one and then another, quite as large if not larger. For the series of improvements not only material but spiritual which he began, his name has ever since been held in benediction.

The College was placed under the special patronage of Saint Joseph and an altar, with a lamp burning before it, was erected in his honor. The students began the practice of reciting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin every Saturday. Devotion to Saint Aloysius was greatly augmented, and another new altar was erected in honor of the Sacred Heart. More than forty years have since passed, and Santa Clara College has grown in age and usefulness and prestige; and it has sent forth an army of alumni who wield everywhere the influence given by a sound collegiate education, guided and ennobled by Christian Faith. In May and June, 1901, it celebrated its golden jubilee of fifty years of existence, which was a great solemnity and attracted wide-spread attention on the Pacific coast.

When Father Villiger arrived, the Fathers had but a frame church and house in San Francisco, on Market Street, in the midst of sand hills, to which approach was difficult even in a carriage, on account of the quantity of sand. Guided by his

business tact and foresight, he directed the Father in charge of the finances to buy the adjoining ground as far as the next street, thus doubling the extent of their land. A few days after the purchase its value increased twenty-five cents the square foot, and continued increasing until it was sold years afterward.

As the poor church and shanty which the Fathers had used until then were at once unworthy of a great college and unfit to accommodate the crowds who flocked thither for spiritual and secular instruction, he erected a new church and college, which were fine buildings for that period of the city's history. The Fathers now have a large and handsome church and college in another part of the city, whose erection cost a large sum of money; and this expense was to a great extent met by the proceeds of the sale of the old property on Market Street, in the valuable business section of the city.

In March, 1865, Father Villiger ceased to be Rector of Santa Clara College and Superior of the California Mission, and he was appointed Rector of the college and church in San Francisco—a position which he occupied for the remainder of his stay on the Pacific Coast.

While in California he gave spiritual retreats

to the priests of one diocese or another, assembled together; and he took a prominent part in a number of very successful missions to the people. In his last year he preached all through Lent and on each day of the Month of May, to crowded congregations of people in the church. One of the Fathers in California who knew Father Villiger when he was there, has written the following about him:

Personally, I remember Father Villiger as a most kind-hearted and sympathetic man, a preacher of marked ability and power and of conscientious care in preparing his sermons. He once gave me several of his sermons to copy for him; and that is how I know, together with my memory of his actual self-possession in the pulpit, that he gave great care to his preaching.

When Rector of St. Ignatius' in San Francisco, 1865 and the following year—when he was recalled to his own Province of Maryland—he used to take frequent walks over the hills of San Francisco, having as his companion most of the time one of the scholastics.

I may say in conclusion that all of us out here who knew Rev. Father Villiger, retain most affectionate memories of him, as a wise and prudent superior and father and a most regular and exemplary religious.

At length, after nearly six years of serious labor and with health somewhat broken, he was called back to the East by his Superiors. He left the Eldorado State November the nineteenth,

1866, and arrived in New York December the seventh, whence he returned to Baltimore, which had been his home before he went to the Pacific, and where he remained now a couple of months to recuperate his health.

Father Villiger Pastor at Conewago in Pennsylvania.

In the beginning of February, 1867, he was sent to be parish priest at Conewago, in Pennsylvania, near the Maryland line, and about twelve miles from Gettysburg, which had recently become so famous on account of the historic battle. Conewago was the seat of an old Jesuit mission dating back far into the eighteenth century, during which it was the base from which the priest did missionary work for the spiritual good of souls through a large field in Western Pennsylvania, Maryland and even Virginia.

The large church and residence there, of which Father Villiger now receives charge, were situated on an eminence, from which was an extensive view of pleasant rural scenery as far as the Blue Ridge Mountains on the western horizon, with their gorgeous sunsets in favorable atmospheric conditions. Father Villiger had three Fathers with him, and they attended to the spiritual wants



FATHER VILLIGER IN MIDDLE LIFE.

also of McSherrystown, one mile distant, Hanover three miles away, and indeed of all the surrounding country—the same field now giving occupation to a dozen or more diocesan priests.

He was gratified in remembering afterward that during his stay at Conewago he had established Catholic schools for boys and girls at five different places. This he regarded as the best means to preserve faith and good morals; because thus the children in their impressible years were taught the catechism daily and listened to weekly instructions on Christian doctrine by one of the Fathers, and they were thus imbued with the saving truths of religion, while they were also easily led to the blessed practice of monthly confession.

He was removed from Conewago about the middle of March, 1868, as his Superiors wished to place him in a more important field of labor. One of his parishioners whom he now left, has written the following about him:

He was much loved here in his pastorate of fourteen months, 1867-1868. He was a splendid manager, and made himself all to all. He was opposed to long prayers—saying that people's devotion wore out when taxed too much. He established the parochial schools in the parish, and was one of the greatest advocates of Christian education: two school-houses, one at Irishtown, the other at Mount Rock,

were erected under his direction, and were cleared of debt. He was sent here to build up in health—his nervous system having been run down; we could not hope to keep so great and useful a man, and when his health was quite restored, he was taken from us, regretted by the entire congregation. In 1887 he was invited to deliver the sermon at the celebration of the centennial of our present church. The church was crowded that day—even the aisles; and his discourse was most beautiful and profound. After he was made Instructor of the Fathers at Frederick, he spent some weeks here during the Lenten season, and gave a course of lectures on his travels in Palestine; they were charming and entertaining, and his descriptions of the Holy Places were so realistic that you would imagine you saw them.

What is said above against long prayers is not meant at all to discredit the practice incumbent on all Christians of earnest and persevering prayer. Father Villiger probably intended to say that Christians in the midst of the world should not allow long and tiresome prayers to make them neglect their temporal duties required for themselves and their families, but should rather elevate these duties by doing them to please God, and thus making them equivalent to prayers in merit.

And now we find our Father on the eve of being transferred to the scene of the chief work of his life, the city of William Penn, the City of Brotherly Love.

CHAPTER IV.

*Father Villiger Founder of the Gesu Parish,
Philadelphia, and President of
St. Joseph's College.*

1868—1892.

Old St. Joseph's Church and College.



PHILADELPHIA received the ministrations of priests and the benefits of our Holy Religion sooner than New York or Boston, although those and other northern cities have now a much larger proportion of Catholics. This good fortune of Philadelphia came from its proximity to Maryland, "The Land of the Sanctuary," the first home of Catholicity in the United States, the State whose chief city was the see of our first bishop.

The spread of our Faith in Philadelphia and indeed through the surrounding country for hundreds of miles is to be traced to old St. Joseph's Church on Willing's Alley between Third and Fourth Streets, now surrounded and

hidden from view by large buildings and, as Mr. M. I. J. Griffin says, "almost sealed from the busy world surrounding it, as if God made Mammon preserve it as a sanctuary of Faith." The late Archbishop Wood said of it that "the recollection of the services which this church has given to religion is embalmed in the hearts of all."

Its congregation is the oldest Catholic congregation north of the Susquehanna River. The first church, on the site of the present edifice, though much smaller, was built and dedicated to Divine Service in 1732, by Rev. Joseph Greateon, S. J.; so that in it Catholic worship took place more than forty years before the Declaration of Independence was made on the neighboring Chestnut Street.

Father Leonard Neale left St. Joseph's in 1799 to become President of Georgetown College, District of Columbia, and after another year to be consecrated Coadjutor to Bishop Carroll; and after his departure the old church and parish ceased for a generation to be in the charge of the Society of Jesus. It was restored to the Sons of Saint Ignatius by Bishop F. P. Kenrick in 1833; and a few years later began the long term of devoted priestly ministry, more than thirty years, of Father Felix Barbelin, deservedly styled the

"Apostle of Philadelphia," whose memory is still gratefully and affectionately cherished by the elderly ones.

As the Society of Jesus has for one of its primary purposes to conduct colleges for imparting to youth the higher education, imbued with religion, it strives when feasible to have a college attached to each of its churches, especially in cities. At length in 1851 the fulness of time seemed to have come when this plan ought to be carried out for St. Joseph's, in a city which seemed to offer so good a field for a Catholic College. Accordingly, in September of that year, St. Joseph's College was opened on Willing's Alley, in the building adjoining the Church, with Father Villiger as immediate director of studies, under Father Barbelin as Superior. Rev. Edward Sourin, Pastor of St. John's Church, on Thirteenth Street, near Chestnut, and Vicar-General, having embraced the religious life by entering the Society of Jesus, in November, 1855, St. John's Church was then given in charge to that order, and Father James Ryder, S. J., was made Pastor.

The following year the College was transferred to the building on the northeast corner of Juniper and Filbert Streets, near St. John's,

and Father Ryder became its President. He had already been Provincial of his order and President of Georgetown College, District of Columbia, and Holy Cross College in Massachusetts. Father James Ward, S. J., became Rector of St. John's Church and of the College at Juniper and Filbert in August, 1857. During his presidency the professor of classics and belles-lettres at the College was Father Alexander Hitselberger, S. J., an eloquent preacher and cultivated literary and classical scholar. He had been professor to Cardinal McCloskey when the latter was a student at Mount St. Mary's College, Maryland; and later, when Father Hitselberger was a secular priest of two-score years and ten, he entered the Society of Jesus.

During Father Ward's administration an untoward event in the history of St. Joseph's College happened, which was a notable check to its career. As the Italian Father-Visitor, S. J., required the Provincial to apply for the title deeds of St. John's Church, it was decided the Jesuits should relinquish that Church; and Father Ward, in 1860, resigned it into the hands of the Bishop. The nearby building at Juniper and Filbert was given up at the same time, and St. Joseph's College was transferred again to the old quarters in

Willing's Alley. It had already won great credit and repute on account of its excellent course of studies and the select character of its students. Many of these in maturity became prominent or distinguished in various lines of business or in professional life; one of them is the esteemed Bishop of Cleveland, Right Rev. Ignatius Horstmann, D. D.

The College, after being transferred again to Willing's Alley, was not so prosperous. The number of students was less, some years very small; though there was always a smaller or larger number, and the charter was always retained until the new St. Joseph's College, as may be said by anticipation, was formally opened by Father Villiger in September, 1889, in the building adjoining the Church of the Gesu. The location on Willing's Alley was far from being central; many persons had moved to other parts and left their houses to be used for business purposes. The house was too small and the ground attached to it too contracted; and the place was rendered insalubrious because the high buildings around shut out light and air. Accordingly, the Jesuit Fathers soon desired, and none more ardently than the zealous Father Barbelin, to accomplish the acquisition of a larger lot of ground

in a more suitable location, on which a new church and college should be built. Right Rev. Bishop Wood sanctioned this desire and entered cordially into the proposal, as may be seen from the following letter from him to the Very Rev. Provincial:

PHILADELPHIA, September 29, 1866.

Very Rev. Angelo Paresce, Provincial S. J.

Very Rev. dear Father: I called at St. Joseph's this morning, expecting to find your Paternity here, and intending to communicate our acquiescence in your proposed purchase, Stiles, Thompson, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets. As you seemed to think that more or less prompt action was required, I have thought it well to make known to your Paternity our approbation, that you may immediately proceed to secure the lot. I am very sincerely and respectfully

Your obedient servant in Christ,

JAMES F. WOOD,
Bishop of Philadelphia.

The lot here mentioned was two or three miles northwest of the old shrine on Willing's Alley, in the highest section of the city, a short distance from the spacious grounds of Girard College, in a neighborhood as yet sparsely built up at that time, but with the expectation, since realized, that it would be before long covered with respectable

streets and residences. The lot was quadrangular, bounded by the four streets, being three hundred and ninety-five feet on Thompson and Stiles Streets and two hundred and fifty-nine feet on Seventeenth and Eighteenth. It was purchased November the twentieth, 1866, for the sum of forty-five thousand dollars.

Father Villiger comes to Philadelphia.

More than a year passed and no improvement was made on it; fifteen thousand dollars, however, of the debt incurred by its purchase was paid through the voluntary contributions of generous persons, and in March, 1868, Father Villiger was sent by his Superiors to take charge of the new undertaking. He came, as he said afterwards, with nothing to rely on but the merciful Providence of God, without money or means, with a debt of thirty thousand dollars, and with difficulties presenting themselves on every side, which he thought a sure sign that the powers of darkness were not pleased with his project—and perhaps he was encouraged at the thought. He was now to be the great priest among the people, in Philadelphia, for a quarter of a century. The humble and devoted Father Barbelin, however,

must not be forgotten here. He lived yet for more than a year at the other end of the city, at old St. Joseph's, until his death, in June, 1869, came like a personal bereavement to many thousands of people whom he had loved and for whom he had lived. His heart was in the new church and college of the future quite as much as Father Villiger's, and he had labored diligently by his influence to collect the funds required.

Father Villiger's charge now was to make a beginning of the erection on his spacious lot of a new church and college worthy of the second city in the Union. He began modestly by putting up a chapel or temporary church at the corner of Seventeenth and Stiles Streets, with a front of sixty feet on Seventeenth and a depth of a hundred and four on Stiles; also a two-story and mansard residence for the Fathers adjoining it on Stiles Street.

Having made the necessary contracts, he laid the corner-stone June twenty-fourth, 1868, in a private and quiet manner, with a simple ceremony, the sprinkling of holy water and the pronouncing of prayers. The architect of the structure was Edwin F. Durang, Esq., of Philadelphia. The work of building was pushed on with rapidity, and the chapel and residence were completed in



FIRST AND TEMPORARY CHURCH OF THE GESU WITH RESIDENCE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

substantial and handsome style in a little more than five months. Father Villiger in after years used to tell with a pleasant smile, how, as the date appointed for the dedication, December sixth, 1868, approached, many friends told him it would be impossible to have the temporary church ready by that time, but he politely dissented and persisted in his resolution that it should be ready.

One very tangible motive that urged him in this haste, was his desire to collect in advance the first quarter's pew rents, in order to meet obligations of paying interest which would be due just then. Through almost superhuman efforts on his part, his desire was realized, and on Sunday, December sixth, the second Sunday of Advent, the chapel was opened to the people, and the services of dedication took place. The *Catholic Standard* newspaper of the city, in its next issue of December twelfth, 1868, announced the event as follows:

The chapel of the new St. Joseph's College, on Seventeenth Street above Girard Avenue, was opened on Sunday morning last and solemnly blessed by Right Rev. Bishop Wood, assisted by the Pastor, Rev. B. Villiger, S. J., as assistant priest. There was a congregation of over twelve hundred persons present, who were admitted by tickets gratuitously furnished by the Pastor; and the spacious chapel presented a neat and especially brilliant appearance. The sanctuary was especially beautiful and

attractive, the floor and steps being covered with carpet of the most elegant and costly pattern,—a present of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Edwards,—and the main altar being magnificently illuminated and otherwise decorated.

The sanctuary was pronounced one of the handsomest in Philadelphia. The pews, nearly two hundred in number, were of fine walnut, neat in construction, commodious and comfortable; and Father Villiger's zealous desire for the material means of carrying on his work was gratified, as they were nearly all soon rented at remunerative figures.

The ceremony of dedicating and blessing the chapel was over at eleven o'clock, and then Solemn High Mass was immediately begun by Father Villiger. Right Rev. Bishop Wood was attended by Very Rev. M. A. Walsh, V. G., Rev. C. I. Carter, V. G., and Rev. Ignatius Horstmann, D. D. Among the other clergymen present were Rev. P. J. Blenkinsop, S. J., Rev. Mark Crane, O. S. A., and the venerable Father Barbelin.

At the conclusion of the Mass, Right Rev. Bishop Wood made a brief address, saying "that at this period of the Holy Sacrifice the response was, '*Deo Gratias*' (Thanks be to God); and with what eminent propriety might not that response be given on this auspicious occasion, which was

but the beginning, not the completion, of a great work. This chapel had not been dedicated, but simply blessed, that Mass might be celebrated in it." He referred to the necessities of having a place of worship in this locality, and the steps which he himself took some six or seven years since to accomplish such a result. He alluded to exertion of the past and accomplishment of the future, when would be erected here a handsome college, probably a university, which would tend to further the glory of God and the advancement of religion. He repeated the wish he had expressed on first entering the beautiful building in company with its Reverend Pastor, that the blessing of the Lord might rest upon it, and that continued spiritual graces might be received from it.

That the chapel was merely blessed, as the Bishop said, not consecrated or dedicated, happened because it was only temporary, and was to be altered so as to form a part of the college, when the new church should be built. Yet it was in this building, known for seven years as the Church of the Holy Family, and then as the Gesu Church, that Father Villiger for more than twenty years labored most zealously for his flock. No wonder that the older ones cherish its re-

membrance devotedly. It was from it as a centre that he organized the present important Parish of the Gesù, and labored to ground its people firmly in their holy Faith and its practice, that they might transmit the precious gift pure and warm to their descendants. It was in it that he gave the older ones new spiritual strength against their varied temptations, and trained the young from their tender years in sincere faith, in love of religion, in innocence and virtue, so that, like the young tree, they should grow straight toward Heaven.

Many anecdotes are told that illustrate his greatness and largeness of character, his supreme tact and his special individuality and originality. When he first came to Seventeenth and Stiles the children of the neighborhood did not understand him, and as he passed along the street, they would run after him and make fun of him. He may have been going on an urgent sick call, or in search of a stray sheep, or to meet a grave money obligation, or to remove some grave difficulty in the way of his work; and these serious cares would cause him serious thoughts and draw his attention from the light-hearted children on his path. But when he noticed their opposition and dislike, he soon found means to conciliate them.

Henceforth he carried in his pocket candies and other little presents for them, while he would dispense to them with a kind word or a jest; and he thus before long became their special friend and idol. Indeed he came to be regarded as the children's favorite to such an extent that grown persons who wished to be introduced to him would bring children along with them and make his acquaintance through them. Once as he passed along, a little boy hailed him and asked if he could rent him the upper story of his hat. Father Villiger, instead of becoming angry or treating him with silent neglect, stopped and smiled on him, and with some pleasant remark affectionately took the little fellow's head in his hands and held it. The result was that the little boy, who was not a Catholic, afterward came to the Church, and not wishing to trouble Father Villiger, asked for one of the other Fathers, that he might become a Catholic; and he was instructed and baptized.

Father Villiger was a man of unruffled temper, calm and even in manner. One who lived with him for years and had occasion to observe him closely, has said that he never once saw him excited or angry or out of temper, although he often saw him sorely tried by rough and unreasonable

people, or by accidents, difficulties or mishaps of various kinds.

A timely joke or witticism is sometimes better than long argument, and he possessed the resource of wit and humor. In those days the city water of Philadelphia was notoriously bad. Once he went to the offices of the water department to pay for his water supply at the proper time, and when he received his receipt, he remarked in his bland, smiling way that it was very good water, excellent water. The city official with a modest expression acknowledged the compliment and was saying how gratified they were to know that their efforts to supply good water were successful, when Father Villiger interrupted him saying: "But I meant that the water supplied us is good, excellent, for purposes of *irrigation*!"

A priest, the Pastor of one of the adjacent parishes, once came to him to complain in a good-humored way that one of the Jesuit Fathers of the Gesu had been coming into the domain of his parish to exercise his priestly functions, contrary to propriety, as he thought. Father Villiger, with a smile and a peculiar twinkle of the eye, said to him: "It is really strange. Father C—— is a profound theologian, he is a learned philosopher, a fine literary and classical scholar, he is

well versed in history; but there is one thing he does not know, of which he is sadly ignorant—*geography!* It is very strange!" At which the visiting Pastor burst into a pleasant laugh, and had no more to say.

Father Villiger often showed that he possessed the wariness and cunning of the serpent; but in accordance with the advice of the Gospel, it was accompanied with the simplicity of the dove—uprightness of purpose and holy zeal. At times it would seem as if he had really kissed the proverbial Blarney Stone, so bland was he of speech and so lavish in his praise; but it was harmless and well understood by those who knew him.

He had a large Swiss frame and in it a large heart; he was large-minded, large in sympathy, of most reassuring cordiality—and his people thought there was no hand-shake so warm as his. But he won their confidence and attachment especially by his sincere zeal for their spiritual welfare and the unselfish way in which he labored for them faithfully for a quarter of a century, from early morning until night. He was in the confessional soon after five o'clock in the morning, and remained there until Mass at seven; and he returned after Mass to stay while any penitents were waiting. Frequently also in the afternoon

he spent many hours in the tribunal of penance, having given orders to the brother who attended the door, not to call him away unless in case of an urgent sick-call. At one time he would say Mass on Sunday morning at half-past four o'clock, for servant girls, in order that they might not displease their employers, but even after receiving Communion might be back in ample time to do their work. And then he was indefatigable in preaching. Even when he had a number of Fathers with him and he himself was approaching the term of three-score years and ten, still the burden of labor would naturally fall on him; as head and Superior he was more in demand—he was more able. He preached on Sunday morning; then regularly on Sunday evening to the young men. He would preach all through Lent, besides performing regularly the Stations of the Cross and going through the services of Holy Week. He had several novenas during the year in the church, to excite and nurture devotion—especially those before March twelfth, to Saint Francis Xavier, and before the Feast of the Sacred Heart in June; and during them he gave an instruction each day or evening to a congregation that filled the church. Then he performed

the devotions of the Month of May faithfully and gave an instruction each evening.

He had received the full education of a Jesuit in classics, rhetoric, science, philosophy and theology, and was, therefore, a learned priest; and his education was shown in his preaching, for he was a most attractive and effective preacher. He was not and probably did not wish to be a brilliant orator; and though he spoke English fluently and with but little foreign accent, still it was not his native tongue and he had not always the precision and the propriety of language of a cultivated native. But he was just such a preacher as to win the attention of his people and make them wiser and better. In the first place his sermons were short, and thus avoided the evil of being tiresome. They were simple in style, earnest, from the heart—and he clearly meant what he said. They were directed to the minds and hearts of his people—not to the air; and they reached their destination because they were so planned and delivered as to interest. They were practical and to the point, suited to the spiritual needs of his hearers and always directed to move or instruct in a definite line; they were enforced with apt illustration, and filled with animation and spirit. Anyone who under-

stood the art of rhetoric, would see that Father Villiger's sermons were the result of the best art, which, however, had grown to be natural and showed its highest effect in concealing itself from common eyes. An examination of his papers after his death gave evidence, to his great credit, that he had always been diligent in preparing his sermons and discourses.

Those who knew him through his years in Philadelphia, consider him to have been a worker of wonders; but to say nothing of other matters, he certainly showed this in his success in paying the large debts which he incurred. The undertakings which he began and completed for the good of religion, required necessarily the outlay of large sums of money; and to obtain these he had to depend on the voluntary contributions of the people,—after the Providence of God,—on which he unfailingly relied. He once said to a Jesuit Father visiting him who was much interested in his work and wondered how he obtained the necessary means, that when he was in need of funds he said to the Lord in his heart, with simple faith, that his undertakings were for His service and glory, and therefore he expected His Divine help for their accomplishment.

When only the temporary church was com-

pleted, in December, 1868, with a modest residence adjoining for a few Fathers, deducting the contributions made, he had a debt of over seventy-five thousand dollars, at 6 per cent. interest, to be paid in half-yearly instalments. By the end of 1870, this debt had been lessened by seven thousand dollars, and in 1871 more than eight thousand dollars were paid off. This latter year there were two thousand communicants in the parish.

In June the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pius the Ninth as Pope was celebrated with great solemnity, the church being beautifully decorated and illuminated; and the crowd that came from every part of the city was so great that if the building were four times its actual size, it could not contain them.

Early in 1869 the sodality of the Blessed Virgin and the confraternity of *Bona Mors* were formed; also a Sanctuary Society was founded, with a contribution of ten cents a month from each member, amounting to no less than one hundred dollars each month—with which many beautiful articles for the altar and sanctuary were procured. In 1872 the debt was lessened by twelve thousand dollars.

Father Villiger had felt for some time the

need of establishing a parochial school, in order that the children might be removed from the evil influences of the public schools, resulting from the absence of religion in them; and since June, 1870, he had been making quarterly collections in the church for that purpose.

At length early in 1873 he purchased for fourteen thousand dollars a lot one hundred and forty by eighty feet, on the southwest corner of Seventeenth and Stiles Streets, opposite the present college, on which he erected a large school building of three stories and basement—the highest story being a large hall. At first he built only the basement and roofed it temporarily, at a cost of twenty-one thousand dollars; and this sum, together with the cost of the lot, was paid off by the end of 1874. He says in the diary of the church for 1874: "For three years we have been hard at work in realizing that amount of money by several fairs, lectures, concerts, festivals, excursions, collections in the church, and also by the contributions of our church-building association. We shall continue the same means, to secure forty thousand dollars more, which are required to complete the whole building in a creditable manner, and to supply it with suitable school furniture."

The building was completed five years later, in 1879. Also during 1873 and 1874 nearly fourteen thousand dollars of the debt on the church were cleared away. He says in the diary: "During the past two years, on account of the basement building of our parish school, we had some difficulty in diminishing the debt on our church and residence; yet good luck and, above all, God's fatherly Providence allowed us to reduce it from forty-eight thousand dollars in the commencement of 1873, to the lower figure of thirty-four thousand, one hundred dollars,—that is, to clear away thirteen thousand nine hundred dollars in the two years 1873 and 1874. Thanks be to God!"

In the purchase of the lot for the parish school, Father Villiger had a curious instance of narrow prejudice then sometimes existing among honest Quakers. The ground belonged to persons of this persuasion, with whom a lawyer representing him negotiated for its purchase and made all necessary contracts. When the time came for renouncing formally the ownership in his favor and delivering the title deeds to a Catholic priest and a Jesuit, they were unwilling to do so, persisted firmly in their refusal, and at length compromised by transferring the property to the

lawyer. "We will give over the ownership to thee, not to him," they said.

Thus Father Villiger through long years continued making necessary improvements, in the field in which he was a pioneer, and for these he was obliged to run into debt; and then came the trouble and care of seeking money to pay the debts. Yet his people knew and said of him that he was not a beggar. That is to say, he was not persistent in an annoying way in asking for money; he did not make of the church a contrivance for money-getting.

He once addressed his assembled people somewhat in this wise: "I have such and such an improvement to make in our work for the good of religion, and it will cost so many hundreds or thousands of dollars; but I have not a cent to pay for it. Then this other needed improvement ought to be made, which would cost so many hundreds or thousands, and I have not a cent wherewith to undertake it. Then again, you see, this other improvement ought to be begun, for the good of your church and parish, and ought not to be deferred too long; but I must say candidly again that I have not a cent to apply to it." He said all this in a good-humored and confidential way, without pressing them any more.

In procuring the coin of Cæsar, he had always the higher things of God in view. After recording in the diary during one of his first years how he had paid off a goodly number of thousands, he concludes: "And may God grant us from His divine treasure of mercy, a sufficient atonement to cancel our debts before His infinite Justice!" He gave those who helped him generously according to their means, to understand that their contributions should not come from a desire to please him and win his favor, but from a desire to advance religion, to please God and lay up treasure in Heaven, "where no thief approacheth nor moth corrupteth."

In the midst of his zeal for material improvements and the pursuit of the means for making them, from the very beginning he remembered the claims of the poor, the needy and the orphans; and to provide for them he established in 1869 the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. They were to obtain means for their charitable work from the voluntary contributions at their regular meetings, from an occasional lecture delivered for their benefit, but generally by going from house to house to solicit alms for the poor.

These gentlemen of St. Vincent de Paul seemed to think that Father Villiger and the Jesuits with

him were among the poor; and indeed they had taken a perpetual vow of poverty, and were bound accordingly to a simple, not a sumptuous, manner of life. Their residence, besides, had empty rooms without furniture, and the two Fathers of the present were to have in the future considerable addition made to their number.

In the diary, at the end of 1870, Father Villiger has left the following graceful acknowledgment written: "We cannot conclude the record of the year without conveying to those of the future the knowledge of a generous and a charitable deed of the members of St. Vincent's Conference attached to this parish. Of their own accord they went from house to house, and collecting over five hundred dollars, purchased furniture with this sum of money and presented that furniture to our empty rooms, to give sufficient and comfortable accommodations for an increased number of Fathers and Brothers, and for the hospitable reception of travelling members of our Society."

He was a kind and fatherly Superior to all those living with him; but, as indicated in the above words, he also made it a point to show genuine hospitality to any fellow Jesuits visiting him, and he considered it a dictate of the law

of charity to extend a hearty welcome to them and make their stay most pleasant.

The Lay-Brothers, whose part was to attend to the manual work in the residence and church, shared in his paternal attention no less than the Fathers, and he remembered that they also had consecrated their lives to the service of God in the Society of Jesus, that the domestic and temporal work done by them was indispensable to the priests for the performance of their spiritual functions, and that several, as many as twenty, from among them were, as Saints, either canonized or beatified. He had great regard for their needs and feelings; and when he returned home after travelling, he would go and sit among them and tell them in minute detail about his interesting experiences—and this in preference to the Fathers, who, he supposed, had fuller means of learning the news.

Another evidence was given of his careful solicitude for his community when he always, in the spring and autumn, went to the room of each one, and asked if anything was needed in the line of underwear or any other clothing, which he immediately supplied. He remembered that each one had made a vow of poverty and could procure nothing for himself without his permission,

which he thus granted and relieved his subjects of the need of asking.

His Enterprise in Procuring Noteworthy Paintings.

Father Villiger had a keen appreciation of objects of sacred art and was anxious to have the means of procuring an ample supply of them for the new church and college. He was always on the watch for occasions on which such articles were offered at a low price; and the stations of the Cross now hanging in the Gesu Church, which are oil-paintings of very considerable merit, were obtained by him as a bargain. Several other valuable oil-paintings were also procured by his exertions, to beautify the church and enliven it with devotion.

There was one purchase, however, made by him, which he considered a special piece of good fortune and often afterward recalled and spoke of with satisfaction. About 1887 a Belgian Jesuit while travelling in Mexico, was agreeably surprised to come upon a number of old and valuable paintings which had belonged to the Jesuits of that country before they were suppressed in the eighteenth century. They were the work of Cabrera, styled the Mexican Rubens, and consisted of

eighteen life-size portraits of the Generals of the Society of Jesus from Saint Ignatius to Father Lawrence Ricci, a painting of our Lady of Guadalupe, the Mexican Madonna, and a head of Saint Francis Xaxier. There were also paintings of Saint Aloysius and Saint Stanislaus.

A competent art critic has declared the sacred paintings by Cabrera, which remain in Mexico, to be the wonder of America; and in particular, he says that the life of Saint Dominic as portrayed in the Dominican Convent and that of Saint Ignatius in the Professed House of the Society, are equal to similar more celebrated works in Florence and Pisa. Cabrera was also an architect and sculptor, and has been called the Michael Angelo of his country.

The paintings belonged to the old college of the Jesuits at Guanajuato and remained there until, at the suppression of the order, the church was taken by the Fathers of Saint Philip Neri and the college secularized by the government. Later, during or after the Mexican revolution of independence, the latter building having been partly occupied by soldiers, the paintings were some of them scattered and some more saved and preserved in the splendid church, the former property of the Society. Here in one of the towers

the Belgian Jesuit found them folded up and stowed away, and he immediately conceived the filial hope of restoring them to his order, as he was offered them for the sum of one thousand dollars—a clear bargain, as he saw.

Word being sent to the United States, when it reached Father Villiger, it appealed to his taste and appreciation, as might be supposed, and he promptly commissioned the Belgian Jesuit to purchase them for him at the stipulated price.

They were brought to Philadelphia in October, 1887, were afterward enclosed in neat frames and hung up in the corridors of the college when it was built; and they may be seen there now.

It is a well-known fact of history that in 1773 the Society of Jesus was disbanded or suppressed by an edict of Pope Clement the Fourteenth, driven to it almost in spite of himself by the wicked machinations of the Catholic courts of Europe. This edict, however, was formally revoked by his second successor, Pius the Seventh, who restored the Society with honor throughout the whole world; and his successors have since shown it many signal marks of esteem and commendation.

In 1767, six years before the general disbandment by the Pope's order, there were many

Jesuits in Mexico, over four hundred, laboring zealously for the good of souls and the correct education of the young, when at one fell blow their disinterested and salutary work was brought to an end, and they were all, from superiors to lay-brothers, old as well as young, the infirm as well as the healthy, ejected from their houses by the officers of the Spanish government, and then heartlessly driven from the country.

On June the twenty-fifth, 1767, by order of King Charles the Third of Spain, the announcement was first made to them that they would be expelled, and the officers of the government entered their houses as if they were criminals. By the following October they were all gathered into the citadel at Vera Cruz, from there they were transported to Havana, and after a few weeks sent across the Atlantic to Cadiz. They were not allowed to land on Spanish soil or to communicate with their friends there, but were taken, with permission of the French government, to Corsica and left there, with an allowance to each of one hundred dollars a year for their support, while the severest threats were made against all, if anyone should write in defence of the Society against the King.

In the same manner six thousand Jesuits had been expelled from Spain some months before as criminals and landed in the States of the Church, in Italy. However, no accusation had been made against the Society, and no cause given for their inhuman treatment except the despotic will of the King, Charles the Third.

As was afterward learned, the cause seems to have been that the King was shown by one of his ministers a *forged* letter from the General of the Society to a superior in Madrid, in which he was made to say that he had clear proofs of the illegitimacy of His Majesty, which would be made public in due time.*

The Mexican painter mentioned above, Cabrera, was an Indian and seems, perhaps for this reason, to have had some of the weakness of superstition. In his portrait of Father Ricci, the learned, refined, mild and saintly General during whose administration the terrible storm of suppression burst on the Society, he represents his seal as overturned on his desk, probably a sign of ill-luck analogous to an overturned salt-cellar.

* California and its Missions, by Bryan J. Clinch. 1904. Vol. I, Ch. X.

*Laying of the Corner-Stone and Building of the
Church of the Gesu.*

In our chronicle of the work of Father Villiger we have not yet come to the grand new church which is now so well known and cherished in Philadelphia. It was the object whose accomplishment was next in his thoughts and desires after he had completed in 1879 the parochial school for the necessary training of the young. A city journal of the autumn of 1879 says:

Among the most remarkable improvements to be made in this city in the near future, there is one which will be conspicuous over all the rest, and that one is the magnificent new church and college about to be erected on the plot of ground bounded by Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, Stiles and Thompson Streets. This large space was purchased ten years ago, when the northwestern section of the city was little better than a desert. The work of building the present Church of the Holy Family was entrusted to the Rev. B. Villiger, S. J., and he was soon able to point out the anomaly of having a church without a congregation to fill it. But that was the age of the greatest rapidity in the growth of the city. Houses were put up on every side, and the parish has grown until the church is now too small to accommodate the worshippers who flock to it. The time has come when the original design of the purchasers of this property must become an accomplished fact.

Ground was broken at Eighteenth and Stiles on the tenth of March, 1879, and then the foun-

dations of the future church were quietly laid, of massive masonry,—being from ten to twelve feet thick,—looking as if they could support any weight that might be placed on them. The Pastor perhaps had in mind the stability of the Alps of his native Switzerland.

The foundations being completed, it was at length announced that on Sunday, October the fifth, 1879, the feast of the Holy Rosary of our Lady, the corner-stone would be blessed and set in its place. The weather was entirely favorable, the appointed hour was three in the afternoon, and after dinner crowds could be seen converging from every part of the city to the spot which on that day was of special interest to all Catholics and to many non-Catholics.

It was estimated that there were twenty thousand people present, and the largest gathering of Catholics seen in the city for many years. All the adjacent streets were filled, and many who wished to see, crowded the windows of the neighboring houses and even occupied the roofs. Many Catholic societies from other churches marched in procession to the scene, headed by bands playing lively music, which still fell on the air even after they had arrived.

There was a platform for the clergy at the

southwest corner of the foundations, and over it hung many flags and banners; from a pole at one corner floated a magnificent sunburst on a green ground, significant perhaps of the fact that the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle and their children were the mainstay of Catholicity in the Quaker City as well as in other places in our country.

Soon after three o'clock the procession emerged from the pastoral residence and proceeded along Stiles Street to the platform; it consisted of a cross-bearer, altar boys, the Jesuits, Bishop James O'Connor of Omaha, Nebraska, who was to give the sermon, and lastly His Grace, Archbishop Wood. Rev. R. W. Brady, the Jesuit Provincial, was present, besides many priests of the Society and many other priests.

The preacher was the brother of another Bishop, Right Rev. Michael O'Connor, the first Bishop of Pittsburgh, who, after having worn the mitre seventeen years, laid it down voluntarily with the Pope's permission to become a simple priest of the Society of Jesus, in which he had died a holy death a few years before at Woodstock College in Maryland.

After some brief preliminary ceremonies, Bishop O'Connor addressed the immense multi-

tude from the platform. His text was from I Peter, 11, 6: "Wherefore it is said in the Scripture: Behold I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious: and he that shall believe in him, shall not be confounded."

After having spoken eloquently of the divine character of the Church of Christ, he said at length:

I cannot conclude without wishing you God-speed in the work in which you are engaged here and now. You have undertaken to build a church that will be a great ornament to this city of beautiful churches. Its erection and adornment will, I doubt not, be a labor of love for the Catholics of Philadelphia, not alone because of the honor it will give to God, but for reasons local and special to which I can only allude. You are under many obligations to the illustrious Society whose members are to minister in this place. Old St. Joseph's is justly regarded as the cradle of Catholicity in this city. Many of you were rocked in that cradle, and there first learned to know the face of your spiritual mother, the Church. Not a parish in Philadelphia, or perhaps in the Archdiocese, in which the memories of childhood or youth do not awaken in many hearts thoughts of that peaceful sanctuary. The merits of the men who there labored for your spiritual welfare are known to you. The fruit of their zeal is to be seen in the virtues for which the Catholics of Philadelphia have long been distinguished. A more extended field of labor is now opened to them by your Archbishop. With his consent they have undertaken the erection of this church, where their pastoral zeal will have a wider sphere than hitherto. Near and around the church will stand the

college and the schools, where the youth of this city will learn wisdom from the lips of the most enlightened teachers of the Catholic Church. I would not, even had I the time, attempt to urge its claims upon you, for I well know your ready and discriminating charity wherever the interests of religion are concerned. And the high and holy considerations that will lead you will be quickened by the memory of your beloved Father Barbelin, whose heart was in this work, whose fast days were spent in making preparations for it, and who is now praying for its success in Heaven.

When Bishop O'Connor had finished his excellent discourse, the procession of acolytes, priests and bishops started from the platform and made a circuit of the interior of the foundations, the Archbishop reciting in a clear voice the prescribed prayers at different points.

When the march around was completed, the corner-stone was blessed. It was a large dressed block of granite, five and a half feet square on its upper and lower surfaces, by two feet ten inches deep; it was suspended from a strong derrick, by means of which it was lowered to its place after it had been blessed. In its centre was cut a cavity, and in this was placed a strong metallic box enclosing various articles which might interest the people of the future who should open it after the church would fall to ruin—at a date, however, probably no earlier than the

coming of the proverbial New Zealander to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from a ruined arch of London Bridge.

The box contained various coins, medals and similar articles; a copy of the Bible, the Catholic Directory and Almanac, the *Public Ledger* Almanac, a list of all who had contributed to the building of the church, and a parchment containing a written record of the event of the day and its chief circumstances.

After the corner-stone was set in its place the procession of clerics again made the round of the foundations as before, and the Archbishop brought the ceremonies to a close by giving his blessing to the multitude when he had returned to the platform. Then the people quietly dispersed and carried home with them the memories of an eventful day.

After this initial event the building of the great church went on slowly; one, two, three—even nine full years passed before it was ready to be opened for divine service and dedicated. The reason of the delay was that a great amount of money was required, and Father Villiger's Superiors, no doubt wisely, withheld from him permission to go on with the work unless he had the means of paying the expenses. This neces-

sary delay must have been something of a trial to him; but he went on with his apostolic work in the temporary church on Seventeenth Street as zealously as before—hearing confessions in the merciful tribunal of Penance in the early morning and the evening, administering the other sacraments, preaching and instructing, answering all the calls of his people and succoring them in their troubles and needs. A daily newspaper of those years said of him:

Father Villiger is tall, stoutly built, and about sixty-nine years of age. His gray eyes twinkle merrily when he talks, and his benevolent-looking face inspires the most timid with confidence, and proclaims him to be what he is—a typical parish priest—the repository for the joys and sorrows of those committed to his care. His parish is a large one; and notwithstanding the fact that he has a large corps of assistants, his time is fully occupied in looking after his many duties as head of the parish. Nearly every visitor to the parochial residence asks for Father Villiger. He personally sees every caller who inquires for him, ascertains his business and, when practicable, refers the visitor to one of the assistant priests.

One who knew the Gesu parish at that time has said that the people preferred him as a preacher to Father Tom Burke, the noted Dominican orator, who some years before had enchained immense audiences throughout the length and

breadth of the country, and moved them to laughter or tears at his pleasure.

The diary of the church records how the crowds that came to the Lenten devotions on Wednesday and Friday evenings was so great that the church could not accommodate all. It was filled also to overflowing at the novenas in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in June, in honor of Saint Francis Xavier in March and Saint Ignatius in July. On each of the evenings of these novenas he gave an instruction himself, always brief, earnest, animated and to the point; and the people not only came to hear him, but there were large numbers of communions as a fruit.

In 1883 there were twenty-five hundred Catholics within the limits of the parish. This year, June the twentieth, Archbishop Wood, who had been so cordial a friend to the good work going on there, died and was laid to rest after his many labors.

On August the twentieth, 1884, Most Rev. P. J. Ryan was installed in the Cathedral as Archbishop of Philadelphia, and he holds the position still, after having accomplished a vast amount of good for religion and won the admiration and esteem of the people of Philadelphia by his learning and eloquence, and by his amiable

and dignified character. It is needless to say that he became Father Villiger's friend from the first, and always seconded and applauded him in his undertakings. At this stage of our narrative, the following letter to a gentleman of the parish, James McFillin, Jr., will be of interest, and will speak for itself:

CHURCH OF THE GESU, PHILA., Oct. 21, 1885.

Respected Dear Sir: No acknowledgment was made of any kind last Sunday, because the announcements were already long on account of the Archbishop's circular; hence whatever *could* be delayed to next Sunday, *was* delayed. But next Sunday your generous contribution of one hundred dollars, being the ninth instalment, will be gratefully acknowledged at all the Masses. I beg of God to increase your stock of prosperity, that with your liberal heart you may buy for us a large bell, so much needed for public service. I have just asked for information in regard to a bell of three thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds, for which I have no money. To-night I go into my retreat and will be invisible till next Friday a week.

Respectfully yours in Christ,

B. VILLIGER, S. J.

Our Father was gladdened in March, 1886, by the arrival of five large bells which he had ordered cast in St. Louis, and which were to swing high in the towers of the new church, to call the people to the sacred services and put the evil spirits in the air to flight. They were five in

number, weighing respectively eight thousand pounds, four thousand, two thousand, one thousand and seven hundred—and they cost two thousand, six hundred and eighty-three dollars. They were piously named in order from the heaviest to the lightest, *The Holy Name of Jesus*, *Blessed Name of Mary*, *Saint Joseph*, *Saint Ignatius* and *Saint Francis Xavier*.

In the following year they were solemnly blessed according to the sacred ritual of the Church, and the ceremony was interesting and impressive. The day appointed was July the thirty-first, 1887, the festival of Saint Ignatius Loyola.

A month later the bells were raised to their place in the tower, though they could not yet call worshippers to the great church beneath, which was yet to see more than a year pass over it in its unfinished state.

In 1885 Father Villiger received thirty-five thousand dollars from the trustees of the estate of Mr. Francis Drexel, the banker, who died that year—and the next year thirty-seven thousand dollars more from the same source. He went to express his sincere thanks to the surviving members of the generous family, and had many Masses and prayers offered for the generous

donor, deceased. This princely gift, though but a fraction of the great cost of the church, was a great help toward its completion and hastened it materially.

On October the fourth, 1888, Father Villiger was to complete fifty years of religious life in the Society of Jesus; and a worthy and glorious celebration of his jubilee on that occasion was desired not only by his Jesuit brethren but also by the people of the parish. How great was the attachment of these last for him may be seen from the printed announcement issued by prominent gentlemen of the parish, part of which is here quoted:

CHURCH OF THE GESU, SEVENTEENTH AND STILES STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.

The parishioners, on October the fourth next, purpose to celebrate in a becoming manner the Golden Jubilee of our esteemed Pastor, the Rev. Father Villiger; it is most desirable that all members of the congregation unite to make this event a memorable one in our history. After years of unceasing labor we find our beloved Pastor yet very far from accomplishing that which he most desires. We all know that the wish most dear to his kind heart, and the thing which he most desires to see—*is the new Church finished*. By the present movement the congregation intend (without his knowledge) to raise sufficient funds to finish the Church, and, on the day of his Golden Jubilee, gladden his heart by presenting this sum to him.

With this object in view, a meeting of the parishioners was called, and it was resolved that the Parish be divided into fourteen sections and collectors assigned to each. We bespeak for them your kindly consideration. Every one, we are sure, will be anxious to contribute according to his means, and in such manner as may best suit his convenience. We rely upon your co-operation and support.

Appended are the names of fifteen prominent gentlemen of the congregation.

At length, October the fourth, the jubilee day, was at hand. One saintly old parishioner who died just a few days before, declared it his only regret that he could not live to join in the jubilee, while hundreds afterward said they looked upon it as one of the great events of their lives. Workmen labored until late on the night of October third in preparing the Church for the celebration, and at nine o'clock the next morning the five bells in the towers rang out a jubilee peal, and the doors were thrown open to the crowd which had been gathering for more than an hour.

The magnificence of the edifice burst upon the people like a vision that surpassed their most ardent expectations. They saw it for the first time free from the extent of scaffolding, which had all along obscured its grand proportions; though considerable work still remained to be

done before it could be permanently used for divine service. It was ornamented for the occasion with garlands of green broad-leaved palms, ferns and other tropical plants. High above the main altar were placed temporarily three large paintings of Saint Ignatius, Saint Francis Xavier and, higher than all, Saint Patrick explaining the Trinity; this last being given its prominence partly to honor His Grace, Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan, who granted the favor of his presence.

A handsome throne for him had been put in position, and around the sanctuary were more than fifty seats for the clergymen present. Twenty-five hundred chairs had been provided for the congregation, which were rapidly occupied; and long before the procession entered the church, at least three thousand people were in waiting.

The morning was sunny, cool and cheerful, just such a day, Father Villiger said, as that on which he and half a dozen merry companions, fifty years before, had entered the Jesuit novitiate at Brieg, on the Rhone and amid the Alps in far-off Switzerland. Seldom did he look so radiant with health and joy and benignity.

The Archbishop with the most prominent clergy of the diocese, including several Augus-

tinians and Redemptorists, and Jesuits from far and near, had assembled at the residence, and Father Villiger was the recipient of their congratulations until the procession began to move at ten o'clock. It passed out Stiles Street, and along to the main entrance of the new church, where a crowd was standing with uncovered heads.

The large area of the sanctuary is well known and gave freedom for the performance of the ceremonies of the Church in all their grandeur. Father Villiger was the celebrant of the Solemn High Mass, and it was remarked that he intoned the Mass with uncommon vigor and looked quite youthful for a man of his years and experiences. The sermon was preached by Father Jeremiah O'Connor, S. J., Pastor of the Church at Eighty-fourth Street, New York; and his theme was the *Character and Aim of the Society of Jesus* and the *Dignity of the Priesthood*.

He spoke with warmth and heartfelt devotion, especially in delineating the character of the Society. It was a stern organization, he said, because it had a sublime end in view, the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls, in the pursuance of which it must oppose firmly the spirit of the world and the evil passions of men;

and it required of its members thorough self-denial and victory over self.

Hence no wonder the great Suarez thought that the *gentle* Society of Jesus was a very rigorous order too. "For gentle still she is," the speaker said, "and sweet, from her very nature, her paternal government, and the tender, brotherly charity she insists upon among all her sons. The love of God's glory is her life and labor, and love's labor itself is love. The spirit of the Society is that of the Beloved Disciple, aims at being that of the Sacred Heart Itself. The splendor of charity is what the Constitutions look for in her General; that all his world-wide representation of Christ's authority to her children be presented to them in the garb of benignity and mildness; and every Superior is written down to be just so much of a Father."

The sermon concluded with a rapid but loving sketch of Father Villiger's labors, and a very feeling allusion to the fact that the speaker had been admitted into the Society by him as Provincial in 1860. Others, he said, were admitted in those far-off years, like himself—some still living, some deceased, among whom Rev. P. H. Toner, S. J., would be commemorated in this church by the beautiful marble altar of Saint

Patrick, since erected through the generosity of his venerable, bereaved father.

The speaker alluded also to the fact that the General of the Society at that time, Very Rev. Antony M. Anderledy, who would have his golden jubilee the next day, had been a companion of Father Villiger's in their youthful Jesuit life; they had both been expelled together from their native Switzerland, and together crossed the ocean forty years before to this land of true religious liberty.

After the services in the church the guests of the day partook of dinner in the parlor, with the Archbishop at the head of the table and Father Villiger on his right hand. Before the company dispersed, His Grace spoke a few felicitous words of congratulation, insisting on the great debt of gratitude which he himself and his whole diocese owed to Father Villiger, and heartily wishing him many another year to carry on his good work; and to these kind words a brief and happy response was made.

There was also to be a reception in the evening, and as the time approached another great crowd began to assemble in the new church, until at half-past seven there was no longer standing-room. Many of the houses on the adjacent streets were

illuminated with Chinese lanterns; the church was splendidly lit up by calcium lights.

The reception was tendered by the gentlemen of the Jubilee Committee on behalf of the whole congregation. The committee occupied a semi-circular row of seats in the sanctuary, with Father Villiger in their midst. A choir rendered Lambillotte's *Lauda Sion* with other sacred selections, after which Mr. William Gorman, a prominent lawyer of the parish, read an affectionate address, in which he spoke of the great esteem in which the congregation held their reverend Pastor, and concluded by presenting Father Villiger, as a substantial token of their esteem, with a check for eleven thousand dollars. By other generous contributions this sum was raised to about twelve thousand dollars.

In thanking them for their manifestations of love, Father Villiger humbly begged his people to remember that, without the grace of God and their earnest co-operation, his labors would have been of little avail, and that the grand new church was to be a lasting memorial of their zeal for the divine worship. He was glad, he said, of this opportunity to express his affection for his dear children in the Lord, whose hearts were overjoyed this day, as was his own at being in the

midst of them, enjoying tolerably good health. From the bottom of his heart he was glad to see them, and he rejoiced in their joy.

The success accredited to him was due in no small degree to their exertions and prayers. The work he had done was theirs whose toil and sweat had been spent upon it. All these sacrifices he would lay at the foot of the altar, and in the Holy Sacrifice he would remember them and ever ask God's blessing upon them. He would do for them all that a priest could do. To-day he had offered up his Jubilee Mass for all, and the whole archdiocese had a share in it, the Archbishop and his priests included. But he would express special gratitude to the gentlemen collectors, the difficulty of whose work is known only by those who have been engaged in such work. It will all be treasured up in the book of life, and God knows the names of the workers.

On this account he felt that his prayers for them would be heard. God alone could reward them. Father Villiger said he had received so many prayers for a long life, that he supposed if all were heard he would live for several hundred years yet. But when the time came for him and them to die, he hoped they would all have a jubilee in Heaven that would last forever.

The concert then closed with the *Te Deum*, after which the Fathers held an informal reception and the visitors lingered for about an hour inspecting the beauties of the magnificent edifice. On this occasion Father Villiger announced that it would be opened permanently for divine service and solemnly dedicated on the first Sunday of Advent following, at the beginning of the Ecclesiastical Year.

*Opening of the Grand Church of the Gesu
for Divine Worship.*

When he came to that part of the city twenty years before, it was a sparsely settled, rural place, where farmers let their cattle graze, and where on his sick-calls he frequently had to scale the fences and chase the flocks of geese from his path.

On what was known as Green Hill was purchased his large square of land. Green-Spring Creek ran across one corner of it, which had to be first filled in, and then on its site the chapel or temporary church was built.

Father Villiger already announced so long ago the grand church and college of the future to be built on other parts of the ground, and he

planned them then even to minute details. Many a head was shaken doubtfully at his projects, and prophets of evil were not wanting to brand them as visionary. Some asked him when the magnificent new church would be opened, and he answered—in twenty years: now the time had elapsed, and he kept his promise almost to the day. It may be remarked by anticipation that he lived to see also a great part of his grand plan for the college actually realized.

The congregation of the Gesu were now to leave the little undecorated church that had grown dingy from its twenty years of use, and to enter a grand temple of God, of which they were justly proud.

The echo of the chimes of the golden jubilee had scarcely died away when active preparations began for the dedication. During the two months following, the various tradesmen employed worked during extra hours, and the last week they toiled until ten o'clock, with the aid of electric lights hung in the interior. They had received orders that their scaffolding must come down from over the body of the church and the whole of the sanctuary from one extreme side to the other, by Saturday night, whatever the progress of their work. And down

it came, and its removal disclosed their work as complete in those parts.

The following day of dedication, December second, 1888, was a charming day, fresh, clear and bright. The residence was crowded with visiting priests from the city and with Jesuits also from various distant places; while the streets outside were rapidly filling with eager but patient people. Until eleven o'clock or later no one was admitted to the church except the pew-holders and their friends, who, happily, numbered about twelve hundred. This was a necessary measure of prudence; for the procession never could have made its way along the aisles, spacious though they were, if the throng in waiting had been admitted.

The Pastor on this occasion wished an admission fee to be dispensed with, in grateful recognition of the generosity of his flock in helping him to build this temple to the glory of God.

About eleven o'clock the procession issued from the sacristy, passed through the spacious sanctuary and down the middle aisle to the door of the church. It was made up of some forty altar boys and fifty of the clergy, and at the end walked His Grace, Archbishop Ryan, with his assistant priest and deacons of honor.

The skilful, tactful and efficient master of ceremonies was Father William H. Carroll, S. J.,—now for many years a helpless invalid at Georgetown College, District of Columbia, but also a model of cheerful patience in suffering.

Passing out into the street, the procession moved through the great crowd to the residence and then made a complete out-of-door circuit of the walls of the church, which were sprinkled with holy water all along. The line then re-entered the church by the main entrance, and at this point a male choir of eighty-five young men and boys, specially trained for the occasion by one of the Fathers, broke forth into singing the litanies from the organ gallery high aloft. The vocal strains at first fell upon the ear like the distant warbling of birds, but after a moment they swelled out and filled the edifice, causing a charming effect.

When the procession had returned to the sanctuary for the concluding services, the crowd outside was admitted within the building; and though they entered in perfect order, the noise was like the roar of the sea. They passed in, filling the pews, the aisles and the side-chapels, adding more than three thousand to those who had already entered. For some time they gazed

around, lost in admiration. Indeed one who has not seen the church cannot form an idea of the feeling of actual awe which comes over the visitor who for the first time gazes at the long, broad, lofty edifice, with no pillars to hinder a full view of its beauty and grandeur.

Very Rev. P. A. Stanton, of the Augustinians, was the celebrant of the Solemn High Mass, with two Jesuit Fathers as deacon and sub-deacon.

The choir was said to be the fullest and the music the finest and most impressive ever heard in the city; the best singers from nearly all the Catholic churches in the city were present and lent their services.

Father Augustus Langcake, a veteran missionary, was the preacher, and took for his text the words of Genesis: "This is no other but the house of God and the gate of Heaven." He spoke of the desire of David to build a temple in honor of the Most High, a desire which was fulfilled by his son and successor. He then showed how the spirit of this great work was caught up by the Christian Church after the period of persecution,—how it was especially manifested in those ages falsely called Dark Ages, and how it was not forgotten in this new world, where within the preceding twenty years so many

magnificent temples were raised. He explained the words of the text, showing how the church is the house of God and the gate of Heaven. God is present everywhere, he said, but there is a real presence in the church which surpasses all other presences. It is the presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. Finally the preacher congratulated pastor and people on the fulfilment of their hopes and united endeavors, on the presence of the Archbishop on this occasion, and on the grand ceremony of the day.

At the end of the Mass, His Grace, Archbishop Ryan, before bestowing his blessing made a short but very eloquent address. Among other things, he said it gave him great pleasure to congratulate the congregation on the completion of the beautiful church which had just been dedicated. He called attention to its name, which, he said, was the name that all Christians, both Catholic and non-Catholic, must invoke in seeking salvation. He appealed to the congregation to assist their pastor, whose work had given them so noble a place of worship, and assured them any sacrifice they might make in thus furthering the honor of God would be a source of merit to them hereafter.

At Solemn Vespers in the evening the church was filled by even a larger congregation.

As to the interior dimensions of the edifice, it is two hundred and fifteen feet in length, with an arched ceiling elegantly plastered, having a clear span of seventy-six feet; and the highest point of the arch is one hundred feet from the floor all its length.

Father Villiger used to tell in after years how, when he first proposed his plan of this arched ceiling without intermediate support, the architect said positively that it could not be possibly constructed. The Pastor persisted in his idea and elucidated it more fully perhaps, so that the architect at length yielded and undertook it; and the result is a triumph of architectural daring and skill.

To bear such a strain the walls had to be made of enormous thickness; nothing short of an earthquake, it was said, could unsettle them.

There are eight lofty chapels twenty feet deep, four on either side of the church; and above them, high aloft, is a cloistered gallery on either side, of the same depth—not used on ordinary occasions.

The richly carved pulpit stands out from the side wall, considerably below the sanctuary railing

and at considerable elevation above the pews—with a flat roof for a sounding board; and so correct were Father Villiger's acoustic calculations, that a weak voice with distinct utterance can be easily heard in so large a building.

The sanctuary is of grand proportions. A short distance within the railing an ascent of three steps leads to the main floor, which is forty feet in width and sixty in depth—a space large enough to allow the ceremonies of the Church to be fully carried out. The main altar, thirty feet wide at the base and sixty-seven feet in height, is of striking design, and though at present of wood, cost some twelve hundred dollars. It is to be eventually of marble and onyx when Providence shall send the magnificent sum which it must cost.

The pews can accommodate twelve hundred persons, while about three thousand more could find standing-room in the spacious aisles, near the entrance, and in the side chapels.

As to the exterior dimensions of the new church, its extreme length is two hundred and fifty-two feet and its extreme width one hundred and twenty-two feet. The point of the roof is one hundred and thirty-seven feet in height; and the towers at either corner of the front of the

building will be each two hundred and sixteen feet high when they shall be completed as represented in the picture given in this book.

The style of architecture is the Roman, and the material red pressed brick. In external appearance the Gesu Church cannot be said to be beautiful; but at the same time it gives the beholder an impression of massive grandeur.

At the time of its dedication, before the erection of so many more-recent tall, sky-seeking structures, as seen from the highest point of observation in Philadelphia in the tower of the new City Building, it was the most striking figure in the whole city, rising like a veritable giant, head and shoulders over the vast extent of buildings round about it. Its beauty, however, like that of the "King's daughter" was to be sought chiefly within.

It has fifteen altars, thirteen below and two high aloft over the sanctuary; only three as yet are of marble; the others are temporarily in wood, but are tasteful and elegant, with paintings, statuary and other ornaments. On the Gospel side of the main altar is the altar of the Blessed Virgin; then along that side of the church are the five altars of Saint Ignatius, the Sacred Heart, of the three youthful Jesuit saints, Aloysius, Berch-

mans and Stanislaus, of the Passion, and of the three American saints, Saint Rose of Lima, Saint Turibius and Blessed Mary Ann of Jesus. Corresponding on the other side are the altars of Saint Joseph, Saint Francis Xavier, Saint Patrick, Saints Peter Claver and Alphonsus Rodriguez, of the Holy Angels, and of all the Martyrs of the Society of Jesus. High over the sanctuary, in a gallery, are the two altars of the Holy Family and of the Apparition of our Blessed Lady to Saint Ignatius at Manresa.

A pious and reflecting Catholic entering the great church for the first time will no doubt experience a sense of elevation and awakened devotion. And if he stays a sufficient length of time to observe with care its varied beauties and its many religious objects, and to make the round of the several altars, he will see a beautiful sermon in each one of these, or perhaps if he have æsthetic sensibility, even a sacred poem.

One of the notable things about the new church was Father Villiger's very extensive and unique collection of relics. Something in him which those who knew him could not but see, was his strong and lively Faith. All the truths of religion taught by the church were as real to his mind as if his eyes saw them, and among these

truths the veneration due to the Saints and the power of their intercession. Accordingly he had a great devotion for relics.

After many efforts he had succeeded in the first years of the church in procuring a very large collection of them. As an example, he once heard that the effects of a Cardinal deceased in Rome were to be sold, and among them a large number of relics; and he sent a donation in money to the heirs, with a request for the relics, which were sent to him.

He had those of all the Saints invoked in the Litany, set together in a large cross. In order to be sure of the authentications of his relics, he sent all the documents to Rome to be examined; and they were returned to him stamped with approval. By his direction, on each day of the year the relics of one or more Saints of that day were exposed for veneration in an ornamented case, in the sanctuary; and the same custom is still adhered to at the Gesu.

After the congregation entered their new place of worship, Father Villiger still continued for three or four years to labor zealously as before for their welfare. He had indeed the consolation of seeing a great part of his material work accomplished, his parish also so well organized and

his people so well trained and instructed in their religion through his care and efforts of twenty years and more.

Henceforth he had a larger number of Fathers to assist him than in the first years; but still he was naturally the life and soul of the parish, and much labor and care devolved upon him. He was still untiring in hearing confessions from early morning and during many hours of the day, in preaching to his people and, according to their confident testimony, in working miracles to cure them of their bodily ills.

A priest through the power given him in ordination, is supposed indeed to work miracles, though not perhaps of the most striking kind. One of the ends of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, administered to the sick by the priest alone, is sometimes to restore the sick person to health according to the good pleasure of God. In the blessing of the Palms on Palm Sunday the church prays through the mouth of the priest that these branches may bring protection of body and soul to those who receive them in honor of God's name, and that every place in which they are kept in a spirit of Faith, may be safe from trouble of every kind. There are also approved prayers in the ritual of the Church to be said by the priest

over those who are ill, in which he prays confidently that they for whom they are said be restored to health.

Many called on Father Villiger, asking to be cured of various ailments, which in some cases had baffled the attempts of physicians. He did not claim to be a special worker of miracles, but he received them kindly, said some prayers of the Church over them, gave them his blessing, required of them some acts of piety, as to make a novena in honor of Saint Ignatius and to use some holy water blessed with the approved prayers in honor of that Saint; and then he bade them to expect the result from their own Faith and the goodness and power of God. And it is an undoubted fact that scores of people in Philadelphia have said and still say that he miraculously cured them of their bodily afflictions. Indeed after his death they have gone to the cemetery and brought away some of the earth from his grave in the confident belief that it would have a curative effect.

Although he had a powerful constitution and was very systematic in his life, especially in the matter of having sufficient sleep by never staying up later than ten o'clock, yet his persistent labors made inroads upon his health.

In November, 1889, he barely escaped a serious illness; in the following January he succumbed to influenza, and had a narrow escape from pneumonia.

It must have been a great gratification to him and a balm to see such large crowds flocking to the new church, and as a consequence to know that it was an instrument of so much good. He was the celebrant of the Solemn High Mass in it at five o'clock on the Christmas morning after its opening, and it was filled to overflowing, large as it was.

It presented a joyous appearance in its profuse decorations of evergreens, rich hangings and lighted candles. An artistic and pious representation occupied the whole alcove in front of the Blessed Virgin's altar, that of the birth of our Saviour in the stable, with a view of the town of Bethlehem in the distance.

During the first year of the church a mission of two weeks was given in it by Jesuit missionaries. It opened with a sermon at High Mass on Sunday; and the building was filled, pews and aisles. In the evening it was packed with women alone, at the beginning of the week's sermons for them. A week afterward the men also crowded all the pews and aisles. During the two weeks there

were seven thousand five hundred confessions and more than eight thousand communions; and eighteen converts were received into the Church.

Father Villiger had long since become a naturalized American citizen; and soon in the new temple and in the City of Brotherly Love he gave a proof that patriotism toward his adopted country went hand in hand with religion in his mind.

On Tuesday, April thirtieth, 1889, took place the centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington as first President of our Republic. On that day Father Villiger was the celebrant of a Solemn High Mass at half-past eight in the morning, at which his curate preached a sermon; the bells were rung and flags were displayed.

Opening of the New St. Joseph's College.

Our Father's earnest wishes and plans from the beginning were directed not only toward a grand new temple of the Most High, but also, as has been mentioned already, toward a grand college in which youth should receive the higher education, of as perfect a kind as any given elsewhere, but imbued with a Christian spirit and guided by the infallible light of Revelation.

Now he was soon able to see the beginning of

the substantial realization of those desires and plans. The old chapel or temporary church being no longer needed, what was there now to hinder the carrying out of the original design of altering it eventually and fitting it to be the first building of the new college?

Accordingly, in the beginning of May, 1889, workmen were engaged and it became the busy scene of a great transformation. Altars, pews and gallery had disappeared, and it was rapidly being divided up into rows of lofty and commodious class-rooms, with a corridor between them. The latter was a continuation of that of the parochial residence, so that there should be a clear passage from the new church to Seventeenth Street. The spacious yard at Seventeenth and Thompson Streets was also to be prepared as a place of out-door recreation for the students.

The announcement was made to the public that the college would be opened in the following September and the regular scholastic work begun. In August careful examinations were held of the applicants for admission, who were numerous.

On Monday, September the second, 1889, the Mass of the Holy Ghost was said at half-past eight o'clock, to invoke the Lord's blessing for the scholastic year, all the bells were rung and

the doors of the college were thrown open. In a few days there were nearly eighty students in attendance, while more than that number had been rejected in the examinations as not sufficiently advanced.

It was announced that there would be no commercial course, and that the new institution would not be merely a high school but a college, containing the preparatory department and the college classes proper, imparting a classical education and bestowing the usual academic degrees on the completion of the course.

The studies were to embrace English, Latin and Greek literature and kindred studies, French and German, history, all the branches of mathematics, the natural sciences, and mental and moral philosophy.

The college began with only the two lowest grades of a classical course, from which the students were to advance higher through successive years until competent to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Those who should enter in succeeding years were to follow them in regular order, and would thus have the advantage of a uniform training throughout.

It was made known that the college was not merely for those who intended to be priests, but

for all desiring the higher education of the mind which fits youth for any learned profession or intellectual avocation.

The students were required not only to pass the test of the examination before entering, but also to show afterward by their application and progress that they were worthy of the care bestowed on them. Thus it may be seen that seventy or eighty students the first year was a large number in the circumstances; and it was remarked of them that their general appearance was so fully creditable as to remove the prejudice which the name of "free college" might excite. For Father Villiger with his large-minded and generous disposition, arranged that no charge whatever should be exacted of the students; though this concession had to be abandoned of late years for good reasons, especially on account of the very large debt incurred in more recent additions made to the college buildings.

Thus Father Villiger had the consolation of seeing firmly established in its new and suitable home old St. Joseph's College, which was so dear to him, at whose birth in 1851 he had been its director of studies, and which had lived for the most part through an unsatisfactory existence at Willing's Alley since its return there from Juniper

and Filbert in 1860. For three years he saw the restored college increasing in numbers and prestige under his supervision and through the efforts of Father P. H. Dooley, his assistant, who was Prefect of Schools; until in 1892 our Father was called on to undertake a long journey of thousands of miles and to absent himself for more than half a year from his people at the Gesu. And when he returned he was only to hold for a few months longer in his life the position of Superior and Head of the church and college which he had founded.

He alludes to the work of the college in the following letter. It was written to a Jesuit Father who had been a mere boy when Father Villiger was Provincial, who visited him now, remained with him several days and saw the grand new church for the first time. He was received most hospitably and felt thankful for the very kind treatment shown him as for a favor; while Father Villiger, in this letter, written to him after he had returned home, thanked him warmly as if he had done him a favor by visiting him and staying with him. It is in keeping with the kind hospitality with which he always received and entertained fellow-members of the Society.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SEVENTEENTH AND STILES STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA, September 18th, 1891.

Rev. Dear Father in Christ, P. C.: Your welcome letter of the 16th inst. caused joy to all of us, and all wished to see the days when your Reverence will give us the pleasure of another visit.

The number of our Latin scholars, divided into four classes—First Humanities being the highest class this year—amounts, I believe, to one hundred and twenty if not more, and their number is still increasing; their talents and good dispositions give great encouragement to the teachers. In the parochial school we count nearly five hundred, the greatest number we ever had. I hope your Reverence will not forget to ask our Lord to send us means sufficient to build our college and furnish it well with all things necessary.

All our Fathers join with me in kindest regards for your Reverence and all the rest.

Your Reverence's Servant in Christ,

B. VILLIGER, S. J.

CHAPTER V.

*Father Villiger Called to Take Part in the
Election of a New Jesuit General in
Spain—His Visit to the Holy Land.*

1892—1893.



ON the eighteenth of January, 1892, Father Antony M. Anderledy, the General of the Society of Jesus, died in Fiesole in Italy, at the age of seventy-three, after a brief illness during which he gave touching manifestations of piety.

He was a Swiss like Father Villiger, had been his companion in his early life as a Jesuit and his fellow-voyager across the Atlantic in 1848. He was a man of great learning and sanctity, of great ability and charity as a Superior, and of great zeal and energy in the service of God. A Father who knew him intimately, wrote of him after his death, that he had great "prudence and firmness in maintaining the rights of the Society and the integrity of its constitutions, sometimes misunderstood and impaired by men of high ecclesiastical authority."

After his death it was found from a sealed paper which he had left according to established usage, that he had appointed Father Louis Martin, a Spaniard, to be Vicar, holding his authority until a new General should be regularly elected.

As the Society of Jesus is a numerous organization of learned men, scattered over the whole world, commended and honored by so many Popes and generally reputed by thinking men to be a most important aid to the Church,—naturally its Chief Superior, who holds his power for life, occupies a distinguished and most important post. Hence it is that the function of his election is conducted with a form and solemnity that remind us of the conclave for the election of a Pope.

Each of the twenty-two Provinces was to send three Professed Fathers, who with the Vicar and the five Assistants of the late General, seventy-two in all, were to form the body of electors.

In May, 1892, Father Martin, the Vicar, went to see the Holy Father in Rome, to obtain his permission for the General Congregation. It ought to assemble in Rome according to the Institute of the Society; but when the Pope was told that after the election other important business was to be transacted which would prolong the meeting to a duration of two or three months, he

said it would not be advisable to hold it in Rome, probably on account of hostile influences.

Only two other places presented themselves to Father Martin and his advisers, Tronchiennes, in Belgium, and Loyola, in Spain; but as the security of the former place was doubtful, on account of strikes and troubles with workmen, Loyola was chosen, and the Pope fully approved of the selection.

At the beginning of July, 1892, fifty of the senior Fathers of the Maryland-New York Province assembled at St. Francis Xavier's College, in New York, and after due deliberation elected Father Villiger and Father P. F. Healy, who with the Provincial, Father T. J. Campbell, were to be the trio from the Province to take part in the election of the new General. Father Villiger's bonhomie and good humor did not seem to be disturbed by this new responsibility; indeed, being human, as he did not disdain to be, he seemed rather pleased and joyous at the favor and honor which his religious brethren had bestowed on him spontaneously.

In the afternoon of Saturday, the sixth of August, he started from New York for Liverpool, in the steamer "Arizona," being accompanied by Father R. J. Meyer, of St. Louis, who was also

to be an elector of the new General, and by another Jesuit Father.

In a letter written afterward from Europe he gave a detailed account of his voyage, from which it appears that he still liked to view the ludicrous side of things as well as the serious, and to enjoy the laugh which it provoked.

The first evening, he said, there were two or three Protestant ministers opposite him and his companions at table; and they must have soon become familiar and appreciative friends of his, because some days later, he says, they insisted he should permit them to take his photograph with their travelling camera.

The time of the trip of nine days passed pleasantly, without rough weather. Dinner was at six in the evening, and after that came social intercourse among the passengers, singing and lively conversation until after ten o'clock.

There were conversations, he said, on a variety of topics, on politics, commerce, progress, "and a great deal of nonsense." One evening several gentlemen joined him in conversation and asked him a great many questions about the soul, and about sudden deaths of Mahometans and persons without religion, and the fate of such persons.

A Frenchman asked him what would become of Bismarck if he died without going to confession! To whom he replied: "My dear Sir, if Bismarck comes to confession to you, I hope you will tell him the truth!"

Then he was questioned on the Darwinian philosophy, the reasoning powers of animals and as to whether we might not grant them a soul like that of man, but of an inferior order. And he adds ingenuously: "What absurdities I had to refute till nearly ten o'clock!"

A Protestant gentleman of New York entered into conversation with him on the public schools and parochial schools and religion in them. He praised the Jesuits, and said that Father Duranquet, the former well-known Jesuit Chaplain of the "Tombs" prison, must surely be in Heaven. The New York gentleman admitted that the Catholic religion was very good to rule Italians, Spaniards, Irish and all hot-headed people, but it did not suit the deliberate English and Germans. He deplored that there were so many Irish names among the clergy; though he said that, while the Jews own the City of New York, the Irish rule it. And Father Villiger remarks: "You can see what a difficult and delicate task I had to set his head right!"

On Saturday, August the thirteenth, the vigil of the solemn feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, rainbows were seen five times, most of them being double and most beautiful; and he says: "We took them for a good omen, as they happened on Saturday, the said vigil."

He touched at Queenstown in the evening of August the fourteenth, and was in admiration of the beautiful harbor and the other objects of interest.

The next day, the feast of the Assumption, he was in sight of England; he regretted that he could not say Mass on that day or either of the preceding Sundays.

On August the fifteenth, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he landed in Liverpool, and soon received a cordial welcome at the house of his Jesuit brethren. He says in his letter: "We visited the church with its six altars and prayed, and thanked our Lord and the Blessed Virgin for our happy voyage."

The following afternoon he travelled to London, where he remained nearly a week with his Jesuit brethren. At eleven o'clock in the morning, August the twenty-second, he left "London with its fogs" for Dover, then across to Calais and from there to Paris, where he arrived at seven

in the evening and went to the Jesuit house at *Rue de Sevres*.

He remained a few days in the French Metropolis; and he mentions particularly that while he was there he said Mass at the altar of the Martyrs of the Commune, the five Jesuit Fathers who were put to death when Paris was in the hands of the rabble, at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, in May, 1871—the process of whose canonization has been already commenced. He remarks that many miracles were worked at the place where their relics are.

From Paris he went to Belgium, spent a few days in Brussels and then went to the scholasticate of the Society of Jesus at Louvain, where he went through his yearly retreat of eight days at the beginning of September, as he heard that the congregation or assembly at Loyola was deferred some weeks. He mentions that he said Mass twice at Louvain at the altar of Saint John Berchmans, where the heart of this youthful Jesuit Belgian Saint is kept, in whose case the most wonderful thing is said to be that he became a saint without doing anything wonderful, only by doing ordinary things perfectly. And Father Villiger says: "I hope he will intercede

for us at the Congregation, whither I shall start probably to-morrow."

From Belgium, on his way to Spain, he went again to Paris, thence to Bordeaux and Pau; and from the latter place he made a diversion to the noted sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes, where his faith and devotion found great gratification and consolation.

Having returned to Pau, he went on September sixteenth to Bayonne, thence he crossed the Spanish frontier to San Sebastian, and thence to Loyola, fourteen miles distant.

Having built the Gesu Church in Philadelphia, it might be supposed that Father Villiger was an enthusiastic church "fancier," so to say; and indeed he found one of his greatest delights during his stay in Belgium, France and Spain, in visiting the beautiful churches on his way. While admiring their architecture and works of sacred art, and feasting his devotion on their shrines and relics of the saints, he seemed to be carried away by a delight and enthusiasm that was truly boyish—all on account of the simplicity and strength and warmth of his faith and devotion.

One of the first events that he chronicled after his arrival at the great novitiate and college of the Society at Loyola, was that he said his first Mass

there in the room where Saint Ignatius passed his days of convalescence after he was wounded at Pampeluna, and where he had so many heavenly visitations.

Loyola, the old home of Saint Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus, is situated in the north of Spain, not far from the French frontier and the Pyrenees, and near the Bay of Biscay. It lies in a beautiful valley between two towns, Azpeitia and Azcoitia, of about five thousand inhabitants each, and with a number of high and picturesque hills in view. The climate is very healthy. The people in the whole neighborhood and district are very devout, extremely modest and cheerful, and devout to the Saint and his memories.

The American Fathers remarked that the groups of boys and girls that met them greeted them always with the pious salutation, "Ave Maria purissima," "Hail, Mary most pure!" And the grown people, without exception, saluted them with the most marked simplicity and reverence. Some American Fathers were walking along near Loyola one day, when they suddenly heard a beautiful harmony—a hymn sung in parts by a crowd of boys who were some distance below in the valley, without seeing their listeners. A Spanish Father present explained that they were

singing a hymn to Saint Ignatius in Basque, and the words *Loyola* and *Ignacio*, repeated over and over again, could be heard.

An American Father remarked in a letter that the people in that section and indeed in the whole of Spain, are far better educated than the accounts of Protestants or Infidels would have us believe, it being the exception to find one who does not know how to read.

The establishment at Loyola is very extensive, more so than any of the large houses of the Society at Woodstock, St. Louis and other parts of the United States. It was the pious gift of a queen to the Society in the past. It contains a novitiate, a house of studies in classics and rhetoric for the Jesuit scholastics, a house of retreats to which persons of the world come to spend a longer or shorter season in meditation and prayer, and a large and elegant church which is constantly frequented by great numbers of devout people.

The great centre of pious attraction here, however, is the old castle, the former dwelling-place of Saint Ignatius, the *Santa Casa* or *Holy House*, as it is called. It forms part of the great pile of buildings, and can be distinguished from the later ones enclosing it, only by its low ceilings. It has been made entirely into a sanctuary consisting

of several chapels and oratories; and in the Saint's room are three altars, the chief of which is on the spot where he lay on his bed during the tedious sickness which was so fruitful to the Church. The people of the whole neighborhood within a considerable radius have the greatest veneration for the hallowed old house, and are there all through the day for their devotions, men as well as women.

And now the topic of engrossing interest at Loyola is the approaching General Congregation, the highest authority in the Society of Jesus,—the authority that elects a General and gives him his power, but which can take away the same power and give it to a Vicar to rule in his place,—if there is a reason, as for instance incapacity on account of decrepit old age.

The opening of the assembly, according to the first arrangement, was to take place on the twenty-eighth of August; and word was sent to the Spanish government asking whether the Fathers could meet at Loyola with all liberty and with its favor and support.

A most favorable reply was returned; but the Queen and the Minister counselled the delay of the meeting until the Court should leave San Sebastian, fourteen miles away, where it was spend-

ing the summer. This aristocratic watering place in the north of Spain, on the Bay of Biscay, was a lively place during the gay season; and it was feared that if before the end of that season the Fathers assembled in council at Loyola, they might be distracted by reporters or other unwelcome visitors.

Accordingly, with the full consent of the Holy Father, September the twenty-fourth was named for the opening of the Congregation; and Father Louis Martin, the Vicar, or acting General in the interim, sent word to the electors, enjoining them also not to make known the time and place of the meeting to others, lest unnecessary advertising of such an event relating to Jesuits might cause interference or excite odium.

And now, September the twenty-third, there is a great gathering of Jesuits at Loyola, representing all the Provinces; seventy-two picked men from the nearly six thousand Jesuit priests in the world.

One of the American Fathers after having talked with most of them, said that they were a most remarkable company of men, and that one felt extremely small and insignificant in such a gathering—so admirable were they spiritually, intellectually and even socially.

Those who met Father Martin, the Vicar, for the first time, saw that he was a very eminent man, though lacking four years of a half-century in age.

Father Villiger, as might be supposed, was an object of considerable attention and regard on account of his distinguished character, his cordiality and affability, and his facility in speaking several languages.

The opening session of the Congregation took place on September the twenty-fourth, during which the Father Vicar first of all told in Latin, the language used during the sessions, all that had been done since the death of the late General regarding the Congregation.

Then came the choice by ballot of officers for the election, a *secretary*, an *orator* or preacher for the day of election, and an *inclusor* or turnkey who was to lock the Fathers in during that function.

The following two or three days other officials were chosen, and careful information was taken of the condition of the order in different countries, and of any shortcomings which might require remedy—this information being obtained outside of the regular meetings and with all due secrecy and regard to fraternal charity.

On September the twenty-eighth began the *quatrimum* or space of four days, during which the Fathers by conversing with one another were to obtain careful information of the merits of such as might be thought fit for the important office of General. During that time none of the electors was permitted to leave the premises of the house and garden; each one of them was to say Mass each day to bring the Lord's blessing on the election, and the other members of the community at Loyola were praying earnestly for the same object.

One of the American Fathers wrote that everything about the house looked very solemn during those four days; and that although not in retreat, they felt more solemn than during a long retreat. He said, however, that they felt much consoled and comforted by the evidence of charity, zeal, right intention, love of the Society, in those seventy-two men. And he added: "God will look graciously upon us and direct us to do the right thing; such is my conviction and the conviction of everybody else."

All these observances are in obedience to the Institute of the Society of Jesus, which prescribes even to minute details the mode of electing a General and holding a General Congregation;

and its prescriptions were scrupulously followed at Loyola. The Institute commemorates also the severe censures of excommunication decreed by the Church against any who would be led by mere human, selfish ambition, or who would obstruct or tarnish the freedom and uprightness of the election.

The day for this function at length dawned, Sunday, October the second, 1892, the Feast of the Holy Rosary. Early in the morning the seventy-two electors filed into the church, where the Father Vicar said the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and the other seventy-one Fathers, and none else, received Communion from his hand. After Communion the bell of the house began to ring and continued ringing; and on the conclusion of the Mass a procession formed and moved from the church through the house, a considerable distance, to the hall of election. First was the cross-bearer, then followed the numerous community of Loyola, including the choir, and last came the electors.

During the procession the choir sang the *Veni Creator*, and the Fathers recited it in a low tone; and one who was present said that he had never in his life intoned anything more solemn and touching.

When all had entered the hall of election, the choir sang the litany of the Blessed Virgin; and then with the community they left the hall and returned in procession to the church, singing on the way the litany of the Saints.

When the electors were left alone, they were locked in by the Father Rector of Loyola, who had been chosen as *inclusor*, the bell of the house stopped ringing, and the door remained locked until the completion of the election was announced.

The hall of election contained an altar, on which was a crucifix; there was also a stage with a table, at which the Father Vicar and the two secretaries sat.

After the key was turned, first came the discourse pronounced by the Father who had been chosen as *orator*, in which he exhorted the assembled Fathers to cast their votes for the one who seemed best able to govern the Society at the present time.

After two ballots it was found that the Vicar, Father Louis Martin, was elected General. This important function of the day, with all accessories from the beginning of the Mass, occupied five hours.

Father Villiger was a prominent and observant actor in these scenes, and he told in the following words what happened in the afternoon:

“At Azpeitia where the telegram was sent, the people having known Father General for years, and hearing of his being chosen, were determined to do him and the Society public honor; and so on Sunday afternoon they came, about a thousand in number, in a most solemn procession, with magnificent banners, an orchestra and singers, with life-size statues of Saint Ignatius and the Blessed Virgin. They were accompanied by twelve priests in surplice, three priests in magnificent gold copes, bearing maces of silver six feet long. All the church bells were rung, and the Fathers, scholastics and novices, in surplice, came out of the church to meet them. Their voices accompanied by the brass band made the whole church reverberate, and drew tears of devotion from all present. A sermon was preached, and hymns were sung in the Basque language by a thousand voices with the greatest musical perfection, and finally Benediction was given by Father General.”

Such was the demonstration made by a people emotional, thoroughly Catholic and warmly devoted to Saint Ignatius and his order, in a region

which he seemed to have specially protected and sanctified.

Father Louis Martin, the new General, was born in the northern part of Spain, in the Province of Burgos, in 1846, and entered the Society of Jesus at the age of eighteen.

After his ordination to the priesthood he held various distinguished posts in his order, and being at length appointed to the dignity of Provincial, he encouraged and pushed on and enlarged with great zeal, enterprise and prudence, the work done by his subjects for the honor of God and good of souls.

After having been four years Provincial, he was called to Italy by the General, Father Anderledy, who wished to have him with him as one of his aids, having obtained full knowledge of his ability and merit. The holy General dying the following year, left in writing the appointment of Father Martin as his temporary successor; and we have seen how this appointment was more than ratified by the General Congregation at Loyola. The Vicar, confirmed as General, has been from that time until now the able, zealous and devoted Head of the Society.

After the election he received a Brief or letter

from the Holy Father, from which the following extract is translated :

ROME, October 12, 1892.

Beloved Son: We have heard that by the vote of the Fathers you were chosen Superior of the Society of Jesus, and it has been a cause of much joy to us. This design of God in your regard seems to have been foreseen in some way by that most prudent man whose successor you are. With so clear a sign then of God's Providence, you may safely resign yourself to His divine will, and in Him your hope and trust should be every day more and more firmly established.

LEO XIII, Pope.

The Congregation still continued in session for two months after the election, engaged in transacting the important business of the Society of Jesus. As the Society consisted of more than thirteen thousand members, scattered over the whole world and employed in momentous duties, the higher education of youth and the exercise of the priestly ministry among all classes of persons, it is not surprising that there were important matters regarding its welfare, whose discussion would occupy that space of time. The labor of the Fathers indeed was not trifling, as they held one or two sessions a day, each lasting two or three hours.

Those from America found the climate of the

valley of Loyola very pleasant during the months of October and November and the first week of December. At the end of November they wrote that there was no sign of winter. Planting was going on, sowing of wheat; vegetables were planted all around, and those in the fields were as green and fresh as in summer. The farmers were favored with at least two crops. On December the ninth winter seemed to be coming on the outer world, and a fall of snow had capped the highest mountains; but the valley was still as green as ever, and the sky was clear. No frost seemed to get into that favored hollow between two protecting mountain ranges; although Loyola is of a more northern latitude than New York or Boston.

At length on the evening of December the fifth, the last session of the Congregation was held; and the Fathers, of so many different nationalities, who had met in deliberation through many days and with so much harmony, were now to part and disperse in various directions.

The next morning Father General, in his paternal manner, held a special conference with the six American Fathers alone, and congratulated them on the virtue and zeal of his children across the Atlantic whom they represented.

Then in a few days the visiting Fathers had nearly all departed, and the large house of Loyola returned to its normal quiet. Possibly those from the land of the Star-Spangled Banner, having accomplished their mission there, may have begun to feel somewhat home-sick, in accordance with human nature. But another favor awaited Father Villiger in the form of permission for a journey farther eastward which would take some time longer.

Starting for the Holy Land.

Father Villiger had been for many years familiar with the descriptions of the sacred places in the East, which were the scenes of our Lord's sufferings and death. During his early years at the Gesu a lady who had actually visited them was conversing with him about them, and found out that he had learned more about them, even to minute details, from books and maps than she knew.

Toward the end of the meeting at Loyola, Father Gallwey, a distinguished Jesuit from England, expressed a wish to visit the Holy Land, as he believed he could thus give greater interest and value to a work which he was writing for publication on the life and sufferings of our

Lord.* A friend in London had offered to defray all the travelling expenses of himself and companion; and Father Villiger having been asked to be his companion, on account of his known knowledge of the Holy Places, he expressed himself as willing to go.

It was really courageous in him to enter on this undertaking, as he was three years past the term of three-score and ten, and was to meet with considerable hardships and thrilling adventures. But he had a youthful and buoyant spirit; and it is amazing how keenly observant he was in all the places visited by him. He left lengthy accounts of his visit to the East and return in his letters and diaries, part of which have been printed; we rely upon them in this narrative and shall give brief extracts from them, believing that they will prove interesting and edifying.

After the conclusion of the General Congregation he and Father Gallwey, with the permission of Very Rev. Father General, started from Loyola on the seventh of December for Marseilles, passing by Pampeluna on the way and stopping at Manresa, places connected so closely with the

* Since published in two volumes under the title: "The Watches of the Passion, with Before and After." By Father P. Gallwey, S. J.

life of Saint Ignatius. He arrived at Marseilles December the twelfth and remained there a few days at the house of his order; and from here his pilgrimage properly began.

In beginning his account of this pilgrimage to Palestine he says:

It is true, no one can deserve such a favor; and since it fell unexpectedly to my lot to go there, I thought it was my imperative duty to make this journey profitable, not only to myself, but to all others who might claim a share in the spiritual emoluments. . . . As regards your spiritual preparations, strive to go to the Holy Land without prejudice, but with a solid Catholic faith and a docile mind and heart, otherwise you will lose immensely and not feel that substantial devotion which the sincere and candid Christian does experience at the sacred shrines of the Holy Land.

Of the fair French city where he now is, he says:

Marseilles itself served to prepare us for our pilgrimage, as much of its early history is intimately connected with the Holy Land. It is here that Saint Lazarus arrived from Palestine, in company with his two sisters, Mary Magdalen and Martha. Their persecutors wished them to perish on the Mediterranean Sea, but God's providence brought them here safely. For a time they lived near the shore, where they explained the Christian Doctrine to men, women and children, converting a great number of them. From a high hill outside of the town, on the eastern side, looking to the northeast, you observe, at a great distance and in

the high mountains, the place where the holy grotto of Mary Magdalen is shown, where the angels often appeared to her, and where she did penance and obtained a holy death. Then looking far off to the southwest, is seen the place where Saint Martha lived and died.

In the afternoon of December the seventeenth, the two Jesuits went aboard the steamer at Marseilles which was to bear them to Alexandria, in Egypt, after a voyage of five days on the Mediterranean. They passed by the Islands of Corsica and Sardinia, along the coast of Sicily and in full view of Mount Etna, of which Father Villiger remarked that it was covered with snow to within five hundred feet of its summit. They also passed the historic Island of Candia or Crete, and on the morning of December the twenty-second they were in the harbor of Alexandria, the modern representative of the ancient city of so much historic interest.

As our two travellers had sent notice by telegram of their coming, two Jesuit Fathers were at the landing to receive them and conduct them to their large and beautiful college.

The same morning at ten o'clock they left on the steamer for Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem; they passed Damietta and Port Said, and the next morning were in view of the coast of

Palestine from Gaza to Jaffa, arriving at the latter place at one P.M. At a time of high winds and heavy waves it is very dangerous and sometimes impossible to land here, on account of the numerous rocks; and many passengers had broken their limbs in descending to a lower boat or had lost their lives. As Father Villiger says, however:

Fortunately for us everything was calm, except the Arabs who came on board the ship like furies or wild beasts to lay hold of our baggage, fighting terribly among themselves for rank and mastery over one another and over the passengers; a good whip well used, with strong determination, was an excellent and sometimes the only means of safety.

Besides the two Jesuits there were seven other priests on the steamer from various and widely separated places, from California and Iowa in the United States, from Ireland, Prussia and Buenos Ayres in South America, all wishing to reach Jerusalem by Christmas. Father Villiger and his companion had sent word of their coming, and they were met by Brother Lievin de Hamme, a Franciscan, a veteran guide of pilgrims, who brought them in a small boat to the wharf, expedited their business with the custom-house and passport office, and in a few minutes led them to

the Franciscan house for pilgrims, close to the shore.

As preliminary to his notices of the holy places near Jerusalem, given in his letters and diaries, Father Villiger has a brief dissertation against those who doubt of the certainty of those places as the scenes of the life and sufferings of our Lord. Our Blessed Lady, he says, Saint Mary Magdalen, other pious persons and the Apostles knew those holy places and made them known to others. The tens of thousands of converts made in Jerusalem after the day of Pentecost knew them and handed down a knowledge of them. Simeon, the holy bishop of Jerusalem at the time of its destruction by Titus, knowing from the prophecy of our Lord that this dread event was near at hand, persuaded the Christians there to sell their property and go with him to Pella, eighty miles distant. They returned after a year or two, still remembering without doubt the sacred places; and they certainly could identify them, notwithstanding the ruins of the city. Saint Helena, the mother of Constantine, came East in her venerable age and succeeded in identifying them and finding the true cross. The Emperor Hadrian, out of hatred toward the Christians and the places hallowed in their eyes, placed

statues of Jupiter, Venus and other pagan heroes over those spots. But it was known to the world that those idols stood on those religious sites, and thus Hadrian, by God's providence, unwittingly preserved the memory of them. Churches were built over Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre, the site of our Saviour's birth and other places; and many Christians came in pilgrimage to them through centuries. It is true the Saracens came and destroyed them; but that destruction did not abolish the sites themselves or the memory of the sacred events associated with them; and so we have an uninterrupted historical tradition in regard to them, which cannot be denied except from perversity, recklessness or motives unworthy of a reasonable and truth-loving mind. What then, Father Villiger asks, must be said of our modern scholars and masters of history who present to the world suppositions and surmises without the slightest proof or probability, who disregard all records of tradition from the earliest centuries, and have nothing reasonable to give, as a substitute, for the world's belief? He adds that even the Turks and Arabs in Jerusalem laugh to scorn these modern wise men and their new-fangled and unreasonable conjectures concerning the Holy Places of the Christians.

These thoughts and reasonings of Father Villiger show the sincere religious spirit and earnest faith with which he now set foot on the soil of Palestine. He records the following among other things of Jaffa :

This town has about eight thousand inhabitants; of these there are over one thousand Catholics, about one thousand Schismatic Greeks and Armenians and fifty Protestants; the rest are Mahometans with four hundred Jews.

The houses in the town are huddled together without the least regard to appearance or convenience, and the streets are only a labyrinth of blind alleys and crooked, filthy lanes; but there is great bustle and thrift about it.

The faces of most of the people look as if they had never been washed; and so their hands, feet, legs, and clothing. Some are black, some copper-color, most of them tanned by the heat of the sun, thin and lean as if they ate nothing but hay and straw with a handful of water; I have seen them taking their meals with their hands out of a pot or basin, in which, as Ovid says, all things are mixed together, *omnia trita simul*, for the simple reason that spoons and forks in the East are often great rarities.

Here in Jaffa the traveller begins to meet with women completely veiled with a white or yellowish-green covering from head to foot, drawn so close over the face as to suffer nothing but the marks of the nose, chin and cheeks to be perceived; of the mouth and eyes you see no traces.

The church dedicated to Saint Peter, the Apostle, has seven spacious altars; and from its flat roof, to which you ascend by staircases of two hundred and thirty-five high

steps, you look around with astonishment and exclaim almost involuntarily: "What a magnificent view is this!" To the north, west and south the broad foaming ocean—southeast, east and northeast the curiously built town, and beyond it a country with orchards of oranges, palm trees, villas, like a paradise, extending to the very mountains of Judea on the east and Mount Carmel on the northeast.

Jaffa [or Joppe] is mentioned many times in the Scriptures. Floats of cedar wood and pine from Lebanon for the building of the temple were landed there. At Jaffa the prophet Jonas embarked for Tharsis, to escape the mission of Nineveh. Here Saint Peter, the Apostle, raised Tabitha from the dead. At Jaffa he resided in the house of Simon, the tanner, near the seashore; and here, praying on the house-top, he had a vision, when Cornelius sent men after the Apostle.

After having seen everything remarkable in and about Jaffa, Father Villiger and his companion, with the Vicar-General of the Dubuque Diocese and Brother de Hamme, went in a carriage to Ramleh, nine miles distant, on the road to Jerusalem—of which town he writes:

The Franciscan Fathers live here, in a convent built on the site of the houses of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, to whom the small vaulted stone church is dedicated, as is also the main altar above. I said Mass and then assisted at two Masses more, whilst a number of Syrian schoolboys did the same, reciting their prayers aloud in the Arabic language with great devotion.

On going out of the church you enter a small, plain vaulted chapel, which was formerly the marble workshop

of the two saints. In this workshop, according to tradition, the life-size miraculous crucifix, now kept in the cathedral of Lucca, in Italy, is said to have been made, looking exactly as our Saviour did when the saints saw him, at the time they were about to take him down from the Cross. This cross and the blood flowing from it, when at Beyroot in Syria, is spoken of in our martyrology.

From Ramleh he made an excursion to the ancient Lydda, two miles distant, of which town he writes:

Adjoining it are the ruins of the church of St. George, among the most picturesque ruins in all Syria. In this town Saint Peter, the Apostle, miraculously cured Eneas, who had lain eight years in bed sick of the palsy, (Acts IX). Saint George was born here, martyred at Nicomedia under Diocletian in the third century, and his body conveyed here and a church erected in his honor. The Saracens destroyed the church and the bishopric.

At two P.M., December the twenty-fourth, 1892, Father Villiger took the train for Jerusalem. It is a journey of three hours from Ramleh, the distance being over forty miles by the turns of the railroad, though only twenty-two in a straight line,—with an ascending grade of two thousand seven hundred feet from Jaffa.

One of his fellow-passengers, knowing that he came from Philadelphia, pointed out to him some letters on the locomotive which indicated that it

had been made at Baldwin's celebrated locomotive works on Broad Street, which he remembered so well—the vast shops and army of workmen constantly engaged in making those inanimate things of life.

In his journal he mentions passing several places of Scriptural interest on his way to the Holy City. First, the stream in which the Eunuch or Minister of Queen Candace of Ethiopia was baptized by Saint Philip, who by inspiration caught up with him while he was reading the prophet Isaias in his chariot, and explained its meaning to him.

Again when Jerusalem had come in sight, he traversed the beautiful plain of Raphaim, where David twice conquered the Philistines. Farther on he passed the Hill of Evil Counsel, "where Caiaphas had a country-seat with a palace, and where he called together the principal Jews for a consultation, after our Saviour had brought Lazarus to life, and where they determined to condemn our Lord to death and even to kill Lazarus, the strongest witness for the divinity of Christ, the Messiah."—(John XI.)

When the train reached the station at Jerusalem at five P.M., Brother Lievin de Hamme, the venerable Franciscan of seventy years, who had

been a guide to pilgrims for over thirty-five years, at once got a carriage for Father Villiger and party; and they were conveyed by a beautiful, broad and even road around the city walls to the new gate, and then to the near-by Franciscan convent and house for pilgrims, which was to be their place of lodging.

Of his arrival in the Holy City Father Villiger writes :

To be in Jerusalem and Bethlehem, especially at the happy season of Christmas, is a privilege that may be called the greatest a Christian heart may wish for outside of Heaven. We can never thank God enough for having brought us here from such a great distance, under such admirable protection, both by land and sea, and with an increase in health and strength such as we could not naturally expect.

We had scarcely arrived here when we learned that a great number of priests had already gone to Bethlehem for the great feast of to-morrow, and that it was necessary to have sent the names to the office the day previous, that is this morning, in order to obtain an altar and an hour for Mass to-morrow; so that as we saw it was impossible for us to get a chance for that purpose, we concluded to remain here during the night. In fact, we saw afterwards with our own eyes the last Masses said in Bethlehem at four o'clock in the afternoon on Christmas day. However, we sent our credentials to the secretary for the necessary recognition, and permission was granted us to say Mass everywhere in Palestine, even on a portable altar and in the open air.

Christmas night in Jerusalem! Christmas morning in this Holy City! Oh! how the numerous and large Catholic bells sent their solemn and frequent peals over the city, and made them reverberate through all the valleys!

We were up early and went to the magnificent, spacious church of our Saviour with its nine altars, to say our three Masses. We found it all illuminated, the candles lit at all the altars, and to my astonishment I beheld a large blazing crib, made almost exactly as our crib of the Gesu, Philadelphia, used to be.

At nine o'clock on Christmas day, favored with fine weather, he started in a carriage for Bethlehem, six miles distant, over the excellent new road, to assist at the Pontifical High Mass to be celebrated there at ten o'clock in the Franciscan church of St. Catherine.

His journal shows that he knew and observed all the places of Scriptural interest on the way. He passed near Cherbet Katamoon, where the venerable holy Simeon who bore the child Jesus in his arms in the temple, lived, and where his tomb is shown; and near this place, he says, was a terebinth tree under which the Holy Family rested on the way to Jerusalem when coming from Bethlehem for the Purification, which took place on the second of February. He mentions also passing in sight of the place where the angel appeared to the prophet Habacuc, (Dan. XIV),

saying: "Carry the dinner which thou hast into Babylon to Daniel, who is in the lion's den."

The following is part of what he wrote about Bethlehem:

We approach Bethlehem, the *house of bread*, where our Heavenly food for the sanctification of our souls, our Lord and Saviour, was born, making this spot one of the holiest and most renowned places of the world. Bethlehem is the land of Ephraim, the land of divine fertility, and even now of earthly abundance, as you may readily see fields of grain and vegetation, and the terraced declivities of hills replete with vines of exquisite produce, with olive-trees, fig-trees and pomegranates. We are on the spot sanctified by the steps of Saint Joseph, the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, the holy Wise Men from the East, and tens of thousands of Saints and pious Christians.

The Bethlehem of the present time is built on an oblong hill from north to south, and extends somewhat to the east and west; and many houses on the slope have their interior rooms in the rock as in caves. It is two thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and is one hundred feet higher than Jerusalem. The town is built of white stone and contains six thousand inhabitants, among whom there are three thousand five hundred Catholics.

Among the Catholic institutions are the parish church of the Franciscans, the house for pilgrims belonging to the same, the convent of the Franciscans, the convent of the Carmelite Sisters, the convent of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, a boys' school, a girls' school under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and a boys' orphanage of the Latin Patriarch in care of the Salesian Brothers.

Next we shall make a visit to the great basilica built by

Saint Helena, the Empress. It measures two hundred and ten feet in length by one hundred and twenty feet in the transept, and has four rows of beautiful marble columns. It formerly belonged entirely to the Catholics, but the Schismatic Greeks have taken the sanctuary proper as well as the transept to the right, and the Schismatic Armenians occupy the left transept—so the Catholics had to construct a church for themselves.

About twenty feet under the sanctuary is the grotto of the Nativity of Christ, and below between the two staircases cut through the rock, is the place where our Saviour was born. There is a marble altar over it, supported by four columns, and under it fifteen fine lamps are burning day and night. The Schismatic Greeks alone are allowed to say Mass here. The floor under the altar is inlaid with exquisite marble on which is a silver star, and around the star is the inscription in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

Ten feet from it on the right we descend three steps into the Chapel of the Manger, eleven feet in length and seven feet in width, all in the rock. The whole grotto of the Nativity is thirty-eight feet long, eleven feet wide and nine feet high, gorgeously decorated with rich damask interwoven with gold.

On Christmas day in 1892 I was there from ten in the morning till near three in the afternoon, and I feel sure that no one who has not been there can fully understand what it is to pray on that spot, with the certainty that *here* the Son of God was born in extreme poverty, suffering and humiliation.

Near the grotto are various underground passages and chapels, and among them a large room thirty by twenty feet, "where Saint Jerome lived

and did penance in this cave-like place underground; where he wrote his mighty works for the good of the learned world; where he thought betimes with fear and trembling he heard the trumpet of the judgment of God, and where he struck his sorrowful heart with a stone to obtain mercy." Near this abode of Saint Jerome is a narrow staircase cut in the rock, which leads up to St. Catherine's Church, with its seven altars, belonging to the Franciscan Fathers.

Father Villiger continues:

I have been asked if there is any winter, any snow or ice in Bethlehem about Christmas. As a general occurrence there is no snow during December. There may be occasionally some cold weather; but the winter properly commences about the middle of January and continues to the end of February. The rainy season usually commences about the middle of December and continues till the end of March. During that time travelling on the heights in the interior becomes difficult because of the mud, dampness and slippery roads; but along the coast, the lowlands and plains it is almost impossible to travel, and always dangerous, because many of the rivers are swollen with rain-water and the whole country becomes a mud-hole, and besides is to a great extent very rough and stony. Many travelling in this way have lost their health, money, baggage, and not seldom life itself, through their imprudence and temerity.

During four weeks of my stay in Palestine I saw frost but once, on the higher parts about Jerusalem, and that after the middle of January. During December and Janu-

ary I saw hundreds of people going about without shoes and stockings through all the rain and mud.

Near Bethlehem are the large fields of Booz of Rahab, where Ruth, the Moabite, gleaned the ears of corn; it is an undulating land of great fertility, nearly a mile in length and width.

As we look down into the deep stony valley north and east, and count the endless terraces winding around in every direction, holding up the fertile earth by strong walls, one cannot help admiring the happiness of the cheerful and devout Christians of Bethlehem, so much blessed by God in their abundant vineyards, in their olive-trees and fig-trees and excellent vegetables.

Having cast a glance at all these interesting scenes, we may spend some minutes in contemplating the high mountains of Moab over thirty miles to the east, beyond the Dead Sea, stretched before us like an immense wall running from north to south, in some places over three thousand feet high.

In a southeasterly direction from here seems to be the highest point, at the side of which Herod of Galilee had his summer palace. Saint John the Baptist was put in prison there, and beheaded on the feast held on Herod's birthday; but his disciples buried him at Samaria.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas day, Father Villiger left Bethlehem, to return to Jerusalem—of which he writes:

What shall I say of Jerusalem, the glory and queen of Israel, where the eyes of God looked in mercy upon the worshipper of olden times? What a change has come upon it since the death of the God-Man!

Outside and from afar it looks lovely, with its mighty domes, minarets and white stone buildings with surmount-

ing cupolas; but inside, in its narrow, dark, unclean streets, frequently arched over to a considerable length, with a population of a similar description, we find gloom, sadness and distress, at once telling us that the curse of the Deicide is still pressing heavily upon it.

Very seldom you meet with a cheerful countenance, and most of the people look as if they had nothing to eat but hay and straw and a handful of water—which agrees perfectly with the coarse, sharp guttural sounds of the Arabic language, uttered to hurry on or stop a heavily laden donkey or towering camel, both striving to prevent your passage in the narrow thoroughfares without tearing off a piece of your garments. The streets are from five to eight, seldom nine feet wide.

Jerusalem at present counts sixty thousand inhabitants; of which there are thirty-five thousand Jews, two thousand Catholics, and the rest Turks and Schismatics of every description. The civil government is of the Turkish Mahometan rule, loving money and pleasure as a preparation for the next world.

The principal Catholic institutions and churches are the Latin Patriarchate with its seminary, the Latin parish church of our Saviour, and a Greek Catholic parish; the churches of *Ecce Homo* and St. Ann, and the establishment of the Missionaries of Algiers at the latter church; three convents of the Franciscans, and the convent of the Sisters of Sion; the Franciscan *hospice* and the Austrian *hospice*; the Catholic Armenian convent and church; the St. Louis hospital for men and women, attended by the Sisters of St. Joseph; Christian Brothers' school for boys; a male and female industrial school; the Franciscan orphan asylum, and another of the Sisters of Sion; a girls' school directed by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Of the various Schismatic denominations the Greeks are the worst and the greatest practical enemies of our holy

religion. I have heard from experienced religious men in Jerusalem that we can entertain no hopes of ever converting the Greeks, for they dislike and almost hate Rome; yet with all their pretended independence, they become miserable slaves to a tyrannical government. The Mahometans despise us and call us dogs, and will treat us as dogs whenever they have the chance.

The Jews suffer poverty and every sort of misery here in Jerusalem, where their forefathers cried out before Pilate, in regard to our Saviour, with a blasphemous curse—"His blood be upon us and upon our children!"—whilst now, in the Church of *Ecce Homo*, at the time of the Consecration, the Sisters, Catholic scholars and people cry aloud—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

In one of his letters Father Villiger gives a minute account of what he saw on his visit to Mount Sion; some brief extracts may be of interest:

Here stood the palace of Herod the Great, who received the Wise Men and not hearing from them in regard to the new-born King, ordered from here the massacre of the innocent children; on the site of this palace the Protestants have built their Christ Church. A short distance from here is the place where our Lord on the day of His resurrection appeared to the three Marys.

In the midst of an agglomeration of buildings is the site of the *Coenaculum* or Supper-Hall, a most sacred spot, where Christ Himself was High-Priest and Victim of Sacrifice; where the first Mass was said; where the first Communion was given to the Apostles; where they were consecrated bishops; where they received the Holy Ghost,

and whence they went forth as heralds of Faith over the whole world (Luke XXII). Here our Saviour appeared to the Apostles after His resurrection, and here Saint Thomas put his finger into the prints of the nails and his hand into the sacred side of Jesus (John XX). Here the first council was held by Saint Peter (Acts I). This holy place is desecrated by the Turks, and the three Plenary Indulgences which had been granted here have been transferred to the Church of our Saviour by the Sovereign Pontiffs.

On our return we entered the quarter of the Jews; the Lord be merciful to those who have to live here in this place of dirt and filth and poverty, looking like an ants' nest which has been disturbed by throwing stones or using a stick!

Father Villiger has written a minute account of what he saw on his visit to Golgotha or Calvary; the following are brief extracts:

You will no doubt be glad to make an interesting and devout visit to Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord. It is in the northeastern part of Jerusalem, about thirty minutes' walk from the Coenaculum or Supper-Hall. Ever since the death of our Saviour on the cross, Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre have received the greatest veneration from the entire Christian population. Constantine's mother, Empress Helena, repairing in her old age to Jerusalem, carried out the emperor's orders, with the guidance of Saint Macarius, who was then bishop of the Holy City. The ground around Calvary and the Sepulchre was made level and covered with beautiful stones, and an immense church with gorgeous decorations of gold was built up. The structure was finished in eight years and the basilica

was consecrated in 335; and its interior shone with a great wealth of gold and polished marbles. It was often plundered and partly destroyed, until finally it reached the present condition.

The church is about three hundred and nine feet long and two hundred and seventy feet wide, containing within itself five chief portions or sanctuaries. The first is the *Rotunda*, built around the Holy Sepulchre, sixty-nine feet in diameter inside; with the Greek church joining it on the east side, ninety feet in length. Second is the chapel where Christ appeared to His Holy Mother. Third is the double church of Calvary, some distance to the southeast of the Sepulchre. Fourth is the church of Saint Helena, still farther east. Fifth is the chapel of the finding of the Cross. All of these churches are connected together, so as to form a collection of the chief sanctuaries, without, however, any symmetry or special splendor of beauty.

On entering the church you see at once on a large divan which might hold more than ten persons, two or three Turks, watchmen, crouched down, eating or smoking; they are pretty quiet and tolerant, although not silent, with a turban on the head, at times asking for a *backshish* or tip.

After about ten steps you are before the Stone of Unc-tion, where a Plenary Indulgence is gained each time you say devoutly one *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*. This stone of red, yellow and white marble, four by ten feet, is encased in a marble frame, and the whole of it placed over the natural rock where Christ, being taken down from the Cross, was embalmed and prepared for burial. The natural rock was left untouched by Saint Helena when building the church, and the present reddish marble stone was put there in 1808, after the conflagration of the cupola over the Holy Sepulchre. On each of the four corners is a large golden ball; at the head and foot of the stone stand six colossal candle-sticks with colossal wax candles, and at a

height of about six feet above the stone, is a row of ten enormous decorated lamps constantly burning. We knelt down before this stone, said our prayers and devoutly kissed it.

Forty feet from it is the place where the holy women stood whilst our Saviour was hanging on the Cross, and there they remained while Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus were embalming the body of Christ. A circular stone in the floor marks the place and a round iron gate protects it, while some lamps are burning there. Nine steps farther you enter the *Rotunda*, as seen reconstructed at the common expense of France, Russia and Turkey.

The *Rotunda*, about sixty-nine feet in diameter, has eighteen massive piers supporting two galleries, one above the other; the whole of it is covered with a vault of fine fresco, beneath the centre of which stands the ever-venerable chapel of the tomb of our Saviour and His glorious resurrection, a centre of attraction to all the pilgrims of the world, whether Catholics or non-Catholics, as long as a spark of faith is kept alive in their breast. The stone seats on both sides in front are occupied by the officiating clergy, and the large candle-sticks seen about the entrance belong to the Latins, Greeks and Armenians. The Chapel of the Angels, so-called because angels there announced Christ's resurrection to the pious women, is a sort of ante-chamber about ten feet wide and nine feet deep. The tomb was the last witness of our Saviour's humiliation, but at the same time the first of His glorious resurrection. What must be the sentiments of a believer kneeling at that holy grave? Can he say in truth: "I have so lived as to make a good use of the fruit of redemption? Are my hopes solid, not only of a future resurrection, but of an everlasting glorification? What promises shall I make to secure a glorious future?"

Forty feet from the Sepulchre we come to the Chapel of Saint Mary Magdalen, where the resuscitated Saviour appeared to her as a gardener. This chapel shows by a rosette in the floor, the spot where Christ stood. Nearby is the Chapel of the Resurrection, on the place where He appeared to His Blessed Mother, according to tradition. For Saint Joseph of Arimathea had there a small house in his garden, which he placed at her disposal; and here she remained for a time, to be near the Sepulchre of her Son till His resurrection. This chapel is also remarkable for another miracle; as in the presence of Saint Macarius, Saint Helena and a great crowd of people, a dead person was brought to life by the touch of the true Cross of Christ.

An apse with its altar is on the place where the garments of Christ were divided, and where they cast lots for the coat without seam. On a platform forty feet square is the chapel where Christ died, a most sacred spot, where the most dolorous scenes of our dying Lord's life took place. The Lord grant to every human being the intensely pious feelings a priest must have when he says Mass there on that altar, where our Saviour was nailed to the cross on his account! From the top of Calvary you could look over the old city walls and could see the whole town, north, east and south—and Mount Olivet to the east, beyond the temple on Moriah. The old bloody sacrifices are at an end; the new sacrifice of infinite value takes their place in a mystical manner.

On the eastern side of the Chapel of the Crucifixion you see an altar of marble, with dazzling gold decorations all around, living as it were in the glare of burning lights; in the background is the emblem of our Lord, life-size, bleeding and dying, His holy mother to His right, Saint John to His left; and under the altar, in the round opening of that large gold plate, stood the Cross of Christ. The

millions of pious kisses that have been imprinted there by the kneeling pilgrims, cannot be counted.

Two yards from this spot, through a long three-inch-wide aperture, you distinctly see the miraculous rent of the rock which occurred at the death of the God-Man. Further to the right you see a small beautiful altar of the Seven Dolors, where the Blessed Virgin was seated to receive the body of her Divine Son when He was being taken down from the cross. In the south wall is a small window with an iron grate, through which you can look down into a chapel of the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, where she stood with Saint John, the Apostle, during the crucifixion of our Lord.

Many more things I have seen and heard in this venerable basilica of Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre, which I must omit; for I fear I have been far too diffuse in my descriptions.

Father Villiger devotes one of his letters to an account of the original stations of the Cross at Jerusalem, and the pious passing of pilgrims along them; he gives a careful description of them one after another. Here are some brief extracts:

To-day I intend to give you a description of the *Via Dolorosa*, the Way of the Cross, through which our Saviour travelled, carrying the Cross from Pilate's house to Mount Calvary. Fourteen stations are specially marked, and have been visited with great devotion by pilgrims from every part of the world. The stations can be gone through freely and publicly in Jerusalem without disturbance from the passing Jews or Mahometans; no fear need be felt. I performed the Way of the Cross often, by myself alone

and sometimes publicly with the Franciscan Fathers and pilgrims on Fridays at three P.M., forming, as it were, a large procession, accompanied and protected by a government officer, who carried his insignia upon his garments, and a fine respectable whip in his hand, to measure the back of any man, as I have seen him do to a Jewish lad of seventeen or eighteen years, who incautiously tried to interrupt the pious procession.

To perform the Way of the Cross in Jerusalem in the same streets as did our Saviour, and to stop and pass on before the very places where He trod, is a great privilege, a great happiness, and indeed a great honor. The spiritual treasures for one's soul and for the departed souls, are incalculable.

To obtain these advantages the following conditions are required: Every station is to be visited unless there be an insurmountable obstacle; and you must reflect upon the mysteries which were accomplished on that spot; no special prayer, however, is requisite at any station, nor is it necessary to kneel down, although I have seen many prostrating themselves and kissing the stones or ground which were wet and muddy.

The distance you have to go from Pilate's palace, through the crooked ways and turns of lanes, is about one mile to Mount Calvary.

Near the fourth station you see a street opening from the west, on the right side; and just near the corner was the place where poor Lazarus dwelt in his miserable hut; from which he used to go down this street about forty steps to that three-story variegated house which is built over the street, to obtain, if possible, some crumbs of bread that fell from the table of the rich man who lived there.

The fourteenth station is the Holy Sepulchre; and the place of the glorious resurrection of Christ, the strongest proof of His Divinity. It is customary to finish the Way

of the Cross here by the recital of six Our Fathers, Hail Marys and Glorys. May the abundance of the fruit of redemption be applied to our needy souls!

In another letter Father Villiger gives a lengthy account of his visit to Mount Moriah, the seat of the ancient Jewish temple, in which bloody sacrifices were offered to God and accepted by Him before the death of our Saviour.

Not a stone upon a stone remains of the ancient temple; and in the place of the Holy of Holies stands the Mahometan mosque of Omar. This building is an octagon, one hundred and eighty feet in diameter, each side sixty feet in length and ninety feet high, with a cupola seventy-five feet in diameter. The interior of the mosque, our traveller says, overwhelms one with its richness of decoration, its light and elegant form, artistic mosaics, and magnificent carvings and paintings.

Not far from it is the still larger mosque, El-Aksa. Formerly, any Christian who put his foot in these places was punished with death; but since the Crimean war Mahometan fanaticism has abated somewhat, and permission to visit these places may be obtained, also an escort of an officer or two for protection.

Father Villiger tells in his amusing way how all who enter must have slippers; and he, not

being provided with them, was obliged to place over his shoes a pair presented to him by the Mahometan guide, who, however, seemed to care more for the backshish received by him than for strict observance.

Says Father Villiger:

When Solomon wished to build his magnificent temple on Moriah, he prepared first a platform large enough to contain the temple; this platform is at present one thousand five hundred feet long and nine hundred feet broad. It was on this platform that our Saviour, being twelve years old, was found by His parents among the priests and scribes. From this platform Christ drove the merchants and money-changers who had made it a den of thieves. Here, too, our Saviour absolved the woman taken in adultery, after writing on the ground, as some think, the secret sins of the accusers. On this platform stood also the treasury of the temple, where Christ praised the widow's mite. Here He preached His doctrine of salvation to those who wished to hear it. Here the Jews picked up stones to kill Him as a blasphemer; but He rendered Himself invisible and went out of the temple. Here He predicted the destruction of the temple.

The mosque of Omar occupies the Holy of Holies; and the impression made on the spectator in this place where the glory of God was so often miraculously manifested, is indescribable; one is awed and stands amazed as if in God's very presence. Here under the cupola, seventy-five feet in width, on this rock before us, Abraham was bidden to sacrifice his son Isaac; here was the threshing floor of Ornan, where David erected an altar for sacrifice, which was consumed by fire from above as a sign of expiation

(I. Paral. 21); here the Most Holy stood with the ark of the covenant, the seat of propitiation and the two protecting cherubim.

The neighboring mosque of El-Aksa was built by Christians on the spot where the Blessed Virgin lived from her third to her fifteenth year; her room is said to have been under the cupola of this church. Omar made a mosque of it. Here lived also Anna, the prophetess, spoken of on the day of the Purification. This mosque was one of the finest churches in the East; it measures two hundred and eighty feet in length and one hundred and eighty feet in width.

After leaving the mosque we put off our slippers and went directly to the southeast corner of the temple-platform, where we descended into a chamber called the cradle of Christ. The holy priest Simeon requested the Holy Family, after the presentation of the Infant Saviour, to stay in his dwelling, which was there. The request was granted; hence the name. The Moslems have it in great honor; a stone niche excavated on the top like a shell, and placed horizontally under a kind of baldachin, is said by them to be the true cradle.

After coming again to the surface of the platform we pass out through St. Stephen's gate, and descending into the valley of Jehosaphat and taking the road which leads from the garden directly south, we come to the monument of Absalom which he built in his lifetime. Absalom was killed in his insurrection against his father by Joab beyond the Jordan, and thrown into a ditch with a heap of stones upon him.

A little below this monument, in the depth of the valley, is the lower bridge over the Cedron; and ninety steps north from Absalom's monument is the place where our Lord said to his disciples: "Stay you here whilst I go yonder and pray."

Not far away is the place of the martyrdom of the Prophet Isaias in the year 696 before Christ. We see also Haceldama, bought with the money of Judas' treason, which he flung about the floor of the temple when the priests with contempt refused to take it.

On the southwestern part of the temple-platform, one can look down to the place of wailing of the Jews. I descended to this deep place, which is about one hundred and fifty feet long by fifteen feet wide, having on the east side a portion of the ancient wall constructed by Solomon for the purpose of giving a large surface for the temple. To this place many Jews, men, women and children, came every Friday, and sometimes on other days, to weep and lament over their sins and the dispersion of their nation. They prostrate themselves on the pavement, lean against the walls, read psalms and lamentations from the Prophet Jeremias, they weep and kiss the stones and sometimes strike them, repeating with sobs and grief such exclamations as these: "O Lord, how long yet! Here we are solitary and in lamentation for the temple which is destroyed, for the walls that are torn down—for the great men that perished; here we are sitting solitary and lamenting and weeping." It is heart-rending to see the blindness of these people.

Since the mosque of Omar has been built over the Jewish sanctuary, the Israelites are permitted to approach only the substructures of Mount Moriah; of the ancient temple that stood on the platform above, not a stone was left standing. O, how terrible are the effects of that revolting cry of the deicidal Jews: "His blood come upon us and our children!"

I cannot possibly describe all I have seen and noticed in this remarkable city, so interesting to the whole world.

I shall add a little excursion to Hebron, eighteen miles to the south. It is the highest point of Palestine proper;

for as Bethlehem is one hundred feet higher than Jerusalem, so is Hebron two hundred feet above the Holy City. The road that has been lately finished to that city is very fine and forms an excellent carriage drive. On the way two policemen keep watch near the three enormous water tanks of Solomon, each of them three hundred feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide and about fifty feet deep, arranged in a line between two hills formed by parallel layers of stones. On the northern side of the tanks runs the aqueduct, carrying water around Bethlehem to the platform of the temple on Mount Moriah in Jerusalem. From these tanks the water was used to irrigate the magnificent gardens of Solomon, which were near by.

About a mile from Hebron is Abraham's oak, near which he received the Heavenly visitors. This oak is, of course, of a later period, but it reminds us of the touching events recounted in the book of Genesis which occurred here. It is more than thirty feet in circumference and its branches extend ninety-two feet; a wall has been put around it; also a house has been built near by for a watchman to take care of the tree.

Hebron at present has ten thousand inhabitants, amongst them six hundred and fifty Jews; the rest are Mahometans, who have the greatest hatred and contempt for Christians. Men, women and even children will come around you and spit at you; and if you are not well protected by reliable guides, you are in danger of being robbed and even murdered. Hebron is one of the oldest cities in the world, having been built seven years before Tanis in Egypt. The explorers sent by Moses in 1480 B. C. came here and found a city with walls, and the giants of Enac living there; coming back, they said they were only like locusts in comparison with these giants. (Num. 13.)

David was King in Hebron more than seven years over two tribes. After the death of Isboseth he was here

anointed King over all the tribes of Israel. All around Hebron are excellent vineyards and olive orchards surrounded with walls. In the twenty-third chapter of Genesis it is stated that Abraham bought at Hebron a field with a double cave, as a family burial place, for four hundred sicles of silver. Sara died and was buried there; Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Rebecca and Lia were also buried there.

On December the thirty-first and January the fifth Father Villiger visited Ain-Karim or Saint John in the Desert, the scene of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin to her cousin, Saint Elizabeth, and of the utterance of the beautiful and ever-memorable canticle *Magnificat*. The place is six miles west of Jerusalem and is undoubtedly, he says, "the Mountainous Country" of the Gospel. The following are brief extracts from what he wrote in connection with these visits:

The mystery of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary is replete with consolation and instruction for Christian hearts. Mary, the living tabernacle of the God-Man, understood from the revelation of the angel at the Annunciation, that her cousin Elizabeth had conceived a son in her old age, because *no word shall be impossible with God*; and she also understood, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that it was the good pleasure of God to sanctify the soul of that child even in its mother's womb. Hence she arose, with the sweetest sentiment of zeal for God's glory, to accomplish His will; and this was the object of the journey which she undertook. For a young and tender mother like Mary a journey such as this must have been

very fatiguing. She was at Nazareth, which was eighty-one miles north of Ain-Karim. The road that lay between the two places was impassable for vehicles of any kind. The journey of our Blessed Lady occupied four days, and the fatigue of travel was only alleviated by the animal on which she rode. Saint Joseph accompanied her, for a regard for propriety required his constant presence and vigilant care. At the end of the journey Saint Joseph left his spouse with Saint Elizabeth, and retired with Saint Zachary into the shade of the adjacent garden. It was thus that Saint Elizabeth and the Mother of God were enabled to keep the great secret of the Incarnation to themselves, as the spirit of God had directed them to do.

The church built on the spot where the house of Zachary stood, near Ain-Karim, is one of the finest in all Palestine. On the left side of the high altar you descend seven steps down into the chapel of the Nativity of Saint John. Right under the marble altar you notice a round opening marking the place where he was born. The whole grotto is cut out of the solid rock, and was once a room in Saint Zachary's house. It was here that his neighbors and relations assembled to congratulate the parents of the Precursor, who was to point out the Lamb of God and convert many a sinner of Israel to the Lord.

The sanctuary of the Nativity of St. John is very similar to that of the Nativity of Christ. Five bas-reliefs in white marble, set in black frames, represent the principal events connected with the Precursor; they are beautifully wrought, and are a present of the King of Naples.

Further on you come to a chapel, a room partly cut out of the rock, which you still see along the side; and it belonged to the ancient house. In this room the Blessed Virgin saluted Saint Elizabeth, and at the sound of her voice Saint John was sanctified in his mother's womb. This is the spot where this most touching and sublime

meeting took place. The Son of God, made man, comes to sanctify his servant; the Mother of God hastens to meet the mother of the Precursor, and in the ecstasy of her heavenly joy she proclaims, in the admirable *Magnificat*, the great things the Lord has done to her. Who would not here fall upon his knees and pour out from his inmost soul the inspired verses of the *Magnificat*, on the very spot where it was first heard from the lips of her whom all nations shall call blessed!

Three miles and a half from Ain-Karim is the grotto of Saint John the Baptist. The cave is of natural formation, twelve feet long, nine wide and six high. Its interior is the same now as when the Baptist lived in it. In the rear of the grotto there is a stone that has the shape of an altar-table; it was on this that Saint John used to take his night's rest. Such is the place in which the Precursor led the life of an anchorite and penitent, and prepared himself for the ministry of preaching which was to precede the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. Here he lived from his tenderest years, shunning the haunts of men and living more like an angel than a man. Here in his thirtieth year the Holy Ghost called him to the desert near the Jordan, to preach, baptize and prepare the way of the Lord.

Sacred as are all these details about the country of the Visitation, the mystery itself is still more sacred. The desolation and barrenness of the hill country only direct our attention more forcibly to the pleasant companionship of Mary with Elizabeth, of Joseph with Zachary, and to the excellent fruits of every virtue by which that holy company turned even that desert place into a paradise.

January second, in the afternoon, Father Villiger visited the Garden of Gethsemane, the cave of the Agony, the place where the three Apostles

waited, and the sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin. In connection with this last object he wrote some beautiful things about the life of our Lady after her Divine Son's Ascension, and her death and burial. Some extracts may please and edify:

Where did the Blessed Virgin die? Where was she buried? During my recent pilgrimage to the Holy Land, I diligently gathered many local traditions that have been handed down for centuries. I was astonished and greatly edified to learn of the tenacity with which Christians in the East cling to these traditions which date back to the early days of the Church.

After the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, Saint John the Evangelist left Jerusalem with our Lady and went to live in Ephesus. Her life at Ephesus and his preaching wrought many wonderful conversions. It is said that the first community of Christian virgins was established by the Blessed Virgin in that city. During her stay there, among many events Saint Peter was delivered from prison by an angel, to escape the fury of the Jews. While he was absent, disputes arose in Jerusalem and Antioch, and the head of the Apostolic College convened a council, and designated Jerusalem as the place in which its sessions were to be held. He sent word to our Lady and Saint John and asked them to return to the Holy City for the consolation of the faithful. Our Lady returned from Ephesus to be present at the council; after it was over she remained in Jerusalem until her death.

Not without reason do we admit that our Lady died and was buried in the Holy City. The Greek authors testify to the existence of this tradition. Saint John Damascene and Andrew of Crete expressly state that the Blessed Virgin

lived on Mount Sion; that she died in the presence of the Apostles and disciples; that her body was carried out by the Apostles to Gethsemane; that she was assumed into Heaven body and soul; and that her tomb was honored in their day by the concourse of all nations. The church of Ephesus possessed no traditions regarding these events. When in the fifth century the Empress Saint Pulcheria wrote to Juvenal, bishop of Jerusalem, asking for relics of the Blessed Virgin, he answered: "We can show you our Lady's grave in Gethsemane, but it is empty, for you should know that she was assumed into Heaven." To all these testimonials is to be added the local tradition that identifies our Lady's tomb to-day, as it did in the days of the Emperor Constantine.

Many beautiful traditions concerning our Lady's death and burial are still preserved in the Holy Land, and are recorded by the early Fathers and historians of the Church. These traditions tell us that the Angel Gabriel was sent to announce to our Lady the tidings that the days of her exile had drawn to a close and that she was to be united again to her Divine Son. The Angel presented her with a palm-branch in token of her triumph in crushing the serpent's head. As of old when the message of the Incarnation was brought to her, so now, too, the humble Virgin answered: *Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Thy word.* Then when the Heavenly host that accompanied Gabriel had departed, Mary told Saint John, the son whom Jesus had given her from His Cross, and Saint John informed the Christians of Jerusalem, that the Mother of the Church was to be taken from them. All the Apostles except Saint Thomas were gathered in Jerusalem to be present at our Lady's death. We are told that the humble Virgin knelt to receive the blessing and to kiss the feet of these Princes of Christ's Church. After this she consoled the faithful who be-

moaned their loss, and promised them her aid in Heaven. Then when the moment of her departure had arrived, her divine Son came Himself to summon her. Bowing her head, she repeated His words: *Into Thy Hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit*, and breathed forth her soul into the hands of her Creator.

The heavenly song of the angels that came to receive the soul of their Queen was heard by all those who were present at her death, although the hosts of the Blessed were not themselves visible. The Apostles joined in the glad strain and reverently kissed the feet of the blessed body that had been the tabernacle of the Incarnate God. The Fathers tell us, following in this the ancient traditions, that many of those who were afflicted in body begged the privilege of venerating Mary's relics; their devotion was instantly rewarded, for the blind received their sight and the deaf their hearing, speech was restored to the dumb, and the power of motion given to the lame.

When the time for the funeral had come, the Apostles bore the sacred body of their Queen through the streets of the city. When they had come to Gethsemane, they placed the body of our Lady in a rock-hewn tomb, the door of which they closed with a great stone.

During the time following the burial, they kept watch at the tomb in turn. At the end of three days Saint Thomas reached Jerusalem; and learning of our Lady's death and burial, he besought the favor of a last look upon her face. The Apostles wished him to have this consolation and they proceeded to the tomb. After praying before it they rolled away the stone, but in place of the body they had buried there they found only the linen clothes used for the burial. They saw at once that no human power could have removed the body while they kept watch at the tomb, and they understood that our Lord wished to preserve His Mother's body from cor-

ruption, and to honor it by a glorious life of immortality before the day of general resurrection. Thus does Saint John Damascene speak, and the Church confirms his words by inserting them in the breviary during the octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

Following the route of the funeral procession which bore our Lady's body to the tomb, we pass out by the eastern gate of the city and cross the brook Cedron, then turning to the left we see the entrance to a subterranean room in which is the tomb, hewn out of the rock. It is opposite the Garden of Gethsemane and in the lowest part of the Valley of Jehosaphat. Entering by a door, we descend a magnificent flight of stone steps, and reaching the end of the staircase, we find ourselves in a chapel hewn in the solid rock. On the right of the large chapel is a smaller one, which contains the Blessed Virgin's tomb; the walls above and at the sides of the doorway are covered with rich tapestry. The stone upon which the body rested is now arranged as an altar; many lamps burn day and night before the tomb.

We kneel upon the spot where the sacred body of the Mother of God reposed in death, and we beg her powerful intercession. We ask her to obtain for us the favor sought by all who say the *Hail Mary*, the help of her prayers in life and most of all, at the hour of our death. She who was conceived and lived immaculate had no debt to discharge to death. Imitating her divine Son in dying, she followed Him in rising from the tomb, and was by Him assumed into Heaven.

In his account of his visit to the birthplace of Saint John the Baptist, Father Villiger mentions having seen the valley of Terebinth, where David picked up the small stones for his conflict with

Goliath, one of which he placed in his sling and striking him in the forehead with it felled him.

January thirteenth our traveller visited the top of the Mount of Olives near Jerusalem, which is two thousand eight hundred and eighty feet above the Mediterranean. He speaks of the magnificent view which it affords, in particular of the Mountains of Moab, nearly three thousand feet high, of the Dead Sea and the River Jordan. He entered the chapel on the Mount in which is the solid rock on which Christ stood when blessing his Apostles and Disciples just before His Ascension, leaving the impress of His footprints on the rock. One footprint, he says, is yet clearly perceptible. Half way up Mount Olivet is the place where our Lord wept over Jerusalem on Palm Sunday; from this spot an excellent view of the city could be had, especially of Mount Moriah and the Temple. On the east side of the Mount, two miles from Jerusalem, was the village of Bethany, the home of Lazarus and his sisters, Martha and Mary, which Father Villiger visited also and with great interest and devotion. Near the village he saw the traditional *Stone of Conversation*, where our Saviour is said to have rested after having come up a considerable height from the Jordan Valley to resuscitate Lazarus,

who was dead and buried already four days. To this place Martha came to meet our Lord and said to Him: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died; but now also I know that whatever Thou wilt ask of God, He will give it to Thee." To this stone Mary Magdalen also came on being called by Martha, and she repeated the same petition, weeping. Jesus wept and the friends of the dead man who were present, wept and said to one another: "Behold how He loved him!" And Father Villiger writes:

What should they not say!—what should we not say when we see Him some days later shedding not only tears, but every drop of His blood, and cruelly nailed to a cross for us!

This stone of the conversation between our Lord and Martha is said to be harder than any other stone in the country around—so that it will break in pieces any stone thrown violently against it, without being itself fractured. Father Villiger viewed it with religious curiosity, and knelt down to say a prayer in order to gain the partial Indulgence granted. When he was rising, a Mahometan boy looked at him and picked up a stone, which he intended to throw on the sacred rock and then pick up a fragment and present it to him, with the expectation of receiving a nickel, as we would

say. But he shook his head, smiled and shook his finger at the lad, who then smiled also and dropped the stone, seeing that his scheme was understood.

Father Villiger went also to the cave, fifteen minutes' walk distant, which was the tomb of Lazarus, where our Lord stood and cried aloud: "Lazarus, come forth!" "And presently he that had been dead came forth, bound feet and hands with winding-bands." The house of Lazarus and his sisters stood twenty or thirty yards from the tomb; it was changed into a church, which was destroyed by the Saracens. The modern Bethany is a poor place; its inhabitants are three hundred Mahometan Arabs, who, our traveller says, have a great devotion to Saint Lazarus and take great care of his tomb; for if they do not, they fear they shall lose their children.

Of his visit to the Garden of Gethsemane Father Villiger writes:

On the left of the entrance into it you see ascending rocks with broad and flat sides, where the three Disciples slept for a time instead of praying, and where our Saviour said: "What! could you not watch one hour with me?" Our whole life is less than one hour when compared with eternity, and we will not watch that one hour and pray to be saved! About twenty steps from here you notice a short column set in the wall; that is the place where the

perfidious Judas betrayed our Lord with a kiss. And for what does man now-a-days betray his divine Lord? No place, no state of life is secure. Those who persevere in grace to the end shall be saved.

He writes in his diary:

January eighth, Sunday. Whilst walking on the flat stone roof of the Franciscan Hospice [his place of lodging,] in the high northeast part of Jerusalem, where you have a wide-spread view, you feel wonderfully impressed in seeing so many places, roads, mountains and valleys where great mysteries occurred; and to see these things just at the anniversaries, the same day and hour when they occurred, makes a great impression.

At length after having seen more objects of interest in and around Jerusalem than he could tell of and describe, Father Villiger writes in his diary, under date of January twentieth:

To-day I went to all the great sanctuaries of Jerusalem before going to Jaffa, to bid farewell, as the Apostles did before going to preach the Gospel in the whole world.

Farewell to Jerusalem.

Saturday morning, January twenty-first, between seven and eight o'clock our Father with Father P. Gallwey and Very Rev. Mr. Ryan, Vicar-General of Dubuque, Iowa, left Jerusalem by train for Jaffa on their return homeward,

“with feelings of gratitude and sorrow; gratitude for innumerable blessings received, and deep sorrow for being obliged to tear myself away from such holy places.” No doubt they were drawn as on their first arrival, by a locomotive from Baldwin’s great factory in Philadelphia. They arrived at Jaffa, on the sea, after about three hours and a half. They found it very stormy on the water, with the waves roaring and dashing their foam many feet high. Two steamers were in sight the next day, but they went on their course without landing at this place, as they could not with any safety approach the shore, and small boats could not carry passengers to them.

The next place of destination of our travellers was Caiffa or Haifa, to the north, as it was near Mount Carmel, was less than twenty miles from Nazareth and on the route to Beyroot in Syria. They could have gone there in one night by water if they had had patience to wait for a calm sea; and the journey by land could have been made in a day and a half if the weather had been fine and the roads in good condition. Lately, however, a great deal of rain had fallen on the mountains and swelled the streams; and inadvertently a bargain was struck with a

dragoman, or interpreter, and three Arabs, to take the party overland. These men of the East think first of all of their own gain, for which they are apt to sacrifice truth; and the journey consumed five days, and was attended with much hardship and even with danger.

Early on Monday, January the twenty-third, they left Jaffa for Caiffa in an uncomfortable vehicle drawn by two miserable, puny horses. Already after one hour, while they were crossing a swollen creek, the whiffle-tree broke in two in the midst of the water; and they were halted for an hour, until another pole could be procured in the neighborhood. They proceeded until three-thirty P.M. when in crossing a swollen river, the wagon stuck fast; the horses could not pull it out, and our pilgrims were transported to the other shore on the backs of Arabs. From there they had to walk through mud and water till half-past nine in the evening; and as the night was dark, they were in constant danger of suddenly stepping into a mud-hole and falling forward. In spite of these vexing mishaps, Father Villiger was not prevented from observing and asking questions about the villages, heights and other objects which came in sight as they proceeded. At night the party stopped at a Mussul-

man village, and the three pilgrims were accommodated with a small room on the ground floor, from which in their favor two cows and a donkey were driven out into the open air; the ceiling was almost on a level with their heads, and was black with dirt. The landlord spread two sacks full of chaff on the floor, covered them with a kind of cloth, then brought three pillows; and here, covered with blankets and after a frugal supper, they tried to sleep.

The next morning two of the party said they had slept very little and seemed to be troubled with fleas or similar pests; but sound sleep brought oblivion and insensibility to Father Villiger.

The next morning, January the twenty-fourth, men and horses went to drag the vehicle out of the mud, and the pilgrims proceeded on their journey soon after mid-day. To-day as on yesterday they had to be repeatedly carried across streams on the backs of the Arabs, in places where in other seasons there is no water. These Arabs wore no shoes, no stockings, neither pantaloons nor drawers, only a small straw hat and a blue woollen shirt scarcely long enough for absolute decency. And Father Villiger, in his characteristic readiness for a jest, once remarked to

his companion from the United States, that if an American photographer would take pictures of them while on the backs of those strange beings, the sight would cause considerable amusement across the Atlantic. This second day they had to travel again on foot through mud and water for three hours, as the horses and wagon once more stuck in the mud of a stream. At half-past seven in the evening they arrived, wet and muddy, at a village of Circassians who were not trustworthy; their accommodations, however, were a little better than on the previous night, and while they slept the dragoman attendant kept watch with loaded revolver.

The next morning at eight o'clock they proceeded on their journey in a wagon drawn by a team of oxen, and were pulled again through water and mud and across streams. At half-past two P.M. they arrived at a town inhabited by a Jewish colony of two thousand persons, situated on a height, after having been exposed for two hours to a fierce storm of wind, rain and sleet. The storm continued that day and night and the next day; but they were well accommodated in the house of a German Jew who had settled there ten years previously.

On Friday, the fifth day of their journey,

there was a strong wind with occasional rain, and their travelling was still interrupted, to the great displeasure of Father Villiger, who calls these days a season of penance.

The next day, Saturday, was fine, but as the people were all Jews, regard for the Sabbath prevented all travelling as it did cooking.

The next day, Sunday, without having been able to say Mass, our three pilgrims started in a covered wagon for Caiffa and arrived there the same day; they had been nearly a week on the way from Jaffa, although both places seem to be only about thirty miles apart. Caiffa has ten thousand population; it is not an attractive place, with narrow streets, generally dirty, and many old stone houses. Father Villiger remained here a week, he and companions staying with the Carmelite Fathers. He learned that the oldest inhabitants of the place never remembered so severe a winter as that year; since he left Jerusalem, there had been a heavy fall of snow there; and last week the storm was so severe at Caiffa that two steamers perished in the harbor, one having been sunk and the other dashed to pieces on the shore.

Mount Carmel is one mile from Caiffa, and the next day Father Villiger went and ascended it

to the church and the large convent adjoining. There is one altar in the church in honor of Saint Theresa and Saint Peter of Alcantara, and one in honor of Saint Simon Stock; and under the sanctuary is the grotto of Saint Elias, where they say his Mass, as of a martyr, in red, with permission from Rome. From the roof of the convent the view is magnificent over the sea and in every direction.

On one of the following days Father Villiger's two companions went to Nazareth, seventeen or twenty miles distant, and to the Lake of Genesareth; but on account of his age and the difficulties of the journey, he concluded not to go; and he says in his diary that one of them after returning told him it was well he had not gone.

On the Feast of the Purification, February the second, he was present at Mass at Caiffa, at which were present also two hundred and twenty-six scholars of the Christian Brothers.

Sunday, February the Fifth, he and companions left Caiffa at half-past ten in the evening on the steamer for Beyroot.

The next morning at half-past six they saw Sidon, of ancient fame, behind them, and at eight o'clock they entered the harbor of Beyroot. During their stay of one day they were guests at

the University of the Jesuit Fathers, at which there were five hundred and ninety students, including seminarians and medical and law students. The population of Beyroot, Father Villiger says, is about one hundred thousand, and it is the best and cleanest city of the East.

The next day they went aboard the steamer for Egypt and left Beyroot at eight o'clock in the evening; the next morning they were in the harbor of Jaffa, remaining there until late in the afternoon, when they continued the sail and after a tranquil night on the water arrived at Port Said, at the beginning of the Suez Canal, on the morning of February the ninth.

By a small steamer on the canal they reached Ismailia after a few hours and there took the train for Cairo, with its six hundred thousand inhabitants, passing the Nile and the Pyramids, besides many other famous objects of interest and wonder. While in this great city they stayed at the Jesuit College, at which there were two or three hundred students, besides a Maronite seminary under the direction of the Fathers. The Church of the Holy Family adjoining combines the Moorish architecture with the Catholic ritual, and oriental converts find themselves at home in it in a special manner.

From Cairo our travellers went by railroad to Alexandria, a journey of a few hours, and were now on the threshold of return to Europe. As unfavorable weather had prolonged their stay in the Holy Land considerably longer than had been intended, Father Gallwey was hastening the journey homeward, and they remained only a few days in Egypt. Yet during that brief period Father Villiger was wonderfully active in observing the things of interest in that wonderful country, and he has left much in writing of his observations and researches. He says:

Egypt was an object of great interest to my heart; it was full of religious and historical recollections. I considered it the background of the whole history of the Israelites; for to this land Abraham came in his migration from Chaldea, after passing through Palestine; here he reached the valley of the Nile and found in it a kingdom, a land of plenty, whilst the neighboring nations were pressed with hunger. Here the touching scenes of Jacob and Joseph with his brethren occurred. Egypt is remarkable for the Israelite shepherds wandering over the pastures of Goshen, until delivered from their long and cruel oppression and conducted by Moses, with miraculous power, to the mountain of Horeb. But what is best of all, this land was sanctified by our Lord and Saviour, his Blessed Mother and Saint Joseph. Egypt, therefore, may justly be called the prelude to the mysterious Sinai and Palestine.

Speaking of his first experiences on setting foot in Egypt near the Suez Canal, he says :

What struck me most forcibly was the cold atmosphere, and the sand carried by the wind and flung into your face, cutting like splinters of glass; at times you would feel the stinging rays of the sun—and what must it be in summer? Then, no trees to be seen, no caves, no houses, no shelter in time of rain, storm and sleet. Only think, it was just about this time of the year, February, that the Holy Family passed through this dreary desert. What must they have suffered, going on foot through sand and marshes, finding no food, no fresh water unless supplied miraculously, after their fatiguing journey! They had to sleep in the open air on the bare ground, beaten betimes by wind and sand, rain and sleet.

Speaking of the country near the Red Sea, he recalls the miraculous escape of the Israelites between its separated waters and the engulfing of the army of Pharaoh that attempted to pursue them, and adds :

Such is the sacred record of history; explain it naturally if you can. The Arabs living on the shore eastward point out a valley called, according to ancient tradition, "Road of the Sons of Israel," that is, where Israel crossed the Red Sea; they call it by a name meaning *an unheard-of event*.

Speaking of the neighborhood of Mount Sinai, he says :

The remains of convents, churches and chapels, with the vast number of grottoes and hermitages still seen among

the mountains, corroborate the belief that over six thousand anchorites lived here at one time. Few spots on earth possess more thrilling interest. All around are nature's unchangeable features. There are the mountains, peaks, vales gazed upon by the Israelites, astonished and awed by lightnings, fire, thunder and smoke; and here the law of God was received.

In reverential remembrance of the ancient monasticism of Egypt, he says :

In the desert south of the Natron Lakes, about one hundred and fifty miles west of the Nile, fortress-like convents are to be seen, where in the midst of the dreary wilderness saintly hermits used to live. St. Anthony's monastery is on the eastern side of the Nile, about one hundred miles south of Suez and about eight miles west from the shore of the Red Sea; that of St. Paul, the hermit, was on the same side but farther south, and is still inhabited.

Our three travellers dined at the Jesuit College in Alexandria on February the tenth, and soon after were on board the steamer for Naples. It had been determined that they should go by a shorter water trip to Greece and from there to Brindisi in Italy, and so would be less likely to meet with storms; but almost at the last moment the plan was changed, and they entered upon a four days' voyage to Naples.

An incident happened which Father Villiger liked to tell of afterward, in his genuine apprecia-

tion of the ludicrous. Dinner was served on the steamer at five o'clock, and a wealthy Mahometan pilot sat at the table opposite him and observed him closely while he declined wine and different dishes offered to him, because he had had his dinner already. At length when he declined mutton that was offered, a favorite dish in those regions and not to be resisted, it was thought, the waiter seemed astonished and made some remarks about his strange abstinence. As this abstinence, however, seemed to be in exact accord with Mahometan observance, the pilot concluded that he was of his faith, a Mahometan in disguise, and promptly said to the waiter: "Let that man alone, sir; he is a Mahometan! Mahometans don't eat mutton." The waiter, on the other hand, looking at his portly figure, remarked to him, "You are a fine specimen of a vegetarian, indeed!" And during the remainder of the trip, the pilot showed the greatest respect toward the Pastor of the Gesu Church, Philadelphia.

During their passage across the Mediterranean they had one day of very stormy weather, so stormy that most of the passengers became seasick; and one of the three priests had a severe attack of this painful malady of the briny deep. Father Villiger tells with satisfaction how he

escaped it entirely, because the Lord had mercy on an old man. He found afterward that it had been reported at Alexandria, Cairo, and other places where they had been recently, that they had been lost at sea; and even that some Masses had been said for the repose of their souls. He adds: "Well, we came to life again!"

They arrived at Naples on Shrove Tuesday, February the fourteenth. Father Villiger remained there until the next afternoon, and made good use of his time in visiting the different establishments of his order, also the ruins of Pompeii, the shrine of Saint Januarius, where the noted miracle of the liquefaction of his blood takes place, and other places of interest. He attended a dramatic representation by the students of the Jesuit college in the evening, and the next afternoon took the train for Rome.

During the week he stayed in the Eternal City, to which this was his first visit, he showed his usual diligence in visiting its various churches and other hallowed places, and he has left us accounts and descriptions of them in copious notes, which bear witness to his industry.

The most important event of his stay there seems to have been his presence in St. Peter's at the golden jubilee of Leo XIII, on his completion

of fifty years as a bishop, February the nineteenth, 1893. Great preparations had been made for this celebration, and it had drawn fifty thousand visitors to the city, it was said. None was to be admitted to St. Peter's without a ticket, and Father Villiger exerted himself at once to procure one, and he obtained one for himself and another for a companion. Upon inquiry, however, he found that his ticket gave him admission only to the body of the church, placing him on a level with the general public who should be admitted. He thought justly that his character entitled him to a position near the Holy Father and the cardinals, but he found it was very difficult to obtain a ticket which would gain him such a position. With his well-known push he applied to various persons of influence, making known his position of President of St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia, and at length he found one who gave him the desired credentials in exchange for the ticket he had.

The day of the celebration, February nineteenth, dawned a beautiful day, calm, bright and balmy. Our Father started from his lodging at eight o'clock, two hours before the ceremony, robed in the prescribed ecclesiastical dress; while some, he said, started for the great Cathedral so early as six o'clock, in order to obtain desirable

positions. He was admitted behind the cardinals, bishops, diplomatic representatives and the nobility. There were seventy thousand people in the vast edifice, while fifteen thousand more in possession of tickets were obliged to stay outside. The sight of the aged Pontiff was impressive as he was borne along in his elevated chair on the shoulders of eight gentlemen and then when he celebrated Holy Mass. His deacon of honor was Cardinal Mazzella, S. J., who had been many years professor of theology at Georgetown, D. C., and Woodstock, Maryland, and was an American citizen. The vocal music, of course, was of the grandest, and at the Consecration the band of silver trumpets played, in subdued tones, a pleasing heavenly melody which inspired heartfelt devotion. At the end, after the *Te Deum*, the Pope sang the usual verses and prayers in a weak but agreeable voice. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bells of St. Peter's rang out a solemn and prolonged peal over the city; and in the evening the beautiful spectacle was afforded of the great church fully illuminated. The Romans said that the events of this day were the most impressive and gratifying since the Vatican Council.

Father Villiger naturally observed everything

with great interest in his visit to the Church of the Gesu in Rome, after which his beloved church in Philadelphia was named. In his journal he gives exact comparisons between both edifices in various dimensions of length and breadth, and he must have been gratified to see that his own excelled. He found it far behind its Roman prototype, however, in rich and gorgeous decorations. The altar of Saint Ignatius in that church is one of the richest in Rome; it is brilliantly decorated with lapis lazuli and verd-antique, and over it is the life-size silver statue of the Saint with many glittering jewels—gifts probably of the generosity of wealthy persons. His body rests beneath the altar in an urn of gilt bronze, adorned with precious stones. At the other side of the church is the altar of Saint Francis Xavier, over which may be seen a gold case containing the right arm of the Saint from the elbow, with which he baptized hundreds of thousands of human beings.

After having seen the church, he says:

We went to the sacristy to get some one to show us the room where Saint Ignatius died, the room where he worked, the window from which he used to look to the starry heaven and exclaim: "How mean the earth appears to me when I look up to Heaven!"

Here in these low, narrow rooms were also Blessed Peter Favre, Saint Francis Borgia, Saint Philip Neri; here Saint Francis Borgia died; here Saint Francis of Sales, Saint Charles Borromeo and many others prayed. In these rooms the shrines, doors, ceilings and other parts are still the same as in the time of Saint Ignatius.

From the Gesu he went to the house of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the learned Catholic magazine of Rome and of the world, conducted by Jesuit Fathers, whose editor, Father Brandi, was formerly many years at Woodstock in Maryland, and is an American citizen. After dining with these writers who were engaged in defending the Church with their able pens, he went in company with Father Brandi to Cook's travelling agency to make arrangements about his return to America, and he bought tickets by train and steamer to New York.

Tuesday morning, February the twenty-first, he left Rome and travelled by way of Pisa, Genoa, Turin, Chambery in Savoy, Lyons and Dijon to Paris, where he arrived the following evening.

The next day he went to Namur in Belgium, and thence by Brussels, Calais and Dover proceeded to London, where he arrived in the morning of February the twenty-fifth. While here he was an object of curiosity and wonder to the Fathers, who said that he looked twenty years

younger than when they had seen him last, before his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He arrived in Liverpool the same evening and remained there a few days, until the departure of the steamer on which he had engaged passage; and during this time he was asked many questions by the members of his order with whom he stayed, about what he saw in the Holy Land and about the Congregation at Loyola—a cross-examination which was to be repeated after his return to Philadelphia, and which he underwent good-naturedly, with a willingness to impart all the information desired.

Back Once More to Philadelphia.

On the first of March, 1893, Father Villiger left Liverpool in the Inman steamer Berlin for New York. Although he crossed the ocean in the stormy month of March, still the voyage was a fairly tranquil one, without any alarming storms. It was prolonged to eleven days on account of contrary winds and the breaking of the machinery once, which it required part of a day to repair. There were over a thousand passengers on board, including the crew. The trip seems not to have been specially eventful. He mentions in his diary that when they were more

than half way to America, five whales were seen one afternoon not far from the steamer; but he does not say that they caused any alarm to himself or any one else.

Being on the water on March the fourth, he began on that day the "Novena of Grace" to Saint Francis Xavier, which usually concludes on the day of his canonization, March the twelfth; and he offered it that he might have a safe return home, and grace for the future to work like Saint Francis Xavier, for God's glory and the salvation of souls. This simple entry in his diary will be of touching interest to his old parishioners of the Gesu in Philadelphia; it will remind them how, through more than a score of years, he preached that novena each year to crowded congregations and pronounced the prayers; thus re-animating their piety and drawing down on them, no doubt, many blessings temporal and spiritual.

He arrived in Jersey City on Sunday, March twelfth; and after he had said Mass at St. Peter's on Grand Street, the Jesuit church, Father A. Coppens, his former assistant at the Gesu, telegraphed for him that he would be in Philadelphia on Tuesday morning, March the fourteenth. Father Coppens came with him, and when they arrived at Broad Street Station at the appointed

time, they were met by a delegation from the parish, including members of the Young Men's Sodality, officers of the college cadets and some of the Fathers.

When his carriage came within sight of Seventeenth and Stiles, the bells were merrily rung; and the children of the parochial school, the students of the college and crowds of people filled the street. It was remarked that the homecoming Pastor, the father of his flock, seemed in excellent health; and his people rejoiced at this.

Two days after his return a reception was given him in the large hall of the school building, by the students of the college; and the hall was crowded by a select audience on the occasion. The students read suitable compositions in prose and verse, and acquitted themselves very creditably; while pleasing music was rendered by an orchestra of six pieces.

The following Sunday was Passion Sunday, in Lent; the large church was crowded at late Mass, and Father Villiger preached on the golden jubilee of Pope Leo XIII, which he had lately witnessed in Rome. He also gave a discourse at Vespers on his visit to the Holy Land; and during both discourses, no doubt, his people hung on his lips in interest and delight.

The Wednesday following there was another manifestation of joy for his return, when the girls of the parochial school gave him a reception in the tasteful manner characteristic of children taught by religious Sisters.

On the following day, Thursday before Palm Sunday, he gave a lecture in the church on his visit to Loyola in Spain before going to Palestine; many chairs were placed in the spaces outside of the pews, and although it was rainy weather, the church was crowded.

In Easter week he went to Woodstock, Maryland, where, no doubt, he was called upon to tell the many Jesuit Scholastics and their professors about his travels in Europe and the East. Thence he went to Frederick and gave a lecture there, in St. John's Church, the following Sunday evening, on the Holy Land.

He conducted the evening services in honor of the Blessed Virgin during the month of May, 1893, in the Gesu Church—no doubt with his usual earnestness and devotion, and with the effect of enkindling anew in his hearers, devotion to the Mother of God. Near the end of the month he preached at a beautiful reception of new members into the Sodality.

On Tuesday, May the ninth, a great demon-

stration in his honor took place, for which his people had been preparing for weeks—a reception tendered to him in the Academy of Music before a large audience, the chief feature of which was the presentation of ten thousand dollars to him for an object known to be dear to his heart, the purchase of a new organ worthy of the great new church. The following account of it from the Catholic newspaper will be of interest :

The presentation of a testimonial of ten thousand dollars brought to the Academy of Music one of the finest Catholic gatherings ever seen there. A first-class musical entertainment was furnished, choice soloists having been secured and a strong chorus, made up of the various Catholic choirs in the city. The exercises were lightened by the humorous songs and recitations of J. W. Kelly, who made some decidedly good hits, that were thoroughly enjoyed by the immense audience present. Quite a number of priests were in attendance, many of them occupying the boxes. In the northern stage box was the honored guest of the evening, Rev. Burchard Villiger, S. J.

At the close of the first part of the entertainment, James A. Flaherty, of the Legal profession, came upon the stage and made the presentation speech, which was as follows :

“Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen, Parishioners of the Church of the Gesu :

“I am proud to speak for you to-night. I have been selected as your mouthpiece to convey to our beloved and revered pastor, Father Villiger, your sentiments of esteem and love.

“For a quarter of a century it has been our pleasure and

happiness to be of his fold. How hard he has striven, how earnestly he has worked in season and out, to carry forward the commands of our Divine Saviour, to tend His Flock and feed His Lambs, we all know and feel. For the benefits we have enjoyed under his guidance it will never be in our power to fully compensate him. That will come in a purer form and from a higher and better source. Yet we cannot refrain from giving some expression to our gratitude for this quarter of a century's labor in our behalf. It was not a difficult task, but a pleasure sweet indeed; and we understand that the tribute of our love which we lay before him is to have even a sweeter purpose; that it will be known of and told of in our beautiful church in the thanks we render the Almighty on the sweet wings of music.

"In 1851 Father Villiger first appeared among us, commencing his labors in St. Joseph's College attached to the church in Willing's Alley; and many are yet living among us who can testify to his hard work and great devotion to duty as Prefect of that institution. So successful were his efforts here that he was taken away, and after filling various high offices in his order, was sent to California, where he organized and established on a firm footing the finest educational institution on the Pacific slope. The Jesuit College at Santa Clara will ever stand as a monument of his labor and zeal. This task finished, he soon returned among us and at once set to work to form the present parish of the Gesu. Of this great church, though, I need not speak; it speaks for itself; it speaks most eloquently for itself. A great work in the salvation of souls has, since 1868, been progressing under our tireless spiritual counsellor. The beautiful edifice is finished, an immense congregation fills it at every service from altar-rail to door; there is but one thing needed to complete the whole, and that we will achieve when by this testimonial

we will place within its walls the monarch of all musical instruments, a grand organ, whose swelling flood of harmony will run on for time beyond our period of life.

"But a few weeks since Father Villiger returned from abroad, where he went to take part in the election of a General for the Society of Jesus and to visit the Holy Land. It was a well-merited rest from his confining pastoral cares. Not since 1848, a period of forty-five years, had our beloved pastor sat down by the roadside of life for a few days' rest; rest not for recreation, but regeneration of exhausted energies; and now by God's providence he is back again among us; he comes as no conqueror, no great statesman, no brilliant scientist, no public character, but simple Father Villiger, our much loved pastor. Oh, how we rejoice at his safe return! How we welcome him with open hearts; welcome him as only Catholics can the shepherd to whose care our Heavenly Father has committed us!

"So his parishioners concluded there was no better way in which to testify their love than by gratifying his earnest desire for an organ in the Lord's anointed Temple. To-night, therefore, my friends, we are gathered to present to him ten thousand dollars with which to add this grand ornamentation to his church—to our church.

"We could not have offered this money to Father Villiger for his own use, for it would have been distasteful to him personally, and in conflict with his vow of poverty; but we can make the grand old man's heart leap with joy when we now tender him the means with which to accomplish his cherished purpose. Here, dear Father Villiger, is the offering from your flock. It comes to you with the loving wishes of your faithful congregation, with the hope and with the prayer that as our Heavenly Father has blessed us with your pastorate of a quarter of a century, may His grace be showered upon us still further, may He

long spare you to us, may He strengthen you as you will strengthen us, may He crown your efforts with glorious success in the future as in the past; and when at last He sees fit to call you to Himself, may your everlasting life be one of peace and happiness, of benediction and of full reward."

When he had closed and had handed over the check, Father Villiger arose, left the box and came upon the stage, amid an enthusiastic outburst of welcoming applause. He was visibly affected by the reception accorded him, and in tones which betrayed his emotion, returned most cordial thanks to all those who had in any way contributed to the success of the occasion. In a quiet but forcible manner he explained his vow of poverty as a member of the Society of Jesus. "The masterpiece of harmony which is now assured the Church of the Gesu through your generosity," he said, "will not be an instrument of selfishness, but its strains will be a welcome to all who may honor us with their presence; and it will be a magnificent monument for the glorification of God."

June came and passed away, and on the last day of the month our Father quietly departed for Frederick, Maryland. The reason given for his absence was that he was going through the spiritual exercises of his yearly eight days' retreat; but in reality, in the vicissitudes of the life of a priest and a Jesuit, he was transferred to a new scene of labor in the service of God, and he had bidden farewell to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER VI.

Father Villiger Instructor of the Third Probation at Frederick, Maryland. Rector of Woodstock College, Maryland.

1893—1901.



WHEN our Father left Philadelphia for Frederick he most probably knew of his permanent removal and his new appointment, but he kept it a secret from those around him and from the people.

This seems strange, but was only what was to be expected from his wise prudence. He thus escaped a great demonstration of farewell on the part of his people, which would have been most distasteful to his modesty; and he also prevented attempts that might have been made to change the decision of his Superiors and detain him where he was, which would have been painful to him and probably would be futile. The news became known only when, two weeks after his departure, his successor as Pastor of the Church and President of the College was publicly announced, in the person of Rev. P. J. Dooley, S. J.,

who had been for several years his lieutenant in the immediate direction of the College. The *Catholic Standard* of July twenty-second, 1893, the week following the announcement, had the following notice, which will prove interesting:

FATHER VILLIGER'S DEPARTURE.

The transition of the Rev. Burchard Villiger, S. J., from the pastoral charge of the Church of the Gesu, this city, to Frederick, Md., to superintend the tertianship studies, will be a subject of general and profound grief, not only to the members of that congregation but to the Catholics of Philadelphia at large. Father Villiger was the founder of the Parish over which he has presided for twenty-five years with almost apostolic zeal and self-abnegation; and though it may seem hard to many that now, at the full fruition of his work, he should be withdrawn to another portion of the vineyard of his Master, yet it must not be forgotten that he is an humble member of a Society vowed to perpetual chastity, poverty and obedience, and on whose banner is inscribed the glorious motto, "*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*," "For the Greater Glory of God." Father Villiger will be physically absent from his old charge; but distant will be the day when his memory and his influence will cease to endure among the good people of the Gesu.

Archbishop Ryan, who had been his friend and had encouraged and seconded him in all his good work, showed his appreciation of him in the following kind and cordial letter which he wrote him upon hearing of his removal.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, LOGAN SQUARE,

PHILADELPHIA, July 17, 1893.

Dear Father Villiger: I heard with surprise and regret of your leaving old Philadelphia. After so many years of labor and success, with your great work yet unfinished, it must have tried the human element in you to leave. However, you are too good a Jesuit not to be prepared for any change which might come. Philadelphia owes you a great debt of gratitude for all you have done for the benefit of religion here, and I am sure she is deeply grateful, and your people mourn your departure from amongst them. I should feel pained on your not calling on me; but I understand you left, as Archbishop Kenrick left here for Baltimore, in silence and secrecy.

Recommending myself to your prayers and envying you your holy solitude and opportunities to prepare for the last great change,

I am Yours faithfully *in Domino*,

P. J. RYAN,
Archbishop.

Father Villiger now returns to the quiet little valley city of Frederick in Western Maryland, which, as we have seen in the early part of this memoir, had been the place of his first pastoral care and charge nearly forty years before. Since his former residence there it had become somewhat modernized in the natural course of time and progress, though externally it had not changed very much. The Civil War, however, had passed over it in the meantime and given it new associations and new fame; fierce battles had been

fought in its neighborhood, and its streets had repeatedly echoed the tramp of troops, those of the North at one time and those of the South at another. In the interim also the poet had sung of the incident of Barbara Freitchie and Stonewall Jackson, which was only a fiction, though the old lady was a real denizen of the town when the great chivalric soldier passed through its streets.

When Father Villiger was before at Frederick he was Rector of St. John's Church and College and Superior of a community distinct from that of the Novitiate. Now he holds a different position, and in the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, which had been established in the town for more than sixty years, since about 1833. It was the place where the young aspirants to be Jesuits passed their two years as novices and two years additional in classical and literary studies. It was in this house also that the Third Probation or third year of probation was passed.

When a youth enters the Society he first passes a brief interval of a week or more before receiving the habit, which is known as the first probation; and the remainder of the two years of noviceship is called the second probation. Then the regular course calls for two years of literary and classical

studies, three years of philosophy and four or five years of teaching in the colleges, after which come the four years of theological study. Immediately, or as soon as possible after this, the young Jesuit priest, usually past his thirtieth year, expects to pass another year of noviceship, which is known as the Third Probation, or in more familiar parlance, the "Tertianship." It is to the Fathers of this year that Father Villiger is now appointed to act as Instructor and Director; and this office is regarded as one of special importance, to be held only by men of special learning and prudence. This is intended as a year of spiritual exercises after the many years spent in the distracting work of studying or teaching; and during it the spiritual retreat of thirty days is made for the second and last time in the life of a Jesuit. It is a year in which the young Fathers learn better the character of their vocation and weigh anew their fitness for its exactions, before pronouncing the last vows. They are specially instructed in the jurisprudence of the Society of Jesus, its manner of government, its rules and constitutions and its special character, ends and aims.

During Lent the third-year Fathers are sent to give missions to the people in different and distant places, in conjunction with the Fathers of

the regular missionary band and under the direction of its Superior. For this important work a month of special preparation is given them before Lent, during which they are expected, among other things, to prepare the outlines of a considerable number of sermons on the various truths of Faith which should be preached to the people. During this year, and especially in this month, the young Fathers review the most important parts of moral or practical theology; and they learn with new care the practical exercise of the various sacred functions of the priestly ministry.

The lengthy and trying course of training in the Society of Jesus of which the Third Probation is the culmination, does not seem strange when it is remembered that the Society was founded by Saint Ignatius at the time of the Protestant Reformation, when the Church was tried and agitated as never before. And Saint Ignatius was inspired by God, as the miracles in his life testify, to fashion the Society as an instrument for doing the highest work in all humility for the defence of the Church and its supreme Pontiff.

Now for four years Father Villiger was appointed to be the Director of the Third Probation and the instructor and guide for the young Fathers undergoing it, who were so precious to

the Society for what had been done for them already and for the good which they were expected to do in the future. It was his duty to observe the character, bent and talents of each one, in order to learn the fitness of each in regard to the various duties and functions to which priests of the Society may be applied. He was the guide of their consciences, he directed the daily routine of their duties, he gave them almost daily instructions on the subjects on which they were to be informed.

During the retreat of thirty days, at the beginning of the year, he gave them three or four instructions each day, except the three days of intermission, on the eternal truths, on Christian and religious perfection, or on the mysteries of the life of our Lord and Saviour. One year he had some foreign Fathers in the Third Probation who did not know English; and on their account he was obliged to give his instructions to all in Latin. And it was remarked that he spoke this ancient and formal language quite as well as English, if not even better.

In the Society the government of its members is prescribed in the constitutions to be paternal; and the Superiors, all of whom except the General hold office only for a time, are supposed to

inspire confidence rather than fear, and to find their power in the sincere good will of their subjects and their love of God and of duty.

When Father Villiger was at the Gesu, he was known to be the kind Father of his community and his parish, and he had won the confidence and love of all. Now also he shows the same paternal regard for his third-year Fathers, and exercises all possible kindness toward them. He always had a kind appreciation and remembrance of the fact that it is perhaps not a light trial for priests over thirty years of age to be again ranked as novices, even though their good spirit enabled them to bear it cheerfully. He knew also that their life of seclusion and mental application was trying on the health; and he saw to it earnestly that they had all the recreation and relaxation to the full which was in accord with the rule.

Some of the Fathers who were under him these years will say that of all his traits, that of which they retain the most vivid impression, was his self-sacrificing attention to the convenience, comfort and happiness of all, his solicitude to supply all their needs, his sincere sympathy in any troubles they might have. Others remember in a special manner his strong and lively Faith in the truths of the Gospel, in the mysteries of the

life of our Lord, his Blessed Mother, Saint Joseph and the Apostles,—of which, especially in his instructions during the retreat, he spoke with as much certainty and unshaken conviction as if he saw them with his own eyes.

He was the Instructor each year of about a dozen Fathers. Years have passed since that time, and his former disciples have been employed in various important functions; not a few of them indeed have been placed in high positions of very grave responsibility.

In the Lent following his coming to Frederick, Father Villiger paid a couple of brief visits to the Gesu in Philadelphia. On February twenty-second, 1894, he was present on the occasion when the first use was made and the first tones rang out, of the new organ, for the purchase of which his people had presented him a generous sum the preceding spring. A notice of the event next day in the *Evening Telegraph* newspaper of the city concluded with these words:

It is worth while making a journey to Stiles Street to hear the new organ and see the wonderful Church of the Gesu. A multitude of people in Philadelphia no doubt are entirely ignorant of the fact that on that by-street, in a singularly localized neighborhood, stands the largest and most superb church in the city.

February twenty-seventh, he sang Solemn Vespers on the second day of the solemn *triduum* to celebrate the beatification of Blessed Antony Baldinucci, S. J.; and the next day he sang Solemn High Mass.

February twenty-first, 1896, the Friday after Ash Wednesday, he came back again and spent a month of Lent among his people at the Gesu, while his third-year Fathers were off in the performance of their missionary work. During this month he gave the Novena of Grace in honor of Saint Francis Xavier, before March twelfth, delivering a short discourse and reading the prayers each evening. He preached also several times besides, apparently with his former vigor; and a just critic might say, considering the essentials of a good preacher, that none of the other Fathers was equal to him,—without any disparagement of them, and with no idea of competition on his part.

He came back also in the summer and spent nearly the whole of July and August at the Gesu, as his vacation. His Superiors also permitted him to return the following Christmas-Eve and spend a week at the Gesu, during which time he sang High Mass at five o'clock on Christmas morning, preached the following Sunday, Decem-

ber twenty-seventh, and again at the services held in the church on the eve of New Year's Day.

March eighth, 1897, the Monday after Ash Wednesday, by invitation he again returned to Seventeenth and Stiles and spent a month of the Lenten season there; it seeming quite natural to see him again among his people, who were much rejoiced at his presence. During this time Father Clark, the Rector of the Church and College, conferred with him repeatedly about the new college building to be erected, and since completed so elegantly, in order to get his advice in making the plans, which he wished to be in accord with Father Villiger's original design.

As has been said, it is the duty of the Director of the Third Probation to instruct the Fathers on the nature, character and aim of the Society of Jesus as a religious order, and its mode of government. Father Villiger left copious manuscript notes on this subject; and the following brief extracts from them may perhaps prove interesting. In these some slight verbal changes had to be made, as was done also in the extracts from his account of the Holy Land, though we have adhered to the original as closely as possible.

Although it is a duty incumbent upon all to acquire an intimate knowledge of the Constitutions of the Society

and our Institute, still the Fathers of the Third Probation, after having finished their other studies, are especially expected to obtain a thorough knowledge in this regard. For that reason the twentieth General Congregation of the Society earnestly recommends the Instructors of the Third Probation to promote this study among the Fathers under their care.

AGAINST INNOVATION AND CHANGE IN THE CONSTITUTIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

Such has always been the wisdom of the Society and such the respect shown toward our Lawgiver, Saint Ignatius; such the esteem for the Constitutions,—that Father Suarez, the eminent theologian, declares that the Society has always exercised its whole authority in protecting and preserving them in their integrity. (Bk. X, Ch. 14.)

Persons have not been wanting, especially in the early days of the Society, who openly enkindled hatred against the Society and attacked its Constitutions. To check this boldness and command silence, the Pontiffs Gregory XIII and Gregory XIV issued their restraining Bulls. The one in his apostolic letter, *Ascendente Domino*, forbade, under pain of excommunication, “anyone in the Society or out of it to presume to attack directly or indirectly, under any pretext whatever, its Institute or Constitutions.” And the other Pontiff in his letter, *Ecclesiae Catholicae*, cautions “all against presuming in any way to attack directly or indirectly, under plea of right or zeal or any pretext whatever, the institute, constitutions or decrees of the Society, or aught in them, or to have them altered or changed.” And he confirms the same penalties which Gregory XIII had decreed.

If this dangerous boldness is perhaps less to be found in our day, we should guard against it seriously, on account of the illusion of an imprudent zeal of which Very Rev. Father Beckx speaks in his letter regarding the fruit to be drawn from the examples of Blessed Peter Canisius and Saint John Berchmans. For he admonishes all in these very grave words:

“Let us beware lest insensibly something should creep into our minds of that restless spirit which, like a disease, disturbs so much the miserable body of civil society, that spirit which always disdains what is old, always seeks novelty and never is at rest in anything. Saint Ignatius indeed wished two points to be noted: first, that what has once been approved and established, should be constantly adhered to and not be changed except from pressing necessity; second, that in the Society freedom in the choice of means for the service of God is not unlimited, but restrained within certain bounds, so that we may safely proceed according to the proper character of our institute. Many things may be done in the field of our Lord for the glory of God and good of souls, which, however, ought not to be undertaken by the Society, because they would impede other things more in accordance with our institution.”

Father Acquaviva, General of the Society, declared, in 1587, that no custom introduced against the rules, from the carelessness of Superiors, could ever be lawful by prescription, for it will always be an abuse. However, a custom is not to be blamed when it does not conflict with the constitutions, the rules and the ordinary manner of life in the Society. Hence a diversity in climate, nation and place may justify a diversity in dress, bed, food, rising and retiring, and the like. All the authority of the rules and laws of the Society rests ultimately upon the Bulls of the Sovereign Pontiffs, as do all its privileges.

ON THE RATIO STUDIORUM OR PLAN OF STUDIES.

The plan of studies forms a part of the Institute. As the men of the Society were to be versed in science and learning, in order to be fit for the Sacred Ministry, and especially to be capable professors of theology, philosophy and other branches, it was necessary to have certain rules to guide all alike everywhere in the way both of learning and teaching. Saint Ignatius had already many things fixed regarding colleges, giving directions for both the higher and lower studies; and he wished that in every college there should be rules which would descend to all particulars. Therefore, to prevent every one from following his own method, according to each one's genius and arbitrary will, and to preserve unity and charity in the Society, he was determined to have a universal plan of studies, to be introduced alike, among all people, as far as the great variety of nations would permit. Hence Father-General Acquaviva, as the matter was committed to him, appointed deputies from various nations for that purpose.

First comes virtue, then human learning. Memory, intellect and will should be applied with all diligence, through obedience and charity. For what end our knowledge? Not for vain glory or curiosity, but for the edification of ourselves and our neighbor. Some desire to know, that they may know; and this is low curiosity. Some, that they themselves may be known, and this is vanity; some, to sell their knowledge for money or honors, and this is low quest of gain. But there are some who desire to know that they may edify, and some that they may be edified; and these last do not abuse knowledge, but employ it well.

THE SOCIETY QUITE SUITABLE IN OUR ADVANCED TIMES.

You may have heard young men who thought themselves wiser than Saint Ignatius, say at the end of the nineteenth century, that since the world has changed, the Society of course must change. The world has changed, I grant—not for the better, but for the worse. Does it follow then that the Society must change? Must it change for the better? God and the Church and Saint Ignatius thought it was good enough. Will you change it for the worse? God is the same, the Church is the same; the Society then must remain the same. What I say has been solemnly asserted for our times by the constitution *Sollicitudo* of Pius VII, in 1814, when establishing the Society again in the whole world, after it had been almost entirely extinct. This is his language: “As far as we can in our Lord we admonish and exhort all Superiors and members of the Society to show themselves always and in every place faithful followers and imitators of their great Father and Founder, Ignatius, to observe with care the rule framed and prescribed by him, and to strive with all diligence to follow the useful advices and counsels which he has given to his sons.”

Thus the rule that was sanctioned more than three hundred years ago is considered, by Christ's Vicar on earth, not only suitable but necessary, even for this century with all its progress forward and backward. Times change, manners and customs change, the opinions of men change; but what has been established by Divine inspiration and the impulse of the Holy Ghost, must not and cannot be upset or changed for the gratification of man's fancy.

As regards those who lead a religious life different from ours and should find fault with us, we might quote what Saint Peter suggests: “As every man hath received grace, ministering the same to one another, as good stewards of

the *manifold* grace of God." (1 Peter, 4:10.) By what criterion may we recognize whether the laws of a religious order be good and salutary? Is it by comparing them with those of another religious order, to see whether they are in harmony with them? Certainly not; because the goodness of a religious order consists in this, that the means employed lead in a suitable manner to the peculiar end for which it is established. For God sends laborers into his vineyard according to the variety of times and the different kinds of enemies who rise up against the Church with new weapons. Some orders He wishes to be distinguished by silence, retirement and bodily penance; others by prayer and contemplation; others again by studies, science, learning and preaching of the Word of God, and so forth: all battling under God's guidance for the protection of the Church, as times and places may require. It cannot be denied that God himself has been the author and teacher and leader of all approved religious orders. Without the leadership of the merciful God, no man left to himself could ever have produced such a wonderful work. It is true, God is wont to leave to the prudence of the founders several things of minor importance; but the essence and all the vital parts are the work of Providence, and not the invention of human counsel. Various examples of this could be given. As regards Saint Ignatius, we know that when he was arranging the laws of our Institute, he was in familiar conversation with Heaven—as is shown in his Life written by Father Ribadeneira, who had lived with him and known him familiarly. When asked why this, why that, he would answer, "So I have seen at Manresa." Besides, in the Brief, *Quanto Fructuosius*, of Gregory XIII, it is clearly stated that Saint Ignatius was influenced by wonderful illustrations of the Holy Ghost, who showed him as in a prototype what he was to express in his Rule.

We must call to mind this practical historical fact or experience, that a religious order will last and not fall from its state of perfection as long as it perseveres in observing those things which are, as it were, the nerves, marrow and strength of its institute. The reason is simply this: God is the author of every approved religious society, and as such it is most acceptable to him as a work of his hand; and as long as it remains such as He originally made it, so long He will preserve it carefully and endow it with Heavenly gifts.

If we ask ourselves how we become infallibly sure whether a religious order belongs to the class of pure gold, or is only an invention of human sagacity, the answer is that the Apostolic See is the only touchstone, the only mouthpiece that can discriminate the true gift of God sent by His providence for the protection of the Church. The Lateran Council under Pope Honorius III declared that a religious order cannot exist nor be called such, unless it has been so approved by the Vicar of Christ on earth. The Apostolic See has a right to bring all causes of importance before its tribunal; and a religious order is one of the gravest causes for the Church and the faithful.

THE "LITTLE" SOCIETY OF JESUS.

The diversity of religious orders, with their peculiar ends and means, comes from God, who establishes them to suit the strength of individuals, who being weak and imperfect are not capable of doing every kind of work. But the chief cause is found in the various necessities of human nature occurring in civil and ecclesiastical society, which require remedy. Hence God's wonderful providence in supplying suitable helps for various wants in succeeding times. The variety of religious orders is a great ornament to the Church, the Spouse of Christ, "surrounded

with variety," and shows forth her great energy and efficacy for the common welfare.

The Society is a religious order indeed, but an order of regular clerics, or clerics bound by a rule—not an order of friars or cenobites, as the Council of Trent and the Pontiffs have several times declared. As Saint Thomas Aquinas remarks, that order must be called an order of clerics, which is instituted to exercise ministries proper to clerics. Now it is the office of the Society to hear the confessions of the faithful, to preach to the people, to purify the morals of Catholics, to bring back heretics into the Fold and to deliver idolaters from the slavery of Satan. As religious we must observe the rules appertaining to a religious state of life; and hence we are not merely clerics, but regular clerics. And we must not forget that this is the oldest form of the religious state since the promulgation of the ecclesiastical law; for it draws its origin from Christ our Lord himself, who founded it while he was still living on earth, whose first followers were the Apostles, walking in the footsteps of their Divine Master, being poor, chaste and obedient to a prodigy—the Apostles who, as Saint Thomas and many other Doctors assert, bound themselves with the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience forever. Pius IV maintains that the order of regular clerics was instituted by the Apostles, and Benedict XII confirms this. This order was introduced into Africa by Saint Augustine, who gave them a special rule.

Some of the friends of the old orders were filled with displeasure as soon as the Society came to light and joined the ranks of the Church's Army; because, as they said, disregarding the wisdom that had instituted the old religious orders, it preferred a new form of laws and a new manner of life. But if Saint Ignatius, the Founder, did not wish his disciples to be monks or friars or cenobites,

but regular clerics, must it be said that he despised the wisdom of the ancients? When he founded a society with another manner of life, he called it, in the beginning of the Constitutions, the *little (minima)* Society—a strong argument to show the great reverence he had for other religious, and his earnest wish that his sons should have the same esteem for them; and I do not think that the Society has changed from his sentiments. If he did not follow in the footsteps of the older orders and did not frame his institute according to theirs, it was because he had quite a different end in view, and that end required another rule and other means suitable and necessary.

It is true that in the Society only the smaller number take Solemn vows; but it must not be forgotten that the Simple vows in the Society count as much as the Solemn ones for the *effect* of making those who take them *true religious*. The matter is settled in our favor in the Bull of Saint Pius V, *Dum Indefessae*, in which he pronounces all and every one of us to have been, to be now and to be for the future true religious. And Leo XIII, in 1886, in his Bull, *Dolemus inter Alia*, confirmed our Society in a special manner, re-confirmed the Bulls of his predecessors in regard to it, and especially repealed and annulled the Brief of Clement XIV disbanding it.

Following are impressions and memories of Father Villiger, in the words of one of his third-year Fathers, who has since been placed in important offices of trust and responsibility. They may please and interest as a conclusion of the narrative of our Father's four years as Instructor of the Third Probation:

He had an intense, almost affectionate, personal love of our Lord; took keen interest in every detail of the history of our Lord's life, and had made an accurate study of the topography of the scene of His labors; had a most vivid imagination for filling out the picture of our Lord. He had a lively sense of God's presence in the Tabernacle, a tender love of the Holy Eucharist, shown in his frequent visits to the chapel and rapt attention there; always spoke of our Lord with much feeling, with the tenderest expressions.

He had deep affection for the Society of Jesus, and felt that it was his greatest glory to belong to it; no child could speak more tenderly of its mother than he did of the Society.

He had an evident fondness for prayer, made frequent visits to the chapel, was constantly urging others to converse with God in prayer.

He had a childlike devotion to the Church and to the orthodox teaching of the Church, had the greatest dread of liberalism, and was always distrustful of books by Protestants; his passion was to explain the catechism.

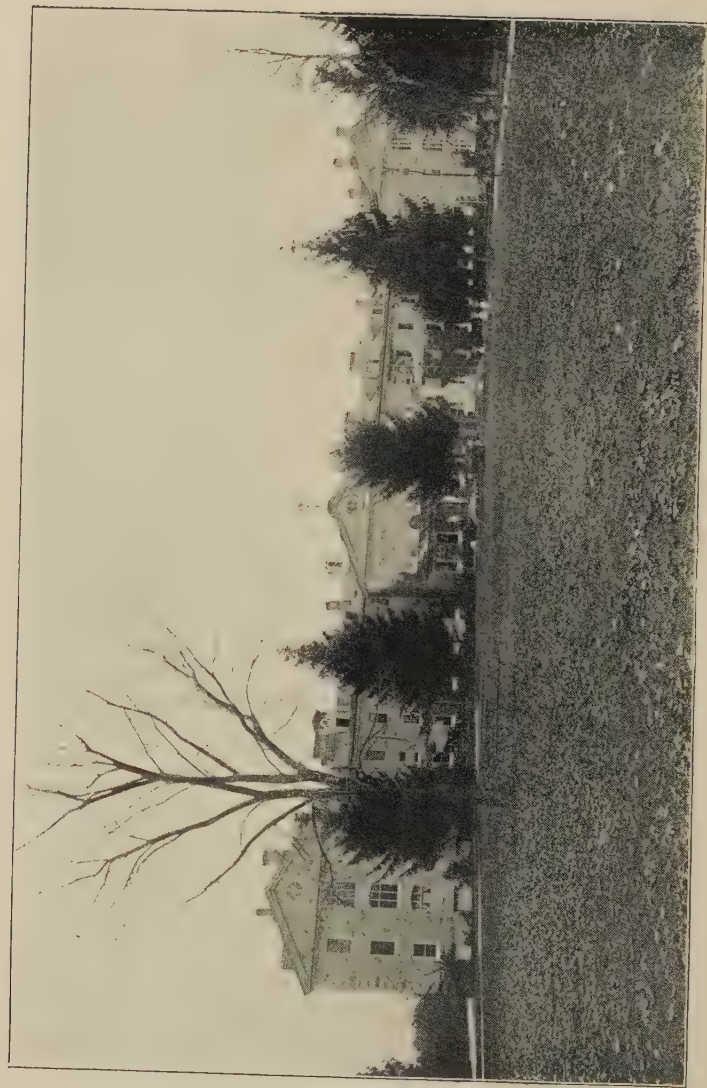
His great care in following common life among his brethren was remarked; always prompt in rising in the morning, in making the first visit to the Blessed Sacrament, in recreation, refectory; this must often have been a cause of much pain to him.

A prominent feature of his life was his unselfishness; he seemed to be quite forgetful of his own needs, comforts, conveniences, but always alive to the needs and comfort of others. Often at table, on account of weak stomach, he had to take special diet; and if this special diet were forgotten, he would say nothing, but keep nibbling bread. He was most liberal in allowing comforts to others—seemed to be always looking for new ways to please others.

In his instructions he insisted constantly on the qualities of a good Superior; said that a good Superior should be always thinking of his subjects, consoling, encouraging them.

He had remarkable patience in the confessional, was untiring in this duty, and most satisfactory to penitents; had great sympathy for those in temptation.

In the summer of 1897, Father Villiger's duty as Instructor at Frederick ceased, and he was removed thence and appointed to a more important position. At the end of July he was notified by the Provincial, Father Purbrick, that Father General had named him Rector of Woodstock College. Since then the Jesuits have left Frederick altogether, after a period of ministry there extending back to a dozen years before the War of Independence; and the memory of their lengthy stay there is coming to appear to their sorrowing parishioners like a dream of the past. Because of the natural increase in the numbers to be housed in the novitiate, the buildings and grounds had become too small; and new land had been purchased near Poughkeepsie, New York, and a much larger structure erected on it. To this new home the community of the novitiate was transferred in January, 1903, seventy years after its first establishment in the little Maryland city of the mountains.



WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, MARYLAND.

*Appointed Rector of the Scholasticate or House of
Higher Studies of Philosophy and Theology.*

On August third, 1897, Father Villiger was installed Rector of Woodstock College. It is situated about twenty miles west of Baltimore, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on elevated land high above the railroad, and overlooking the Patapsco River at the foot of the hill, and a considerable expanse of country. Its erection was begun a year or two after the Civil War, and it was completed and opened for students and professors in September, 1869.

Its students are exclusively young members of the Society of Jesus passing through the three-years' course of philosophy or the four years of theology. Before the existence of this institution the scholastics of the Province of Maryland pursued their higher studies at Georgetown College, District of Columbia; but, in the progress of things, it was thought better that they should be located where they would be free from the distractions of a college for secular students. Woodstock College had been now less than thirty years in existence, but might be said to have become famed throughout the world on account of its excellent character and the high standard of its

studies. It was intended in the beginning to accommodate the higher students of the Society from the whole of North America, and they came there from every quarter of it.

As years passed on, however, and numbers increased, different portions of the Society in the United States and Canada created their own scholasticates, and Woodstock now is almost entirely for the Province of Maryland-New York. When Father Villiger went there, about one hundred and twenty-five young men were studying theology or philosophy, there were about fifteen reverend professors besides the Superiors, and twenty-five lay-brothers.

After two years about thirty students of theology from the Missouri Province were recalled to occupy the new scholasticate built in St. Louis; but in Father Villiger's fourth and last year there were still about one hundred and twenty studying at Woodstock.

The professors there have always been a body of picked men of virtue and learning. One of them during the first nine years was Father Mazzella, afterward a distinguished cardinal in Rome and author of four standard volumes of dogmatic theology, which are known and esteemed by theologians the world over. Another pro-

fessor there was Father de Augustinis, afterward transferred to Rome, where he was an able professor of dogmatic theology to great numbers of young men from every part of the world, besides being the author of standard volumes of theology.

Of this institution Father Villiger has now been appointed Rector and Father, in order that, as chief Superior, he may maintain religious discipline and observance, promote diligence in study and stand in the place of a parent to so many young men who have left father and mother and everything of the world, to follow the religious and apostolic life.

During his first year his Minister, or the assistant Superior, was Father John Galligan, who had been with him in Philadelphia, where the previous year he had been Minister and Vice-President of St. Joseph's College. In 1898 Father Galligan was sent to Washington as Rector of St. Aloysius' Church and Gonzaga College, where he died after one year, in the flower of his age; and he was lamented by those who knew him and had been attracted by his mild and gentle character, his self-sacrificing zeal for the welfare of others and his noted administrative tact.

During his remaining three years Father Villiger had as the assistant Superior at Woodstock Father Thomas White, who was afterward several years the esteemed Minister of the large College of St. Francis Xavier in New York.

The first year passed by our Father at his new and responsible post was to a great extent uneventful. The time was filled by the daily Mass and other spiritual duties, by the various classes during the day and the disputations or *circles* in the evening. There were, according to custom, three public disputations in the year in philosophy and theology before all the scholastics and the faculty, for which diligent preparation had been made—at which time there were also some lectures on points of natural science by the scholastics; and at the end of the year twenty or more young men were ordained priests.

During his second year at Woodstock a day came for Father Villiger which very few Jesuits see, that on which he completed sixty years in the Society, October fourth, 1898. The evening before, his community gave him a complimentary celebration in the large refectory, on the neat program of which was inscribed :

To our dearly beloved Rector, Father Burchard Villiger, in commemoration of his sixty years of unwearied toil in

the service of the Master. Novice at the College of Brieg in the Canton of Vallais, Switzerland, October 4, 1838; Rector of the *Collegium Maximum*, Woodstock, Maryland, October 4, 1898.

There was music, vocal and instrumental; and pieces in prose and verse, Latin and English, were read by the Fathers and scholastics. The tribute in Latin of Father Sabetti, the veteran professor of moral theology, was entitled, "To our Benignant Father," with the words from the Nineteenth Psalm, "May the Lord give thee according to thy own heart, and confirm all thy counsels." Some tasteful verses were read by a scholastic, from which the following selection may please:

Father, a word of greeting and a lay from the lips of sons,
For this is no trial of tongue-craft, nor now the measure
runs

By lines and feet and rhythms, but straight from the heart
we bring

What words the love within us hath taught our tongues
to sing.

For the Lord of the high blue heaven hath poured his
sweetness down

On thy dear head, to enlighten thy smile and temper thy
frown.

Thou speakest a word of warning, but before is the breath
of the Lord,

Melting the heart of the wayward to heed thy sacred word.

Blest in the treasures of sweetness, blest in the treasure
of years,
Thou standest, O Father, a shelter in joys and a comfort
in tears.
Long may the grace, long given, abide on thy blessed head,
Till thou taste the sweetness of Heaven, in the endless life
of the dead.

The evening's festivity was closed by an operetta adapted from "William Tell," which was aptly chosen in reference to Father Rector's native country. He appreciated it fully, for in his remarks at the end he said he never expected to see so much of Switzerland in America.

The next day, the joyous day of jubilee, he said the community Mass, at which the scholastics and lay-brothers received Holy Communion for his intention. The day was a full holiday, and a number of Fathers came from the neighboring colleges to join in the congratulations for the diamond jubilee. In some remarks made by him in response, Father Villiger said that not one of the Fathers present was in the world sixty years before when he entered the novitiate of the Society, as they were all less than sixty.

Less than two months after this joyous occasion there was mourning at Woodstock on account of the death of Father Aloysius Sabetti, one of the most distinguished of the professors,

whose loss was keenly felt. He had been professor of the important branch of moral theology for twenty-five years at Woodstock with great success. During this time he published a textbook on that subject, of which hundreds of copies have been possessed by bishops and priests, and considered by them of the greatest use in the practical exercise of the sacred ministry. "He labored hard for his class," wrote one of his fellow-professors, "and he became a master and an authority in Moral. He was exceedingly clear in his explanations, and when a difficulty was proposed, he was never satisfied until his questioner accepted the solution. The science of moral theology had for him the highest interest, it was suited to his sympathetic nature; it was the science of directing and counselling souls in doubt and in danger, and no one more than Father Sabetti loved the sacred duty of consoling the afflicted. The interest which he himself felt for his theology he succeeded in communicating to those who came under his influence as pupils. He was a perfect master of the Latin language, and his *casus conscientiae*, over which he presided with great dignity, were full of elegance and not devoid of a rich humor that added to their interest."

As a diversion from his work as professor, he had long directed the embellishment of the grounds at Woodstock; and the handsome and pleasant walk of a mile's length, winding around the hill of the college, was named the *Via Sabettina*, in pleasant gratitude for his services in having it made. The attachment which his religious brothers in the community had for him is shown in the following entry in the Woodstock diary:

The death of dear Father Sabetti is harder on our Fathers and scholastics than any death for years. He was an angel of peace in this community for years, and his kindness was felt by many in the Province and even outside. The beauty of our grounds is due to his solicitude: the wishes of his fellow-priests and scholastics, and even of the lay-brothers, were his wishes. God grant rest to his soul.

He died at the hospital of the Sisters of Mercy in Baltimore, November twenty-sixth, 1898, and his remains were brought to Woodstock and buried with solemnity in the pretty little cemetery in which so many worthy Jesuits rest, among them two bishops who had voluntarily lain down their mitres to become simple Jesuit priests. By a coincidence a little singular, word of his death had come to Woodstock while the regular weekly

cases of conscience were being held—his old field, in which he had so often presided and been the arbiter; and the Fathers and scholastics present all knelt down and said the *De Profundis*. What was thought of him outside of the Society may be seen from the following, which appeared in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, of January, 1899:

In the death of Father Sabetti, Professor of Moral Theology at the Jesuit House of Woodstock, Maryland, one of the most efficient servants of the Church in America leaves the ranks of our clergy. The fact that, in entering the Society of Jesus, he had renounced, once for all, the honors of the world and merged his individuality in that of the sacred militia which gives but one name to all its members, cannot make us forget that a whole generation of the Sons of Saint Ignatius has been trained by this master in the science and art of guiding souls. To the possession of a motherly heart, with its careful providence, he joined the eager simplicity of the child which attracts; and by this two-fold element of his priestly disposition he drew to himself the confidence of the younger generation. His knowledge of the special branch of theology which he professed grew with years; and as he was under the constant necessity of keeping himself equipped for the position of advocate and judge in countless cases of conscience which were referred to him for solution and decision, he attained that superior aptness in the adjusting of principles to facts which constitutes the main safety of the moral theologian.

From the very first, we learned to value him as a contributor to the *Ecclesiastical Review*, not only because of

his knowledge and prudence, but also for the gentle readiness with which he ever responded—often amid most trying labors—to the call for work in the interests of our clergy.

What the *Review* owes to Father Sabetti, numberless clerics, secular as well as religious, bishops and pastors, and students of theology in our seminaries, owe him in different measure. He instructed by his writings, by his conferences to the clergy, by his retreats to religious communities, most of all by his simple, gentle ways of life, full ever of joyous sympathy for others, big-hearted, yet with the prudence begotten of Heavenly wisdom.

On May seventh, 1900, an event of touching significance took place at Woodstock, the golden jubilee of Brother Martin O'Neill on his completion of fifty years in the Society. He was a simple lay-brother and had spent his half-century of religious life in various manual services, working on the farm, taking care of the cows or horses, or giving help about the house, as in carrying coal to the rooms of the Fathers in the old time of stoves, and taking away the ashes.

Now on this day, however much his modesty may have been abashed, the Fathers and scholastics gave him a great celebration and made him the most honored man in the house. A kneeling-desk was placed specially for him before the main altar, but he declined to take this special place in the chapel. A convivial dinner, suitable to a

religious house, was given in his honor, for which the refectory had been beautifully decorated. Pieces in prose and verse speaking his praise were read, and Father Villiger, entering into all the joy of the occasion, made a speech.

A similar celebration took place a few months later, when Brother Thomas Ekins, who had been the faithful tailor of the house for many years, completed his fifty years of religious life. The spirit of the occasion is conveyed by the following, from some verses prepared for the jubilee by one of the young men studying:

In the clothes-room of the white house o'er the way
Lives the hero of this humble, lilting lay;
 Who while fifty years were going,
 Has been cutting and been sewing,
And he keeps his Golden Jubilee to-day.

For fifty years he's lived in good repute.
There's no one that he clad, he didn't suit;
 And while time was swiftly flowing,
 He's been sewing and been *sowing*
Seeds of promise of eternal golden fruit.

So long live Brother Ekins, good and wise,
May he still increase his harvest in the skies;
 May Heaven still caress him;
 May God keep him, may God bless him,
And give him a golden habit when he dies!

May fourteenth, 1899, Father Villiger completed eighty years of life—a fact which his community did not overlook; and they did not allow the day to pass without showing their regard for him by a festive demonstration.

February twenty-second, 1900, he paid a visit to the Gesu, Philadelphia, and was absent nearly a week. He had the satisfaction on this visit of being present at the opening of the new building, the handsome and commodious addition to the college which had been erected on Stiles and Seventeenth Streets, and was the partial evolving of his original plan.

After his return to Woodstock, in the following June, he had the honor of entertaining His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who came to perform the annual ordination. On the twenty-eighth of June, seventeen young members of the Society of Jesus were ordained to the priesthood, on whom there were about thirty-five priests present to impose hands; the chapel was crowded by the community and by friends of the new priests, and the ceremonies were very touching. A number as large or larger had been raised to the priesthood by his Eminence at Woodstock on each of the two preceding years of Father Villiger's term.

The members of the community found out, in their keen alertness, that on the eleventh of the following August there was to be another jubilee in the life of their Rector, favored as he was with such length of days; for on the eleventh of the same month in 1850, half a century before, he had been raised to the priesthood in Georgetown, District of Columbia, by Archbishop Eccleston. Accordingly they resolved that the occasion must be celebrated by a fitting jubilee festivity in testimony of their filial regard and attachment.

They composed and read verses in various languages, ancient and modern, which were afterward presented to him in a neat book in elegant penmanship, and were still among his papers when he died.

For a conclusion of the festivities, as it was vacation time, there was a concert on the lawn in the evening by the scholastics, among whom there are always vocal and instrumental musicians, and there was a modest display of fireworks.

The following letter written by Father Villiger while he was at Woodstock, will probably be read with interest in this place; it was addressed to a lady of Adams County, Pennsylvania, near Conewago—probably one of his former parishioners of that place:

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, MD., September 17th, 1898.

Dear Madam: In answer to your favor of the fifteenth instant, I beg to state that the thirty Masses of Saint Gregory, said consecutively, delivered the soul from Purgatory; it appeared to him in splendor. But *no* similar promise was made for thirty consecutive Masses, nor was there any indulgence granted for them. But from that fact many began to practise the same through devotion, which is certainly very good.

As for having Masses said for ourselves *before* we die, it is a thousand times better than to have them said *after* we are dead. One dollar given in lifetime is better than a lion of gold after death; because Masses said whilst we live, first shorten our Purgatory, secondly obtain for us *many graces*, especially a happy death, and thirdly *many merits*, so that we go higher in Heaven.

Masses said for us *after* our death give us no grace, no merit, and shorten Purgatory very slowly, especially because the survivors sometimes wait for a year before they get the Masses said for us.

It is better to send our good works before us than to wait for others to send them after us when we are gone; out of sight, out of mind—so it is with all.

Wishing you God's blessing in abundance,

I am sincerely yours in Christ,

B. VILLIGER, S. J.

Allusion is made here to a fact in the life of Saint Gregory, the Great—that after the death of one of his monks, he ordered Mass to be said each day for thirty days for the repose of his soul, at the end of which time the deceased appeared to his brother and said he had been

liberated from suffering after the thirtieth Mass. Perhaps our Father in this letter uses a little of the figure of exaggeration in comparing the value of Masses said for us before and after death.

When Father Villiger was placed at the head of the scholasticate, he was well-nigh an octogenarian, and his infirmities were growing. They continued to grow apace year after year.

In the Spring of 1899 he manifested great weakness; and those around him saw that he was much less capable of exertion; he seems, however, to have recuperated somewhat.

In the summer of 1900 he was very much prostrated by the heat; on August twenty-second, he was taken with temporary paralysis of the kidneys, and the next day the physician feared he would die unless soon relieved; August twenty-fourth he received Extreme Unction, for which the community assembled either in his room or in the adjoining corridor. He was relieved, however, by a simple surgical operation suggested by sagacious medical skill, and on September eighth he was able to say Mass, the first time for three weeks.

On Sunday, September twenty-third, he appeared at the community dinner the first time in five weeks; and before giving permission to dis-

pense with the reading at table and to have sociable conversation, he spoke some feeling words to express his appreciation of the kindness of the community toward him in his sickness.

At the beginning of the following November he was taken seriously ill with trouble of the lungs or throat; on the twenty-ninth of the month he received Extreme Unction again at his own desire; by December nineteenth he was able to say Mass again.

However, in February of the next year, 1901, he was quite unwell again. It was said of him that when he went to Woodstock he was naturally attached to life, as most persons are, but at the end of his term there he felt quite willing to die, on account of persistent and grave ill health.

Thus when Father Villiger's age and infirmities are considered, it is not to be wondered at that he could not attend to all the details of the care of the scholasticate, but was obliged to leave much to the management of subordinates. This was true especially of the last two years or more of his term, when his weakness and ill health had increased so much.

Still his strong personality, his largeness of heart, his kindness and sympathy, his paternal interest in all, and his sunny cheerfulness cheered

and encouraged those under him, and gave them contentment and happiness, while his religious observance was a constant source of edification. If the honeyed words of praise which he sometimes used to those under him suggested the idea that he had kissed the proverbial Blarney Stone, yet even a strict moralist, perhaps, would not deny that those means were justified by the end which he had in view—charity, peace, contentment.

A Father who had him as Superior for four years at Woodstock, has written to the writer of this Memoir:

I wish you all success with your memoir, and I hope you will bring out the great heart of Father Villiger. Those of us who had the happiness of being under him during his term at Woodstock will never forget the efforts he made to make us happy. The result of his more than sixty years a Jesuit can be summed up in Saint John's, "Love one another." He often told us to begin where he left off in the matter of kindness and charity.

The two following letters written by him at Woodstock in January, 1901, to the President of Santa Clara College, will no doubt please in this place. They relate to the golden jubilee of the College, which was to take place a few months later. It has been told in a former portion of this

Memoir that he was its President at the time of the Civil War. The letters manifest in him a youthful gayety and humor, admirable, of course, in one of so venerable an age. As to his proposal to visit the College on the Pacific for the jubilee, its fulfilment was probably placed out of the question by the feeble state of his health.

Letter to Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., Santa Clara College, Santa Clara Co., California:

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, MD., January 19th, 1901.

Rev. Dear Father Rector, P. C.: Your esteemed and welcome favor of November 22, 1900, reached me in my sickness, which at the end of November required the Last Sacraments; however, against the expectation of the physician and all ours in the house, I began to recover, and now I attend to my usual affairs as Rector. Whether I shall be allowed to enjoy the extraordinary happiness of seeing Santa Clara College in its golden glory is more than I can promise at present. I greatly rejoice in seeing the grand program prepared for the occasion; and I pray that God's liberality may be made manifest in your regard. You all deserve it, and deserve it gloriously before the whole world.

Just as I am answering your welcome letter, arrives a request for my reminiscences of the College during the years from 1860 to 1864. Only think, to ask an old man of eighty-two years to write a "souvenir" of what happened about forty years ago! Well, if I can remember something worth writing, I shall gladly do so and send it to your Reverence. In the meantime, pray the good angel to inspire me in a holy dream at night as to what I should say.

Were I at Santa Clara, I would request the noble Father Caredda to do the writing,—you know he is admirable in all things; and I would entreat the fertile memory of the amiable Father Prelato to make suggestions in the ear of Father Caredda. At the end of all—who knows?—they might open the dried up vein of my rusty reminiscences, and make my voice be heard like the sound of the old cracked bell that used to hang in the steeple for years, and was sounded on *Corpus Christi* day and on the day of the feast of Santa Clara, when her statue was dressed in a beautiful gold-trimmed blue [it ought to be brown] silk dress.

And now my kindest regards to all the Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers, living and dead; and please do not forget to present my cordial greeting to Mr. Lowrie, the professor of music, and Mr. Fernandez, the professor of penmanship.

Thanking your Reverence for the cordial invitations, blessings and good wishes, I am sincerely

Your Reverence's Humble Servant in Christ,

B. VILLIGER, S. J.

Letter to the Same:

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, January 30, 1901.

Rev. Dear Father Rector, P. C.: Should Divine Providence grant me the pleasant privilege of assisting at the celebration of Santa Clara's golden jubilee, my arrival there at this golden time would be very different from that which took place in 1861. I arrived in San Francisco in the evening of the 18th of May, said Mass there on the 19th, which was Pentecost Sunday, and on the following Tuesday I left for Santa Clara.

In those days Santa Clara was not reached as easily

as in our days. Either you had to take the stage by the western shore of the bay, for hours, jolting along in clouds of dust (or in a rainy winter through mud and gullies), or go by a little jerking steamer on the bay up to Alviso—then by the stage with enormous dust in summer, or from six to ten inches of heavy mud in the rainy season. The Rev. Father Accolti was waiting for me at Alviso with a buggy, and we made the best of the dust; for in those days the road was not as good as it now is, nor were there any shade trees. Of a railroad there was no question as yet.

Arriving in front of the College, we met the cadets in their uniform with their guns, drawn up in a double row. I had to pass between them to the door, where the orchestra were warbling away their best notes with thundering drums; then came the venerable professors and devout brothers, the whole army looking at me with piercing eyes; and thus we passed into the interior or garden with its flowers, ornamental trees and circular fish-pond. There, as the music stopped, I delivered my first speech, at the end of which I said: "I need a few days to become acquainted with the rules and customs of the College; in the meantime the excellent Father Caredda, First Prefect, will rule, and then appoint a general holiday when most suitable for all." Cheerfulness prevailed through the whole assembly, and compliments were exchanged with great cordiality. One of the Fathers told me the next day that the students said: "If the interior of the new President corresponds with his exterior appearance, he will be all right!"

Now, Rev. Father, from this forward somebody else should continue the record; there are yet some Fathers of excellent memory and elegant penmanship and a lively spirit, who could write down the reminiscences with great effect.

Kindest regards to all our Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers, as if personally mentioned.

Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

B. VILLIGER, S. J.

Something most acceptable to our Father took place when in June, 1901, he was relieved of his burden as Superior of Woodstock, which was assumed by Father William Brett, a man possessed of the energy of youth in middle age and fully acquainted with the conditions of the scholasticate, as a few years previously he had finished a term of seven years there as professor of philosophy and theology.

On June seventeenth, Father Villiger went to Georgetown, District of Columbia, and after a short time returned thence to Philadelphia, to St. Joseph's College, where he was to pass his last days among his people of the Gesu.

CHAPTER VII.

*Return to Philadelphia and Last Days at the
Gesu—The Sunset of a Long Life.*

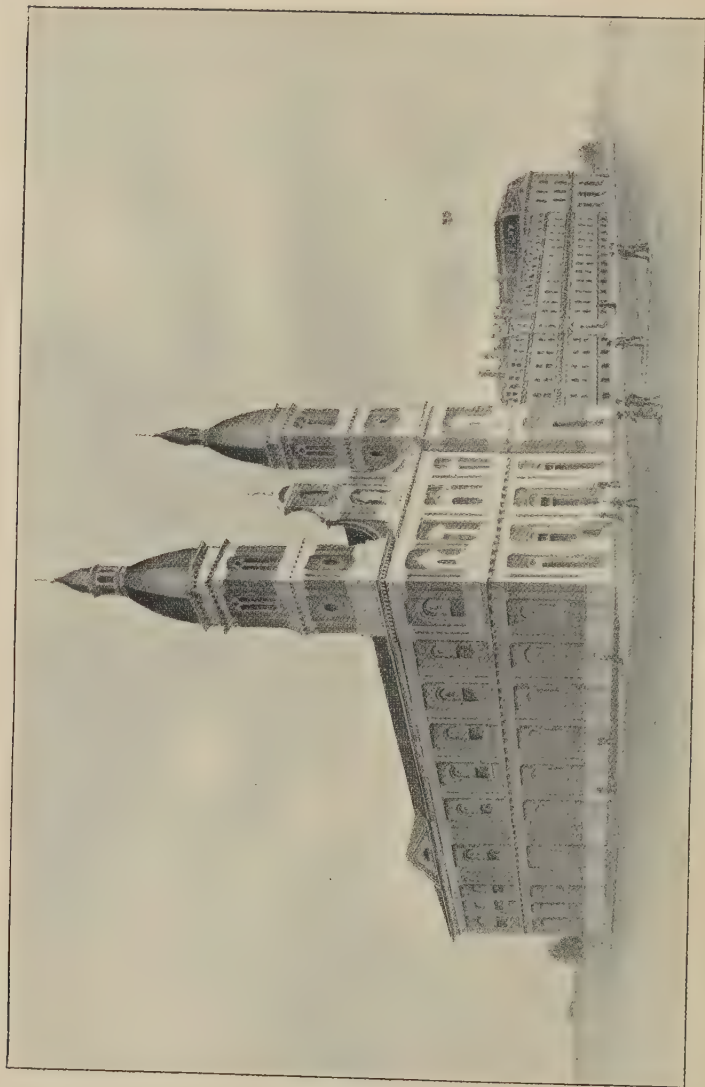
1901—1902.



BURCHARD VILLIGER returned to the Gesu June twenty-fifth, 1901, in company with Brother Richard Dugan, the infirmarian of Woodstock. He probably knew that he was now to spend his last days there.

At the beginning of July the great heat made him worse in health, and he was in a state of prostration for several days; soon, however, he seemed to have recuperated notably. He was more than eighty-two years of age, and his Superiors would willingly have given him ample leisure and all freedom from any burdensome duty.

On men like him, however, total inactivity would have a depressing and injurious effect; and accordingly, no doubt to his gratification, he was made Spiritual Father of the Community of



CHURCH OF THE GESU AND ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA.

Jesuits at the Gesu. In this position he had the immediate care of the spiritual welfare of the community, especially of the younger members, with the duty of giving spiritual exhortations to all once or twice a month when his health allowed.

He was grateful at being among his people again, as they were pleased at having him near them; and he had the joy of seeing the salutary work in the church and college, which he had inaugurated, going on with a fuller development.

On the ninth of September, following his return, when the students assembled in the College Hall at the beginning of the new Scholastic year, he was on the stage among the faculty to welcome them; with the remembrance of having welcomed as Prefect of Studies the first students when the college was opened fifty years before on Willing's Alley.

On November twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth, 1901, the Golden Jubilee of St. Joseph's College, the completion of fifty years of existence, was celebrated with a three-days' solemnity in Church and College.

On the first day Solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Ryan, on the second day by Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, and on the third day by Cardinal Martinelli, the Papal

Delegate. On one of the days the sermon was by Bishop Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University in Washington.

The Mass celebrated by Cardinal Martinelli on the third day of the Jubilee was a military Mass and was very impressive. It was Thanksgiving Day, a legal holiday, and the attendance was very large; every available spot in the spacious Church of the Gesu being eagerly sought out. Many were compelled to stand throughout the ceremony, but they preferred to do that rather than be absent.

The college cadets, fully uniformed and equipped, formed on the campus and proceeded by way of three streets to the church, which they entered by the central doorway, taking their places near the sanctuary and in the west and centre aisles.

The procession of altar-boys, diocesan seminarians, priests and prelates, led by a cross-bearer, started from the rectory and entered the church by the same door as the cadets, passing between their open lines, while the youthful soldiers presented arms.

The drums were tapped at the Sanctus and other solemn parts of the Mass, while from the first to the last bell at the Elevation they sounded

continually; the censer was swung and the cadets presented arms.

In the evening of the third day and the following evening the students and alumni rendered a classical Latin play, "The Two Captives," by the ancient dramatist Plautus; on which occasion the classical proficiency of the college was shown and scholarly tastes received keen enjoyment.

This jubilee was naturally a festive occasion for Father Villiger, though on account of his age and infirmities he did not wish to take an active part in it.

In the evening of the first day there were academic exercises in the College Hall, various addresses in prose or verse and the conferring of a number of distinguished degrees on deserving gentlemen at the hands of Archbishop Ryan.

Our Father when asked to give one of the addresses, wished to decline on account of his weak health, but was at length prevailed on to acquiesce by Rev. Cornelius Gillespie, S. J., the energetic Rector of the Church and College, to whose efforts the Jubilee celebration was mainly due.

The following brief extracts from Father Villiger's address will no doubt please:

For the last three months it was whispered frequently in my ears that this is the Golden Jubilee year of St. Joseph's College, and I was told that there would be great celebrations. All praise and honor be to those who have taken the labor and trouble to exhibit this grand pageant before the public; but I have not yet seen a person who would speak to me about the golden beginnings of St. Joseph's College, near the Church of Saint Joseph in Willing's Alley. I do not mean to say that the church or the residence of the professors of the college was built of gold or covered with gold; but I speak of the living material that entered the college and classes, scholars of genuine gold. I have never seen in any college scholars more distinguished for learning, for good conduct, for respect to teachers and superiors and the practice of religion than I witnessed that first year of St. Joseph's College; and from such a foundation we may justly conclude to the crown and jewels and brilliant diamonds that should come to them.

There are some of them here to-night—look at them! but there is one thing they have not been able to explain, and that is the way the Jesuits in the last three hundred years have obtained so many grand colleges with churches of the most brilliant character. After one or two generations people began to attribute it to the pocket of the Jesuits: "They are the richest corporation in the world," they said. This is false. They had no money. Saint Ignatius and his companions had no money. How did they get their colleges? They had faith, faith in God and in religion.

Some cardinals and prelates, before they were deprived by sacrilegious governments of what they possessed, built colleges and endowed them, and then handed them over to the Jesuits to conduct them, without any charge, all their lives. After two or three generations this was attributed

to the Jesuits, and lawless governments first drove out the Jesuits and then seized their colleges. I was driven out twice. Now what was the mode of Saint Ignatius and all the Generals of the Society down to the present one? How were colleges built and supported? Saint Ignatius, writing to every Jesuit in the world, orders that each Father say three Masses for the founder of a college, and those not priests say three times the beads and offer three Communion. Again, when they die, the same amount of prayers and Masses is offered for their souls. Besides these prayers for its benefactors, it is the gratitude the Society has toward them, that has built colleges; and this is so great that Satan and worldly governments could not bear it.

Now suppose some worthy ladies and gentlemen would wish to do good for the glory of God and the salvation of souls and their own souls, and should come to His Grace, the Archbishop, and would like to invest money to pay the debts of the seminary and the churches, would this not be a great benefit?

In his old age it would rejuvenate His Grace. Now these are principles generally not known in this world. And, therefore, I address myself to these honorable gentlemen to use all their talents to make them known. This is a great work that will bring the blessings of God upon yourselves now and for eternity. For the rest, I feel highly gratified to see such interest taken in St. Joseph's College, both by His Grace and the people. May God reward them for all their goodness and kindness in our regard.

Then the Archbishop made an address, the following brief extracts from which will be read, no doubt, with pleasure:

I came here to give a blessing, and not to make a speech;

but as your Rector has asked me to say something, I shall say a word or two.

In the hierarchy of the Church there are various grades, and among them the Archbishop stands very high; but there is a far higher order of Patriarchs, and to-night we have here a *patriarch*. I, like the clergy and yourselves, bow to do him all the honor which he deserves on a night like this. In looking over the program in the hurry of the moment, I noticed "The Conferring of Degrees," and immediately thereafter I saw [a musical piece] "The Invincible Eagle;" and he appeared. The words of wisdom which this venerable patriarch spoke to you and his presence here to-night are an eloquent evidence of the persevering devotedness of that great Society of which for fifty years he has been the representative in this great community. Father Villiger's name will ever remain in benediction; and while congratulating and rejoicing with the *Alma Mater*, we do honor to the *Venerabilis Pater*. He has done great things in that half century; many of them visible; built a glorious church and later on this grand institution; but these are only visible evidences of the invisible good that he has done—the souls that he has consoled, his sympathy and assistance to the broken-hearted, the encouragement of sinners who knelt at his confessional. Invisible work! that only God and His angels saw, work in the Ministry of God, the Christian Ministry; and for this shall he be rewarded.

He undertook great things. No rich cardinal nor rich lord nor great king built up this edifice, this church, and then gave it over to him. It was built by the people, many of them perhaps in their poverty, but they gave with willing hearts; and this is evidence not of regal munificence, not of lordly wealth, but the evidence of the people's love and religion. And when the people give to the priests and the latter in turn give to the people, they are drawn nearer

and dearer to each other. The time was when God sent his prophets to anoint the foreheads of kings, and they were thus made holy; but in many places kings proved themselves unworthy, and God then anointed the foreheads of the people, and they continued his work on earth.

Father Villiger began here with only a heavy debt, and anyone looking at it from a mere human stand-point would be discouraged; but he realized within himself, "This is God's work and not mine; I am only an instrument in His hands; I will place my trust in Him." He took up his great work not only to build a church, as Solomon did in building a temple to God, but also to teach and to spread God's love. And the more the intellect knows, the brighter it is and the more like unto God, when that illumination is used for Him. The Jesuits were not afraid of philosophy, they were not afraid of infidelity; because a man's fearlessness of science will be just in proportion to his certainty that he is right in his religious faith. If I had no certain knowledge about my religion, then indeed I might be afraid that science would bring forward some discoveries that would overturn my belief in religion. But truths cannot contradict each other, and these truths come to us not from man but from God.

With that fearlessness then the Sons of Saint Ignatius went forth into the world and undertook the building of their colleges. Loving science for its own sake, but loving it more because it came from God, and God is truth, they educated the intellect and directed the heart to God. Man is not of intellect alone and is not of heart alone. The power to overcome passion, the power to give motives for the restraint of passion, is found alone in the teachings of the True Religion. Exclude that teaching, and you have intellect without heart, without the restraint of passion.

Whoever has read the book "*Quo Vadis*," must have

seen that in the days of the greatest intellectual enlightenment, in the days of the most magnificent progress, Imperial Rome was in darkness, was falling to pieces from the destruction within herself; and because Rome was not truly religious, because her heart was not directed right, her government perished. The religious element was not only neglected with her, but demoralized; and for want of this support she perished from the face of the earth. Therefore, we should learn and recognize that without the restraint of religious teaching nothing human can endure; that in the teaching of those truths that are promulgated and spread by the Sons of Saint Ignatius and the Church of God lies the salvation of all civil government; and that in them and there alone will be found the hope of a glorious future for our humanity.

When the jubilee was over, Father Villiger still had the consolation of seeing the college progressing in its work, with a large number of students, about three hundred and fifty, all in the classical course and looking forward to receiving academic degrees on its completion,—like the considerable number who had already received them and were now yielding the fruit of their education in various intellectual work.

The handsome and commodious college building, made necessary by the increased number of students, was also daily before his eyes. It had been recently completed by Father William F. Clark, his second successor as Superior. It runs

along Seventeenth Street, with a length of over two hundred feet, a width of fifty-five feet and a height of four stories. The bright, airy and spacious class-rooms are separated from the noise of Seventeenth Street by a corridor twenty feet wide.

The most striking portion of the new structure is the handsome auditorium erected over the old temporary church on Stiles Street, with a seating capacity for eleven hundred people, and a stage and scenery at one end, to afford the students the facility to give wholesome and refining dramatic representations.

Before December eighth, 1901, our Father was able to give the three days' retreat to the younger members of the community, consisting of two spiritual instructions daily, in preparation for the regular renewal of Vows.

And in the following March the parishioners of the Gesu were gladdened by seeing him give the "Novena of Grace" in honor of Saint Francis Xavier. This devotion ends on the twelfth of the month, the day of the canonization of the Apostle of the Indies, who by his generosity, zeal and largeness of character has won the regard of even non-Catholics so much that a distinguished Protestant writer of England styled him "The

Canonized Saint not of Rome only, but of universal Christendom." He gave a brief instruction each evening and read the prayers, and it must have been a pathetic memory to those present to recall how many times in the past he had enkindled their devotion by the same novena, before age and infirmity had made their sad mark upon him. The following is part of what was on the printed leaflet announcing the devotion:

A. M. D. G.—The Novena of Grace in honor of Saint Francis Xavier, Church of the Gesu, March fourth to twelfth, 1902. This novena owes its origin to Saint Francis Xavier. Father Marcello Mastrilli, S. J., was at the point of death, when the Saint appeared to him, bade him renew a vow he had made to go to Japan, and promised that all those who from the fourth to the twelfth of March should make a novena in his honor and worthily receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, might hope with entire assurance to receive from God, through his intercession, any grace they should ask for the good of their souls and the glory of God. By a Brief of the sixteenth of June, 1898, Leo XIII granted a Plenary Indulgence to all the faithful who, in a church of the Society of Jesus (at any time in the year), should make a novena in honor of Saint Francis Xavier, and on one of the nine days, after Confession and Communion, should visit the same church and there offer up prayers according to the usual intentions of the Pope. The novena will begin on March fourth. The devotions will be held in the church every evening at seven forty-five o'clock, and will be followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The Rev. Burchard Villiger, S. J., will give the instruction each evening.

The novena was very well attended and there was a very great number of Communions.

During this last interval of his life, sixteen months, our Father naturally was not much burdened with the ministry in the church. He said his Mass at half-past five o'clock in the morning in the small chapel of the college.

It has been said already in this Memoir, that many persons firmly believed he had miraculously cured them of various grievous ills; and this persuasion still prevailed. Frequently a dozen suffering people would come to the parlor in a day and ask for him that he might cure them. After some time, when the Brother who attended the door understood the extent of the demand, he would not call him for the first applicant, but waited until a number had come and were waiting. Our Father, when he was physically able, would come down in answer to these calls, relying on the Faith of the people and the power of God. His practice on these occasions was to make the callers kneel down, then to say some prayers of the Church over them and require them to make a novena or say some prayers, sometimes also to enjoin on them the use of Holy Water of Saint Ignatius.

All this time the shadows of death were grad-

ually becoming deeper around him; yet until about a week before his death he did not wish to keep his room or be considered a sick man, and he found pleasure in coming daily to the refectory and the recreation room with the community.

The Father-General of the Society in Rome wrote him a letter dated May second, 1902—the following extract from which, translated from the Latin, requires no comment:

Reverend Father in Christ, P. C.: A most welcome message reached me lately regarding your Reverence. I have heard that you are a source of much edification to all who are in the College by the striking example of your charity, piety and exact observance; that in your entire manner of speaking and acting you show them the example of a true son of the Society; that indeed it is regarded as a special sign of the Divine Goodness that your Reverence is numbered among the members of the Society in that house. I was greatly consoled on hearing this; and I hope our Lord God may preserve your Reverence's life many years yet, that you may continue to guide and edify the Fathers and Brothers of the Province of Maryland by the pleasing influence of your life. Your Reverence has deserved well of the Society; and I cannot omit thanking you for the many labors you have undergone for the Greater Glory of God. These shall receive an abundant reward from our Lord. I commend myself to your Holy Sacrifices.

Your Servant in Christ,

FATHER B. VILLIGER,

L. MARTIN, S. J.

St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Pa.



FATHER VILLIGER IN HIS LAST DAYS.

The last half year of his life he gave a number of spiritual exhortations to the community on Saint Joseph; and it is a touching thought that probably this subject was chosen by him because this Saint was the patron of a happy death, and he earnestly desired to obtain by his intercession a death like his own.

He often suffered grievously. Sometimes in the morning, after a night of suffering and privation of sleep, he would come to the room of Father Gillespie, his Superior, the Rector of the church and college, to say to him that he had not thought it possible for anyone to suffer so much, and that he supposed it was to punish him for his shortcomings during the many years he was Superior, living in command instead of in obedience and humility.

Once in speaking to one of the Missionary Fathers and recalling that he had been forty years Superior, he said in a pleasant manner, but not without seriousness, that he hoped God would forgive him his many mistakes and faults. "I am not able to do much any longer," he said; "I am much alone and left to my thoughts, and I have great fear of the judgment to come. Pray for me."

Once he remarked to one of the Fathers,

“how small and insignificant this world appears when we have come to the end of life.”

On a little slip of paper found among his manuscripts occurred the following words written by him: “Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi (May twenty-seventh) had frequently on her lips the words, ‘Not to die, but to suffer.’” As if he thus comforted himself in his sufferings while God’s will still kept him in life.

On the same slip of paper is written the submissive declaration, “I submit all my writings to the judgment of the Church and to my Superiors, to be corrected by them.—B. Villiger, S. J.”

Although on October third, 1902, he gave an exhortation to the community in the chapel and another two weeks afterwards, about the end of the month he was obliged to keep his room and his bed. His chief suffering seemed to be from trouble of the bladder, but there was probably a general breaking down of the human mechanism from old age and long labor. His physician thought he could relieve him by internal electric cautery, one of the new discoveries in surgery, and he desired to perform the operation; but the venerable patient was unwilling, saying, like David in the Bible, that “in his great strait it

were better to fall into the hands of the Lord, for his mercies are many, than into the hands of men." Still one of his utterances in his last hours was that he was ready to stay or to go according to God's will.

On the thirty-first of October he received the Last Sacraments with all sentiments of piety at the hands of his old friend, the venerable Father Roccofort. He lingered on in suffering until November fifth, when, about half-past six in the evening, he died peacefully, consoled and strengthened with all the rites of the Church. The community were making their visit in the chapel, which is customary after supper, as he passed away. And now of touching interest is the following prayer which was afterwards found among his papers:

O God who, decreeing all men to die, hast yet concealed from them the moment and the hour of their death, grant that I, passing all the days of my life in justice and in holiness, may be made worthy to depart out of this world in Thy holy love. Through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

On the following Sunday, November ninth, the remains were laid out in Academic Hall, one of the large rooms of the College, and were rev-

erently visited by thousands during the day and evening.

On Monday, November tenth, the funeral took place in the great church, and it was an extraordinary demonstration. We cannot do better than present the following account of it taken from the old established daily newspaper of Philadelphia, *The Public Ledger*, with some little abridgment.

LAST HONORS PAID TO FATHER VILLIGER—THOUSANDS ATTEND FUNERAL AT CHURCH OF THE GESU—BELOVED JESUIT IS LAID TENDERLY AT REST IN HOLY CROSS CEMETERY.

The plaintive music of the Divine Office of the Dead, chanted by one hundred priests, swept through the vast interior of the church of the Gesu yesterday morning at the obsequies of Rev. Burchard Villiger, S. J., and voiced the feelings of sorrow felt by a congregation of probably more than three thousand persons. Many more, unable to obtain accommodations within, stood outside the edifice. Rarely has such a touching and impressive scene been witnessed in a church in this city. Every pew was occupied, and the side aisles were packed with persons occupying chairs or standing. The broad space inside the vestibule was crowded also, and the two rear galleries and the balconies extending along each side were black with people. The assemblage was widely representative of the community at large; wealthy and poor, old and young, from

near and far sections, were drawn close together by the bond of a common sorrow. It was like one huge family, bereft of a kind father. It was more than this. An element of the supernatural entered largely into it. There were many present who regarded Father Villiger as one peculiarly gifted; as one who, along with his Apostolic succession in the Catholic priesthood, had received in an especial manner the Apostolic power of curing the sick, the blind, the lame and the halt. This belief was manifested by many who sought to touch his body during the hour or more preceding the services, when the congregation was permitted to pass the coffin and cast a farewell look. Again, just before the lid was put on at the obsequies, a number pressed forward and succeeded in touching reverently the saintly clay. One woman begged the undertaker to lay her beads on Father Villiger's hands. He did so, and when he handed the rosary back to her, her face lit up with an expression of religious joy.

Out of respect to Father Villiger's memory and to enable the students and faculty to attend the funeral, St. Joseph's College, Overbrook Seminary, and the parish schools of the church of the Gesu were closed all day. The main aisle of the church was kept clear, the entrance thereto being guarded by two policemen. At the opposite end of the aisle, near the sanctuary, the coffin rested on a catafalque. At its head a score of lighted candles in a large branched silver candlestick cast a soft light over the venerable Jesuit's peaceful countenance. At the foot of the casket a wreath of white flowers rested amid a mass of palms. He was clad in purple vestments, and his hands were folded about the stem of a golden chalice, a reminder of the many sacrifices of the Mass which it had been his privilege to offer up during his career of more than half a century as a priest. Four uniformed cadets, a guard of honor, stood as motionless as statues around the bier

throughout the long service. Owing to the large crowds in the church and neighborhood, ten detectives were on hand from the City Hall, and forty-five policemen from the Ninth, Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth police districts were detailed to duty.

The procession of ecclesiastics formed in Academic Hall of St. Joseph's College, Seventeenth and Stiles Streets, and proceeded thence along Stiles Street to the church, where it advanced up the middle aisle to the sanctuary. Four companies of St. Joseph's College Cadets led the way. The Cadets were fully uniformed and carried side arms. They drew up in a line outside the sanctuary. The Alumni of St. Joseph's College followed and occupied front seats. A group of robed sanctuary boys walked next. One carried a processional cross; others served as acolytes, and others as censer-bearers. After these walked the College Faculty, the Jesuit Fathers of the Church of the Gesu and other priests, and finally the officers of the Mass.

A notable figure among the Jesuits was that of old Father Aloysius Rocoffort, S. J., aged eighty-four years, who was in constant attendance upon Father Villiger, and showed touching devotion to him during his last illness, rising each morning at half-past four o'clock to administer Holy Communion to him, and spending much time at his bedside during the day-time. The two octogenarians had known each other for many years, and it was Father Rocoffort who gave his dying friend the last absolution. It was evident that he felt Father Villiger's death keenly. Another notable old Jesuit in the procession was Rev. Hippolyte Gache, S. J., now of Old St. Joseph's, and formerly of the Church of the Gesu. Father Gache is also more than eighty years of age, and for half a century was one of Father Villiger's associates. Of the distinguished Jesuits from outside the city, Rev. William P. Brett, S. J.,

was recognized by many as a former priest of the Church of the Gesu. He is now rector of Woodstock College, the Jesuit Fathers' house of studies in Maryland, an office held by Father Villiger prior to his returning to this city a year or so ago. At the divine office of the dead the nine lessons were sung. The beautiful Psalm, "Benedictus," was sung antiphonally by a chorus of all priests and St. Joseph's College Cadets, and a quintette. During the Solemn Mass of Requiem which followed, the sanctuary presented a stately, albeit funereal, scene. The tall pillars, the high altar and reredos, all of white, were draped with black. In the niche near the top of the reredos a life-size white figure of Christ, surrounded by an arch of lights, pointed with outstretched hand to Heaven.

Archbishop Ryan, who officiated as celebrant, and the other officers of the Mass were robed in black vestments embroidered with silver. The only touches of color to brighten the sombre scene were on the Archbishop's throne, hung with a canopy of red, on the Gospel side of the sanctuary, and, opposite this, on the epistle side, the purple robes of Bishop Prendergast and Monsignor Kennedy, Rector of the American College, Rome. Archbishop Ryan's voice, clear and musical, rang with a saddened cadence through the whole church as he sang the impressive music of the "Preface," "The Pater Noster," and at the absolution of the body, the prayerful cry, "Requiescat in Pace."

As the body was borne out of the church many wept. Among those who seemed deeply affected were the Sisters of Notre Dame and Sisters of the Immaculate Heart, who teach the children of the Gesu parish schools, and several Little Sisters of the Poor, whose institution is within the confines of the parish, and who had known Father Villiger many years as a sympathetic and helpful friend. As the coffin was carried down the steps of the

church to the hearse, St. Joseph's College Cadets, drawn up in line, and carrying a large American flag, saluted.

Many of the parishioners followed the body to Holy Cross Cemetery in carriages. Rev. Cornelius Gillespie, S. J., Rector of the Church of the Gesu, offered the final prayers at the grave. The scene there was most affecting. Men and women wept as if bereaved of some near and dear relative, and when they left, many carried away particles of earth in their handkerchiefs as souvenirs of the saintly dead priest.

The same eager desire for mementoes of Father Villiger was witnessed at the church, where, after the departure of the funeral cortege, the flowers which had rested near his body were carried reverently away by all who could obtain them.

These acted as pall-bearers: Peter S. Dooner, William Gorman, John McGlinn, John J. Shields, John C. Sullivan, John I. Daily, Alfred J. Murphy, Bernard F. McFillin and Mark A. McGrillis.

The sermon during the Mass was given by Rev. Bernard Dornhege, pastor of the adjacent parish of St. Elizabeth, and it was an eloquent and feeling tribute from one who had long known Father Villiger. Some extracts from it will no doubt please in this place:

FATHER DORNHEGE'S SERMON.

"What went ye out in the desert to see? A reed shaken with the wind? But what went ye out to see? A man clothed in soft garments? Behold, they that are clothed in soft garments are in the houses of kings. But what

went ye out to see? A prophet? Yea, I tell you, more than a prophet." (Matthew, XI.)

The book of a holy life is closed. Your friend is no more. The big heart that had loved you all so well has ceased to beat. Those eyes, so mild and sympathetic in your joys and sorrows, have been forever closed upon the scenes of this world. Still and motionless lie those hands, so often raised in benediction and absolution. A cry of sorrow went up from every home in this large parish; the rich and poor, the young and old. Protestants and Catholics, with eyes bedimmed with tears, repeated the sad news, "Father Villiger is dead."

When I look down among this vast assembly of mourners, a scene presents itself to my mind enacted more than eighteen hundred years ago on the banks of the River Jordan. This spot had been hallowed by the presence of Saint John the Baptist. People came from all parts to hear and see him. On this occasion the crowds were disappointed because he was not there; he was confined in prison and awaiting death. But our Divine Lord was there, and what He asked the assembled multitude concerning Saint John, I might be permitted to ask you concerning him whose mortal remains are resting here. What went ye from your homes to see? A man great in the world of commerce or politics; a man shaken like a reed by the wind of fickle public opinion? Oh! a thousand times no! A greater man than any statesman, politician or business man rests in yonder casket from labors of many years—years not spent for gain or glory, but for God and the good of souls.

Sixty-four years did Father Villiger live in the retirement of the cloister, and when he had to leave his solitude to mingle with the people, how happy was he when he could return to his plain cell to be undisturbed in prayer and meditation with his Maker. He lived poor and died

poor, but with it all he was a great man; not great, it is true, in the light of the world. He was great in his endowments of intellect and grace; great in his knowledge of human nature; great in his love for humanity; great in his zeal for the salvation of souls; great in his love of God.

Like the Prophets of old, he warned his people, he wept and mourned with them, he unrolled to their view the panorama of the birth, life and suffering of Christ. His manner of speech was simple and plain, and suited the understanding of the child as well as of the adult. He preached not himself; he preached to do good, to comfort the afflicted, to teach the ignorant, to reform sinners. There were those who came to him who firmly believed that, through his prayer and pleading, he would relieve them of their infirmities and ailments. No claim was ever made by him of possessing other than the ordinary priestly power. If the afflicted found healing, he gave God the honor. He was the tried and tested physician of the soul. How many has he saved from the downward path; how many has he lifted up after they had fallen.

He was a holy priest of God. When he stood at the altar, his whole soul seemed to be enraptured, while the joy of his heart in the presence of his God and Saviour was clearly visible on his countenance. He spent, perhaps, the best part of his life in the confessional. His great life-work was not the building of this magnificent church, the erection of this large school, this great college and the College of Santa Clara, Cal.; but the work that he esteemed as the most important of his life was the great work of saving souls.

As a true priest of God and a follower of the crucified Saviour, he no doubt had also his great and deep sorrows. Silently, like his Divine Master, did he bear the heaviest cross that could be placed on the shoulders of a good and

holy priest. Let those troubles be buried with him this day in the silence of the grave. He was sent to you a king, to rule amongst you; but he carried his sceptre gently and did not lord it over you like the kings of the Gentiles. His crown of glory ever fresh and never failing we hope our good and kindly Father Villiger has received upon crossing the threshold of eternity. Still we know that the judgment of God is severe, and that our poor human nature, even if we are priests, is frail and prone to sin. Let us, therefore, as a debt of gratitude, pay in our prayers what perhaps we withheld from him during his life. After eighty-three years of an active and spotless life, after sixty-four years of a model religious life, and after the arduous labors of fifty-two years in the holy priesthood, grant unto him, O Lord, eternal rest, and may the light of Heaven shine upon him.

After this account of the funeral obsequies of Father Villiger given in the *Public Ledger* newspaper, the following pleasing tribute, which appeared in the editorial columns of the same paper the next day, will also be of interest:

The great popular demonstration at the funeral of Father Villiger, which was described in the *Public Ledger* yesterday, was a remarkable illustration of the power of a simple, devoted life. Whatever conspicuous talents or attainments this venerable man may have possessed, his hold upon his people appears to have been won by his character as the faithful parish priest, the helpful spiritual guide of his flock, who himself set before them an example of holy living, that not all might follow, but that all must rever-

ence and admire. He was the founder and for many years the pastor of a very large congregation; and as he advanced in years and his activity diminished, the influence of his lovely character deepened and extended, so that when he died the sorrow was widespread and people came in crowds from all over the city to pay their tribute of respect and love. Such lives are of worth to the world beyond all computation. The regard men show to rank and wealth and power is for the moment only, their influence soon passes; but the memory of the righteous man endures and spreads its radiance in ever-widening circles.

The North American, too, a well-known daily journal of Philadelphia, had a very lengthy notice of the funeral, from which the following is taken :

SILENT, SORROWING THRONG PAYS MOURNFUL
TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF FATHER VILLI-
GER—LOVE AND REVERENCE FOR SAINTLY
MINISTER SHOWN IN INTENSE SCENE WHEN
HUNDREDS OF WORSHIPPERS TOUCHED ROSAR-
IES TO HIS FINGERS.

The funeral of Father Villiger was a splendid pageant of mourning. Yet the splendor of the ceremony was of less account as honor than the respect and sorrow which stirred the people who loved this priest. Laying aside every task and care for the day, they gave themselves up to mourning. They thronged the great Church of the Gesu, which is his monument, crowding every foot of the vast space, while those who could not enter lined the streets outside. For nearly four hours they remained,

silent and sorrowing, while the solemn service filled the great building with swelling chants and melodies.

This was the final act of veneration which has occupied the parish for five days. The Reverend Burchard Villiger of the Society of Jesus, as his title was, founded the Church of the Gesu, St. Joseph's College and the other institutions which make an imposing pile covering a whole block at Eighteenth and Stiles Streets. Into these he put the best of his long life. For years he was the Pastor to many thousands; and when he died last Wednesday there were countless homes where the whisper, "Father Villiger is dead," was followed by tears of grief. He was eighty-three years old, white-haired, kindly, just. This is the picture his parishioners have of him, while a few of them knew how greatly celebrated he was as a scholar.

Flattering notice of our Father was also called forth on the Pacific Coast, when the news of his death was learned there. *The Redwood*, the students' journal of Santa Clara College, California, in its issue for January, 1903, had the following:

FATHER VILLIGER.

When the sad news of the death in Philadelphia of Father Burchard Villiger, S. J., reached our ears, our hearts shared more than might have been expected in the grief with which his friends were afflicted. For though we, the present students, had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, yet his sacred memory as a President of Santa Clara in the past, still hovers over our surroundings. We seem to have known him, for we have learned of his deeds of noble sacrifice; we see his monuments in the buildings which he reared on all sides.

It was on May twentieth, 1861, that Father Cicaterri resigned the reins of government in Santa Clara and left all in charge of Father Villiger. Oh! what a burden he then received, what a task to accomplish! A debt of thirty thousand dollars (\$30,000) rested upon the College with no seeming hope of its liquidation; but with a sound, independent, decisive will—a foresight keen and true, and dauntless energy he flinched not at the problem set before him. He studied the situation and concluded that the only way out of the difficulty was to go the deeper into debt. He proceeded prudently, however, looked over the field and framed and fitted his plans. The issue did not fail, for with the increased debt incurred to procure more substantial buildings and comforts, he received students in such numbers that his object was soon accomplished. Too much cannot be said on the character of such a man. Though Father Villiger for many years before his death was a stranger to the West, owing to duties assigned him in other fields, we learn that the love which he felt for Santa Clara and California in their early days was never extinguished.—R. I. P.

A parishioner of the Gesu who knew our Father from her childhood has kindly written the following reminiscences, which no doubt will be read with pleasure. They seem to refer especially to the more remote times of the old temporary church, before the present grand structure was completed. “Distance lends enchantment to the view,” and those times, because distant in the past, seem to have been more hallowed in the memory of the writer.

REMINISCENCES.

We of the Gesu should never forget Father Villiger, and now in Heaven, I am sure that he has no earthly interest more dear than his dear Gesu, as he called it, and its people. What can I tell of him? I really do not know. You know how he worked among us. From my earliest recollection it was he, and he only, who did everything. He was in the confessional from early dawn, so that no Communion might be missed; for he was a lover of daily Communions; he was there at night when the plain, simple pious folk used to come in to say the Rosary in common. He preached every Sunday night throughout the entire year, regardless of weather. He conducted every service in Lent, and who could sing the Lamentations or say the prayers of Saint Francis Xavier's novena like him? This is no imagination; hundreds that have heard him will say the same thing; there was so much soul and unction with every word. And what devotion he had to Saint Patrick. Every night in May he preached, usually on the Saint of the day; in June and on the first Friday, on the Sacred Heart. When the Fathers of the Apostleship of Prayer made the Gesu the head-centre, he did everything in his power to give them opportunity to work; went even so far as to allow the Apostleship the privilege of the Fridays in Lent, and had the Stations said, or rather said them himself, on Thursdays. I mention this because I thought it an unusual thing. And who could ever forget our old Crib, made out of cigar boxes, covered with light brown paper, marked with doors and windows and built up to represent the little town of Bethlehem. No one would ever believe they were cigar boxes; they looked like little houses covered with yellow plaster. And the field of the Shepherds' watch, with the Angels, and the "Gloria" suspended from the ceiling and the Shepherds kneeling in reverential alarm;

and the sheep, with pink ribbons on their tails, did not seem an incongruity. We who knew how our dear Father, for one month prior to Christmas, rose two hours earlier each morning to prepare the crib, could appreciate every angel and sheep and bit of moss of his labor of love.

Really, the more I think of Father Villiger, the more prominently stands out the Father in him—his solicitude for his people, not only for the spiritual but the temporal—his full knowledge of them, which gave his advice and admonition so much meaning. A short time ago an old parishioner was telling me that Father Villiger had once sent for her mother and told her to buy two houses on a nearby street; he knew she had a little money and told her to invest it there. He sent for another party and did the same thing, and thus rooted out a hot-bed of sin. The houses were notorious, and now they are inhabited by respectable people.

I was told of an old lady who had gone to his grave, crying: "Father Villiger, you cured in life, and you can cure in death." A friend of mine heard her and told me that it was the most touching sight to see that poor woman kneeling by that lonely grave, calling, "You can cure in death." We of the Gesu ought certainly to invoke him. He was given to us, and his years of labor and self-sacrifice must make a mighty treasury in our behalf.

A Father, a member of the community at the Gesu the last sixteen months of his life, has written the following about him:

I first saw Father Villiger in the Church of the Holy Family on July tenth, 1873. It was at Vespers, and he preached on the Martyrdom of Saint Felicitas and her seven sons, which was the feast of the day. His manner

was very grave; he gave a very simple but impressive description of the martyrdom, which I have not forgotten to this day.

I next saw Father Villiger in Woodstock towards the end of my theological studies. He gave the triduum to the scholastics in preparation for the renovation of vows on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Every discourse was most impressive, showing a broad and deep knowledge of the Exercises of Saint Ignatius. But he was especially eloquent and profound on the eve of the Feast, when he gave a formal exhortation on the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, showing that devotion to her was in harmony with the first principles of Faith, Hope and Charity; and that to deny the principles upon which this devotion was founded was to deny the fundamental principles of Christianity itself.

I knew Father Villiger finally when he returned to Philadelphia in June, 1901. He was then in the Way of the Cross. An operation had been performed on him at Woodstock to save his life. Although this operation may have saved his life at the time, he never ceased to suffer from its effects and the malady which made it necessary, so that his last year and four months at the Gesu were a time of continual interior pain and suffering. The long, painful, sleepless nights were especially hard for him. I remember well on asking him how he felt in the morning, he would say: "Oh, it was terrible last night, Father. I could not believe that it were possible for any man to suffer what I had to endure." But he would add, "I hope that God will accept these pains as my purgatory for the sins and defects of my whole life." Although his sufferings were very great, he seldom complained about them. On the contrary, in spite of them he was the hope and consolation of multitudes who approached him at this time. For as soon as the good people of Philadelphia heard that he had come

back to the Gesu, from all parts of the city came the deaf and the dumb and the lame and the blind, asking him to pray for them and cure them. His prescription was the same for all. He recited the Gospel of Saint John over them, blessed them and told them to get some of Saint Ignatius' Holy Water and make a novena in honor of the Saint; and numbers of these people have not hesitated to attribute their cures to Father Villiger's intercession.

When the end came he received the Last Sacraments with great resignation to God's will, saying, like Saint Martin, "I am willing to go and I am willing to stay, O Lord." Then resigning himself to God's will, and continually offering himself to God by pious ejaculations, he died like a saint.

Prominent men imbued with strong Catholic faith from different counties of Europe, have expressed a warm veneration for Ireland and its people, of a different race from themselves, and for the Apostle who won them to the Faith in so striking a manner fourteen hundred years ago. Mention may be made of the great Englishmen, Cardinals Manning and Newman; of the great preachers, Lacordaire of France and Ventura of Italy. Father Villiger, the Swiss, shared the same sentiments toward Ireland, recognizing also that its exiled people and their children had probably been the mainstay of the Catholic Church in this his adopted country. A written discourse of his found among his papers gives expression to

his warm veneration for the Apostle of Ireland and his spiritual children; and the portion of it that is presented here may, perhaps, be accepted as a fitting conclusion to this review of his life—his voice as Pastor, speaking to his people of the Gesu on so salutary a subject.

DISCOURSE ON SAINT PATRICK.

The Saviour of mankind, who wishes all to come to the knowledge of the truth, has not failed from time to time to raise up new apostles to carry His name and doctrine to kings and gentiles. Among these we behold the illustrious hero, Saint Patrick, generally called the Apostle of Ireland. This glorious title forms his brightest encomium. Did time permit me to lay before you all the distinctive marks of a true apostle, and trace our hero throughout all the stages of his apostolic career, I might give adequate satisfaction to your devotion and my desire to add new lustre to his glory. Let the knowledge you already have supply the deficiency. I must limit myself to a few reflections.

In the fifth century when our hero made his appearance, it was evident that he was the apostle chosen by God to carry His name before gentiles.

We are told that he was expressly called by the internal voice of grace, and that an angel confirmed him in this choice; that Christ expressly commanded him to devote himself to the service of Ireland. Ireland itself, in children yet unborn, seemed to ask his aid.

Among the genuine signs of the apostolate, according to Saint Anselm and Saint Paul, is an heroic patience and fortitude in persecutions. Our Saint was early placed by

Providence in such occasions that would bring him great trials. He was barbarously dragged from the bosom of his parents and brought as a slave to Ireland. His captivity and sufferings were very painful, yet they did not prevent him from his exercises of piety and devotion. He took the resolution generously to work for the salvation of the people, if God gave him the chance of escaping from captivity. He retires for several years to continue the noble fabric of Christian perfection and acquire the necessary knowledge of the sacred ministry. Then he travels to Rome and obtains of the Sovereign Pontiff the authorization to preach the Gospel, and is consecrated Bishop of all Ireland. Thus sent by lawful authority he hastens to the field of his labors, not encumbered with a family, not supported by temporal power, nor supplied with conveniences to lead an idle life, whilst his helpers would scatter about the written volumes. No, he went to preach Christ suffering and crucified, not less by his example than by word. Eloquence would be of little avail to a nation until that time unlettered; the plain truths of the Gospel were incomparably more powerful. Humility was to be preached to a haughty people, and mortification to men who knew no other rule than to act as they pleased. Notwithstanding, the holy maxims which he preached penetrated and conquered the hearts of many. However, idolatry and superstition opposed obstacles; the infernal powers fought for the possession of the land. Saint Patrick is not intimidated; nor did he fail to render his apostleship conspicuous by the gifts of miracles, which are so necessary to convince an infidel nation that had never heard the glad tidings of Christianity.

But abstracting from all miracles, look at the success that attended the labors of Saint Patrick. Is not that alone equivalent to many miracles? Ireland is converted to the religion of Jesus by him—an entire nation by the endeavors

of a single individual. It is easy to seduce the heart by a doctrine which favors the human passions; but to reform a whole nation, to bend the necks of haughty people to the yoke of humility, to persuade them to place all their glory in the ignominy of the Cross of Christ—oh, this is more admirable than to stop the sun in its course. This extraordinary success establishes on an unshaken basis the glorious claim which our Saint has always enjoyed—of Apostle of Ireland.

But his glory did not terminate with the conversion and regeneration of that fortunate country. He knew that not the smallest share of an apostle's solicitude is the *permanent* welfare of a flock yet tender. Of wild beasts he had formed gentle lambs; but he knew that wolves disguised might pounce any moment on the flock. And he constituted a sufficient number of faithful guardians who would not fly as mercenaries. He had sown the salutary seed in a fertile soil, but he was well aware that the enemy would not fail to scatter noxious cockle among the good grain. He provided, therefore, a sufficient number of granaries in which the elect grain might be stored with security. I speak of those seminaries of piety erected in great numbers by his zeal for the study of apostolic perfection, as well as for the cultivation of Christian learning, which for ages were to be almost the only nurseries of art and science.

Having thus procured the present happiness and provided for the future welfare of his dear nation, he had nothing more to desire on earth. Full of days and more full of merits, our illustrious hero expired in peace. Saint Patrick is gone! No! Saint Patrick still lives; he lives in the hearts of his children. May we not attribute it to his powerful protection that the fruits of his toil have continued green and flourishing for fourteen centuries! Notwithstanding violent persecutions, Ireland stands forth a

lasting monument of Christian constancy, ready rather to give up worldly goods and life itself than abandon the religion of their forefathers. Behold the great debt of gratitude we have contracted to our liberal benefactor. Saint Patrick, called by God to be your apostle, did not decline the laborious task in favor of a nation by which he had been despoiled of his liberty. Desirous of doing good to those that had wronged him, he implanted the best of blessings in your country. He has not abandoned you during this long lapse of fourteen centuries. The time of trial at length came; Saint Patrick saw the storm which hovered over the land of the Sons of Erin; he witnessed the bloody battles of your fathers; his protection did not fail them. With Christian valor thousands sealed with their blood religion inherited from their great Apostle; thousands offered their hands to the rough chain; thousands still groan under poverty on account of their faithful adherence to God and Religion. These are monuments of more lasting fame to Ireland than lofty pyramids or obelisks. But do not forget your own obligations; continue to honor your saintly Patriarch; rival your Fathers in their attachment to religion and the Sovereign Pontiff. Remember that the best proof of your love for Saint Patrick is the imitation of his virtues and the practice of your religious duties.

May Saint Patrick cast a benign look upon Ireland and upon all his spiritual children! May he also exercise the power of his protection upon the country in which we live. May his name be revered and honored, and his virtues imitated.

THE END.

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RYAN, JOHN H.

AUTHOR

BURCHARD VILLAGER

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